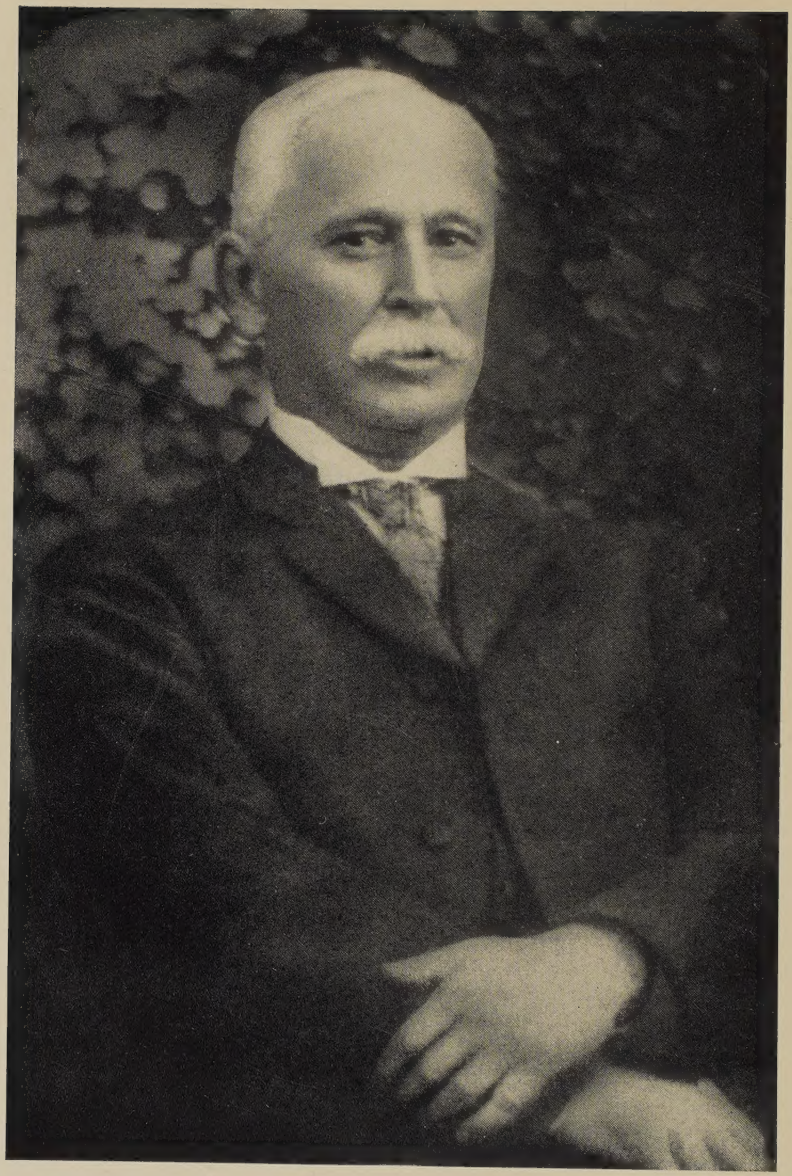
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
No Sponsor

https://archive.org/details/bwb_P8-DEQ-695



Edwin A. Ely.
103 Gold St.
New York City

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

EDWIN A. ELY

EDITED BY HIS NEPHEW

AMBROSE E. VANDERPOEL

NEW YORK

CHARLES FRANCIS PRESS

1926

Copyright 1926 by
AMBROSE E. VANDERPOEL

EDITION LIMITED TO 200 COPIES

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

"Let byegones be byegones,"—they foolishly say
And bid me be wise and forget them;
But old recollections are active to-day,
And I can do naught but regret them;
Though the present be pleasant, all joyous and gay,
And promising well for the morrow,
I love to look back on the years passed away,
Embalming my byegones in sorrow.

TUPPER.

CHAPTER I

But pass two fleeting centuries back;
This land, a torpid giant, slept,
Wrapp'd in a mantle thick and black
That o'er its mighty frame had crept,
Since stars and angels sang, as earth
Shot, from its Maker, into birth.

STREET.

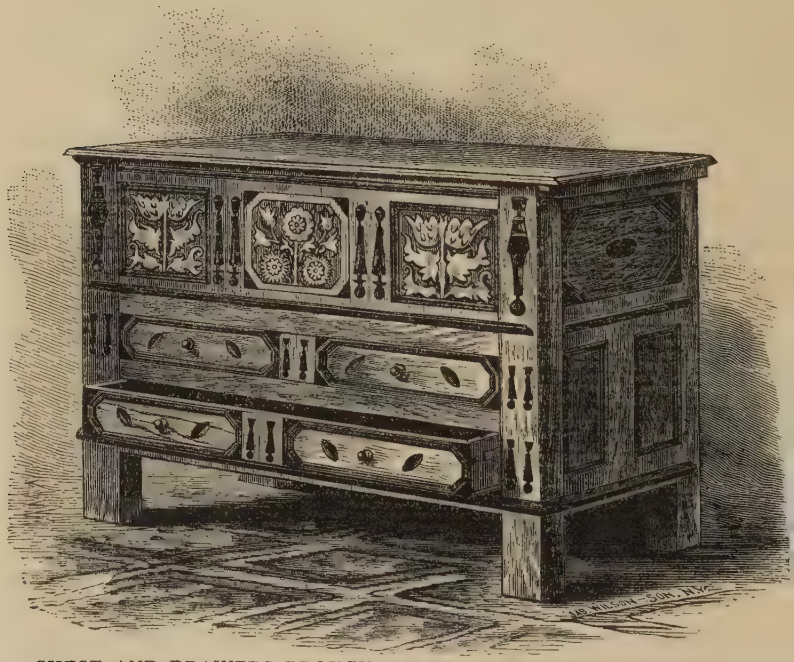
THE members of the Ely family, who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States, trace their descent from four colonists who emigrated from England at widely separated dates in the seventeenth century. They were Nathaniel Ely, of Springfield, Mass., Richard Ely, of Lyme, Conn., Joshua Ely, of Trenton, N. J., and Walter Ely, of Virginia. These pioneers were doubtless descended from a common ancestor, but their relationship has never been definitely ascertained.

Our branch of the family comprises the progeny of Richard Ely, who, during the middle of the seventeenth century, was a shipping merchant of Plymouth, England. He was a Puritan, and is said to have been a soldier in the army of Oliver Cromwell. He married Joane ——— (surname unknown), who died in Plymouth in January, 1660; and had four children, of whom only two, William and Richard, lived to maturity. The date of his emigration to America is uncertain, but I am inclined to think that it occurred in 1660, and that in severing the ties which bound him to his native land, and in seeking a new home beyond the sea, he was influenced by his sorrow for the death of his wife, and his dissatisfaction with the restoration of the House of Stuart.

At the time of Richard Ely's emigration, his elder son, a boy in his 'teens, was in Barbadoes, W. I. (probably living with relatives, since it is known that planters named Ely were then residing there), while the younger son accompanied his father to America. Richard first settled in Boston and became a merchant of that city.

On April 20, 1663, he bought of James Leech a house and shop on Newcastle Island in the mouth of the Piscataqua River at Portsmouth, N. H., the property being on the northeastern shore of the island, west of the Colonial fort; and this purchase, which was presumably made for the purpose of establishing an Indian trading post, is one of the earliest matters of record relating to our ancestors in this country which I have been able to find. True, it is antedated by a memorial in the New York Colonial Records showing that in 1650 a West Indian merchant named William Ely petitioned Governor Stuyvesant to redress certain grievances sustained at the hands of the Spanish authorities, but we cannot be certain that this William Ely was a member of our family. He must have belonged to an older generation than Richard Ely's son William, who was in Barbadoes a few years later.

Newcastle Island shared with Salem, Mass., the popular frenzy



CHEST AND DRAWERS BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND BY RICHARD ELY

of the Witchcraft Delusion of 1692, certain mysterious demonstrations, the reputed work of sorcerers, having occurred in a small house (which was still standing when I visited the place about twenty years ago) on the northwestern extremity of the island near the Portsmouth bridge, in consequence of which the building was believed to be haunted and untenantable. Not long afterward a small book or pamphlet was printed in London describing the effects of the craze, and the proceedings held on Newcastle Island to check the activities of the supposed witches. It is a very scarce publication, and I have never known more than one copy to be offered for sale. It is a book which I should like to have because of our ancestors' connection with the island, and some years ago I had an opportunity to buy it at an auction of early Americana; but I did not purchase, for it brought a price which I considered far beyond its value.

Richard Ely married as his second wife Mrs. Elizabeth Cullick of Boston, by whom he had one son, Samuel Ely. Their antenuptial agreement is dated January 11, 1663, and recites that the marriage is soon to take place. Mrs. Cullick, a sister of Colonel George Fenwick, was the widow of Captain John Cullick, one of the most distinguished citizens of Connecticut in the early days, who held several high offices under the Colonial government. His home was in Hartford,* but he became a merchant of Boston in 1659, died in that city, and was probably interred in the Old Granary Burying Ground. During my last visit to Boston I tried to gather further data concerning him from the public records, but my attempt was not successful, for the records of four or five years seemed to be missing, and the gap covered the period in which I was interested. I learned, however, that Mrs. Cullick lived on the south side of King Street (or State Street as it is now called), in the middle of the block about opposite the side entrance of the Old State House; her property, as recited in her antenuptial agreement with Richard Ely, having been purchased by her first husband from Major General John Leveritt and Hudson Leveritt, his son. There were in those days only three buildings

*I learned the location of Cullick's house in Hartford from an early map of the town contained in a pamphlet history of the Second Church.

facing King Street on that block. At the corner of Cornhill, now Washington Street, where General Henry Knox kept a book store in Revolutionary days, was the home of Captain Robert Keayne, one of the founders of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, who bequeathed to the city a large sum for the purchase of ground for a public market, with which money the site of the Old State House was bought; and the residence standing east of Mrs. Cullick's, on the corner of Pudding Lane, now Lombard Street, was owned and occupied by Henry Phillips. I have little doubt that Richard Ely and the widow Cullick were married either in the latter's dwelling or in the First Church, which in their day stood on Washington Street opposite the home of Captain Keayne. During the Revolution the British guardhouse was established upon the property which had been owned in the Colonial period by Mrs. Cullick.

The name of Colonel George Fenwick, her brother, carries us back almost to the beginning of Connecticut history. The Province was originally included in a grant of King James I. to the Plymouth Company, by which it was conveyed in 1630 to the Earl of Warwick; and he, two years later, ceded his rights to a corporation of which the chief members were William Viscount Say-and-Seal and Robert Lord Brooke. They sent John Winthrop, Jr., son of the governor of Massachusetts, to take possession as their representative, appointing him governor of the new territory for one year, and directing him to build a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River to prevent the Dutch colonists of New York from ascending the stream to trade with the Indians. With the assistance of Lieutenant Lyon Gardner, an expert engineer, he built the fort at what is now Saybrook Point, and founded a settlement which he named Saybrook in honor of Lord Say-and-Seal and Lord Brooke (1635). This settlement, known in history as the Saybrook Colony, was at first independent of the Connecticut Colony at Hartford, with which it was afterward united.

Saybrook is said to have been the objective point of a party of Puritans led by Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, John Hambden and Oliver Cromwell, who in 1637 determined to seek in America a freedom of religious worship which was denied them by the laws of Eng-

VIEW OF THE FIRST BOSTON TOWN HOUSE DRAWN FROM THE BUILDER'S SPECIFICATIONS

Courtesy of J. H. Benton

COLONIAL TOWN HOUSE

ON SITE OF THE OLD STATE HOUSE

land. We learn from Hume's History of England that the king was prevailed upon to prevent their departure, and that eight ships lying in the Thames and ready to sail were stayed by order of the Council. Hume's statement was denied by subsequent historians, who evidently were not familiar with certain sources of information to which he had access, but in recent years, when the British government undertook to index and classify its archives, some documents came to light which fully sustained his assertion.

Colonel Fenwick was the only one of the original grantees who came to live in the New World (1639). He was accompanied by his wife, Lady Alice, who was the daughter of Sir Edward Apsley, and widow of Sir John Boteler. She died in 1648, and was buried within the embankment walls of the fort, being the first white woman interred in American soil; and Fenwick, when he sold the property, covenanted that her tomb should be kept in repair by the purchaser and his heirs forever. Her grave was marked with a substantial monument of coarse sandstone which, as appears from the town records, was erected by Matthew Griswold with money sent him from England for the purpose by Benjamin Batten who married Fenwick's niece. It formerly stood about thirty or forty rods from the remains of the fort, and five or six from the river, on a piece of high ground called Tomb Hill; but in 1870 the construction of a railroad from Saybrook Junction to Fenwick, running through the site of the fort, necessitated the removal of the tomb to a spot a few rods away, in the Saybrook Point Cemetery, on the opposite side of the road, and it may now be seen near the entrance of the burying-ground, surrounded by an iron paling. Its present inscription is a modern one which is supposed to be a copy of the original, although Miss Frances M. Caulkins, in her History of New London, doubts if any previous inscription ever existed. According to Barber's Historical Collections of Connecticut, published in 1838, no lettering had been seen upon it within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant then living. I have been shown a lock of

ANCIENT SIGNET RING

Lady Fenwick's hair, which was taken from the tomb when her remains were removed to the cemetery, and was thereafter exhibited in the Saybrook Library. This building was erected with funds bequeathed to the town by Thomas C. Acton, a native of the place, who, many years ago, was a commissioner of the New York Police Department.

Another interesting character of Colonial history who lived in this vicinity was an Indian sachem named Obed. He and his tribesmen were accustomed to gather at intervals for the observance of religious rites at a certain spot about a mile north of Saybrook Junction on the road to Essex, the place being marked by a large, flat-topped rock still called Obed's Rock; and Colonel Fenwick, on selling the property, preparatory to returning to England in 1648, stipulated that the privileges there enjoyed by the Indians should not be abridged. I recall seeing this stipulation among the early records of Saybrook Township. To find Obed's Rock, I was directed by a cabman of Saybrook to count the telegraph poles along the road leading from the railroad station to Essex, and to look for it near pole No. 48, at a short distance to the right, on rising ground, not far from a small brook which crosses the road north of the spot. The rock was formerly in plain sight, but on repeating my visit at a later date, I found it almost entirely hidden by the vegetation. There is a commanding elevation in the neighborhood about half a mile in length, extending parallel with the highway, between it and the river, which is known as Obed's Hill, and is the site of a number of houses.

Among his other holdings in this vicinity, Colonel Fenwick owned a large plantation on the east side of the Connecticut River about four miles above the village of Lyme (which property I shall have frequent occasion to mention, as it became the homestead farm of the Ely family), and when he returned to England, he left this estate in the care of his friend Matthew Griswold, the founder of the Griswold family of Black Hall and Lyme, and the first magistrate of the Colony. In the execution of this trust Griswold encountered grave difficulties: the plantation deteriorated, debts accrued, and the taxes long remained unpaid, for Fenwick was too closely occupied in England to give any thought to

the discharge of these arrearages. He was one of the judges chosen by Oliver Cromwell for the trial of King Charles, although, according to some authorities, he declined the appointment; he entered the army with the rank of colonel, and doubtless participated in the campaigns in Ireland and Scotland; he was a member of Parliament, and was also governor of Berwick-on-Tweed, in which city he died on March 15, 1656.

J. Hammond Trumbull of the Connecticut Historical Society is the authority for the statement that Colonel Fenwick's second wife was a daughter of Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, a member of the Connecticut Company under the grant of Warwick, and a parliamentary leader opposing Charles I. Despite his active partisanship in the cause of Cromwell, Hazelrigge pretended, after the Restoration, to be politically neutral; but his sincerity being doubted, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and died before regaining his freedom.

Among the beneficiaries named by Colonel Fenwick in his will were his sister Elizabeth, who married Richard Ely, and her children by her first marriage, John Cullick, Jr., and Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Batten. He left to them "all lands, chattels, real & personal, that are in New England, and my debts that are oweing there unto mee, to bee divided amongst them and in such manner as yt her eldest sonne may have a double portion." Mrs. Ely and her daughter became involved in a lawsuit apparently brought for the construction of the Fenwick will, although its exact object and purpose I failed to learn, owing to lack of time when visiting New London where the records are kept. A compromise being effected May 18, 1674, it was agreed that Mrs. Ely should receive the Fenwick lands on the east side of the Connecticut River, to which I have previously referred, while his property on the west side should be awarded to Mrs. Batten. The arbiters were John Winthrop (son of Governor Winthrop), Samuel Willys, John Allyn and James Richards.

Mrs. Ely's son, John Cullick, Jr., was appointed American administrator of the Fenwick estate, but about the time of the suit he disappeared from the public records, and presumably died. I was interested to find in Murray's History of the Revolution

the statement that he, with four other students, graduated from Harvard College in 1668, two of his classmates being Abraham Pierson, Jr., and John Pruden, both of whom entered the ministry, and figured prominently in the early history of Newark, N. J. Subsequent to his pastorate in that city, Mr. Pierson was called to a church in Killingsworth (now Clinton), Conn., and toward the close of his life he accepted the rectorship of Yale College.

As Colonel Fenwick's property came to Mrs. Ely burdened with unpaid taxes and various other charges amounting in all to about £400, she and her husband decided to remove from Boston and to live upon the plantation, in order to give it personal care. Richard Ely assumed and paid the indebtedness, and his wife thereafter conveyed the farm to him, in consideration of the moneys he had spent, and of the trouble he had had in connection with it. Thus his title differed from other Connecticut land-titles of the early Colonial period, in that the latter were based upon town grants, while this was traced through Fenwick to the company of Lord Say-and-Seal.

On one of my visits to Lyme I purchased of Charles Griswold two letters which were written to his ancestor, Matthew Griswold, the founder of the family, by the first Richard Ely, and were inherited by Charles from his great-grandfather, Governor Matthew Griswold of Connecticut. They are dated, one in 1674 and the other in 1676, and relate to various matters of business; but they could be deciphered only by an expert who is familiar with the style of handwriting in vogue at that early period.

Richard Ely's plantation was named Six Mile Island Farm. It lay in Lyme Township about four miles north of the village, and consisted of an island in the Connecticut River known as Six Mile Island in reference to the distance from the mouth of the stream, together with a wide extent of marshy ground called the Great Meadows on the eastern shore, from which the island is separated by a comparatively narrow channel. In 1675, on petition of Richard Ely, the town of Lyme enlarged the plantation by granting him a sufficient quantity of upland adjoining the Great Meadows to accommodate his cattle with summer food; one of the

MONUMENT TO FIVE GENERATIONS OF RICHARD ELYS

FOUNTAIN HILL CEMETERY, DEEP RIVER, CONN.

grounds of his petition being that he was paying a sixth or seventh part of the annual rates of the town. The farm as thus enlarged extended northward to Eight Mile River, and although I never ascertained its eastern boundary, I assume that the private burying-ground of the Ely family, which lies approximately half a mile east of the Connecticut, marked its limits in that direction. Richard built a pier called Ely's Wharf or Ely's Landing, about a mile north of the island, and for many years he and his descendants operated Ely's Ferry between the Landing and the village of Essex on the opposite shore. Ely's Wharf, though now fallen into disuse, was formerly a regular stopping-place of the passenger steamboats on the river. My cousin William W. Watson told me he remembered that whenever he had occasion to go to Hartford by water many years ago, the boat made a stop at this point.

COLONIAL TANKARD

Six Mile Island is perfectly level, and comprehends about eighty acres. In 1684 Richard Ely conveyed it to his sons, William and Richard, entailing it in the English fashion (which could be legally done in this country prior to the Revolution), to prevent its ownership from passing out of the family. The words of conveyance as contained in the deeds were:

> To him and his heirs lawfully begotten of his body but not to be alienated by no means nor under any pretense from the male heirs lawfully begotten as aforesaid, if it should please God to give him one, and in want thereof then to the female issue of his body as aforesaid, and in want thereof to the next of kin and this succession forever.

Although the deeds were silent upon the point, it appears from subsequent transactions that the northern half of the island was given to William, and the southern to Richard. An attempt to break the entail was made by the emigrant's great-grandchildren in 1742, when Captain William Ely, my great-grandfather, repre-

senting the heirs of the first William, joined with a relative, Samuel Ely, who represented those of Richard, in selling the island to Rev. Abraham Nott, a clergyman of Essex. This transaction was contrary to the law as it then existed; and about 1816 my grandfather, Moses Ely of Livingston, N. J., commenced an action to recover possession of the island by having the conveyance to Mr. Nott judicially declared null and void. He retained a lawyer named Griswold residing in Lyme, and spent a considerable sum, perhaps as much as $400, in prosecuting the suit; but he abandoned the case before judgment was rendered, finding the expense involved to be greater than he had anticipated, and realizing that the property, if recovered, would have to be divided among so many heirs of its former owner, that the share of each would be too small to warrant the cost of further litigation. The island is still called Nott Island, the inhabitants of the vicinity never referring to it nowadays as Six Mile Island except when discussing the history of the township. Of late years it was bought by a resident of Essex named Chapman, who built a large barn upon it for the storage of hay; the hay, when required from time to time, being ferried in scows to the eastern shore.*

Opposite the island, on the east side of the stream, are the Great Meadows, and north of this stretch of marshy ground is some arable land which extends up the river to the Landing, and formed part of the property granted to Richard Ely by the town. A road leads up the Connecticut from Lyme Village as far as the southern extremity of the Great Meadows, where it curves away from the river and joins the main road leading from Lyme to Hamburg—a small settlement containing a few dwellings, a church and a store. There is also a road from the Landing to Hamburg, on the northwest side of which, near the river and a short distance above the wharf, is the site of Richard Ely's residence. His house is thought to have been built about 1667 or 1668, but in 1760 or thereabout it was demolished, and another dwelling erected by

*The soil of the island is probably dry, but the Great Meadows, which are intersected by numerous small streams, are almost always marshy. Hay is mown on the meadows during the dry season, loaded upon scows and floated down to the bridge, where it is transferred to wagons each drawn by two yoke of oxen. I have often looked down from the bridge and watched the progress of this work. No attempt is made on the meadows to cure the hay thus harvested.

his descendants, standing nearer the road in the same enclosure. All trace of these buildings has disappeared, though I believe that fragments of the cellar wall of the second one remained until twelve or fifteen years ago. The ground upon which they stood slopes gently up from the road to the foot of a high ridge covered with stunted vegetation, which extends from this point northward, along the shore of the Connecticut, to the mouth of Eight Mile River. The channel of the Connecticut is said to be deeper opposite this elevation than at any other point below Hartford. At its south end the hill terminates abruptly, forming a steep acclivity near the site of the Ely house, up which a winding path leads to the summit, where the visitor can obtain an extended view reaching even to the mouth of the Connecticut River. This ridge was included in the grant to Richard Ely by the town of Lyme.

I think it highly probable that he and his descendants who lived at and near the Landing in Colonial days were accustomed to travel to the towns by water rather than by land. The nearest settlement was Essex, on the opposite shore of the Connecticut, to which they necessarily journeyed by boat, and a similar means of transportation was doubtless employed in going to Lyme Village; while Hamburg could be reached with equal facility by ascending the Connecticut to the mouth of Eight Mile River, and thence following the latter stream. There is no reason to suppose that our ancestors were connected with the village church in Lyme: they would have found it more convenient to attend religious services in Essex in early years, and after the church at Hamburg was founded (about 1730), their home was included in that parish. The present church edifice in Hamburg is comparatively modern, and does not occupy the site of the Colonial meeting-house.

The last member of the family to own the homestead property was the late Samuel Cullick Ely, who, sold it in 1892, to a farmer named Wilkie, the present owner. Mr. Ely kept a store at the head of the wharf, which, at the time of my last visit, was still standing, with his name over the door, though no longer used for business purposes. His residence stood a short distance down the

river, and is now occupied by Mr. Wilkie, who, until recently, operated the ferry (by row-boat) on the somewhat rare occasions when anyone wished to cross the river at this point. He is a very cordial and hospitable man, and although I had no acquaintance with him at the time, he kindly invited me to spend a night at his house when visiting Lyme and its vicinity.

Prior to the introduction of automobiles, the trip of four miles from Lyme Village to Ely's Wharf, by a horse-drawn vehicle over a poorly constructed road, was slow, tedious and uninteresting, and during two or three of my visits in former years I traveled by the railroad; crossing the ferry from Lyme to Saybrook, taking the train to Essex, and recrossing the river by Wilkie's ferry. A white flag displayed on the pier at Essex, which could be discerned by Mr. Wilkie from his home on the opposite shore, apprised him that someone wished to cross the stream. As Essex is a couple of miles south of the Landing, the ferry was a long one, running up the river and skirting the north end of Nott Island; but he would sometimes shorten the trip by starting from a point in front of his residence, which is some distance south of the wharf. I am inclined to think, however, that he has discontinued the ferry, the patronage of which was diminished by the erection of the toll-bridge.

The lot in which Richard Ely's house was built is now occupied by a bungalow erected for a summer residence by a clergyman of Hartford, who leases the ground from Mr. Wilkie; but the bungalow stands farther from the road and nearer the foot of the hill than either of the Ely dwellings of former days.

Eight Mile River, where it empties into the Connecticut, flows through a narrow channel between high banks, which add materially to the picturesque beauty of the spot. About a quarter of a mile above its mouth, where the stream is so wide as to be dignified with the name of Hamburg Cove, Henry Clews, the late banker and broker of New York, had a summer home. He owned part of the plantation which once belonged to Daniel Ely, a grandson of Richard, and may have been previously owned by Richard himself. Mr. Wilkie told me of a certain deep hole in Hamburg Cove where the fishing is exceptionally good, and suggested that

I go there with him to try my luck; which invitation, however, owing to lack of time, I was unable to accept.

The principal street of the village of Lyme is the direct road to Hamburg, running parallel with the Connecticut, though at a considerable distance from it; but this road is not in as good condition as the one along the river, and is seldom traveled by motorists. About three miles north of Lyme is an eminence called Bill Hill in memory of a certain Captain Bill who used to live there, a farmer celebrated for the exceptionally fine oxen which he bred and sold. (Oxen are still used in large numbers to haul hay from the lowlands bordering the Connecticut River, for which work horses lack the requisite strength.) "Bill" was not a nickname, as one would naturally suppose, but was the name of his family. The locality is perhaps better known as the former place of residence of Rev. Dr. E. F. Burr, at one time pastor of the church at Hamburg, who was noted as the author of a standard treatise on astronomy, and other technical works.

Beyond Bill Hill the traveler comes to a schoolhouse standing in the angle formed by the divergence of a by-road which branches off toward the northwest and leads to the road running from Hamburg to Ely's Landing. The distance from the school to the river is between one and two miles. From the schoolhouse corner the byway descends a steep hill, at the foot of which one may see, on the right (north) side, the house of the second Richard Ely, the emigrant's son, probably erected at the time of his marriage, which took place about 1685. It is said to be, in part at least, the original structure, but it has doubtless been enlarged by the descendants of the builder, for it is a more commodious and pretentious dwelling than those commonly erected at that early period.

A quarter of a mile farther brings us to the private burying-ground of the Ely family, which lies on the left, or south, side of the road, just before we reach its intersection with the highway from Hamburg to the Landing. The graveyard was laid out on a part of the Ely homestead farm about half a mile from the river, on land which, though comparatively low, is never overflowed; and it is separated from the road by a narrow field traversed by a lane, or rather a wagon track. It was originally half an acre in extent,

HOME OF THE SECOND RICHARD ELY

but was enlarged by the purchase of an adjoining quarter acre in 1899; and for many years it has been protected by a substantial fence of granite posts and iron rails, having its entrance on the north side. The earliest interments were made in the southwest corner of the enclosure, and it is believed that Richard Ely the emigrant and his wife were buried there, for had they been entombed in the cemetery of Lyme Village, the fact would probably be established by some record or by family tradition. In 1901 an imposing monument to their memory was erected in the Ely Burying Ground, with funds subscribed by their descendants, who, however, placed it upon the most prominent spot in the cemetery, and made no effort to identify their place of sepulchre, for the location of their graves is not known.

The graveyard was sold out of the family in 1840, but the Elys of Lyme retained their interest in it, and a few years later suc-

cessfully opposed a plan to convert it into a public cemetery. It appearing that certain families of the neighborhood, who were in no way related to them, were interring there from time to time under claim of right, the Elys carried the matter to the courts, and obtained a judicial decision holding that the burying-ground was a private one, laid out by Richard Ely or his children on their own plantation, and that the right of burial in it was properly confined to his descendants.

The cemetery, however, was sadly neglected as time went on; it gradually became filled with brushwood and brambles, while some of the tombstones were undermined and overthrown by the roots of neighboring trees. To rectify this condition, a society called The Ely Burying Ground Association was incorporated at Lyme on October 22, 1897, with Zebulon Stiles Ely, president, George Ely, vice president, and Mrs. George Ely, secretary and

ELY CEMETERY, LYME, CONN.

treasurer, which promptly acquired title to the graveyard, and undertook its restoration and proper maintenance.

In olden times the lands of the Elys extended from the river well toward the road leading from Lyme to Hamburg, for Richard's sons, William and Richard, 2nd, received town grants adjoining the homestead farm, and the property of the family must therefore have been very extensive; but I consider of doubtful accuracy the statement contained in The Ely Ancestry that Richard Ely's plantation contained 3,000 acres, and that his sons owned 1,300 acres adjoining. I believe that these figures are exaggerated, and that 1,000 acres would more closely represent Richard's holdings. It is possible that the genealogist was confused by a devise of a large tract to Richard Ely by a Mohegan Indian named Joshua, the son of Uncas, who showed his regard for the white men by making a will in favor of five or six prominent settlers, of whom Ely was one, purporting to devise large quantities of real estate, the plot left to Ely comprising about 3,000 acres. This land, however, had no connection with Six Mile Island Farm, but lay to the northward in a distant part of the State. I once attempted to ascertain its location by reference to the early records, and although I did not pursue my investigation to the point of absolute certainty, I became convinced that the property was in the neighborhood of Coventry. Whether Richard Ely and the other planters ever took possession of the lands thus devised to them I do not know, but I think it extremely doubtful; for under the laws of Connecticut an Indian could not convey a valid title by deed or will, and this testamentary provision was probably intended merely as a compliment. A little village called Joshuatown, on the north side of Eight Mile River, not far from the Ely farm, was the home of this Indian chieftain. His father, Uncas, was buried at Norwich, where a very beautiful monument has been erected to his memory. The proximity of his tribe was a great boon to the colonists, for these friendly Indians protected the settlements of the lower valley of the Connecticut against the hostile savages during King Philip's War.

The road which leads past the Ely Cemetery is in very bad condition, for travel upon it nowadays is too light to justify the

expense of repair. The hill near the schoolhouse is stony and rough, and on the level ground the roadway is covered with deep sand through which an automobile can hardly force its way.

On the east side of the Lyme road, nearly opposite the schoolhouse, and about a mile from Hamburg, there is another private burying-ground, in which I discovered the grave of Rev. George Beckwith, the first pastor of Hamburg Church. The name of this clergyman was quite familiar, for some of his sermons were printed in pamphlet form, and I had occasionally seen them offered for sale in auctions of rare books. One of these brochures, which was published by subscription, contains a list of the persons who shared the expense, several of whom were members of our family. It is entitled "The Invalidity or Unwarrantableness of Lay Ordination," printed by Timothy Green of New London in 1763; and among its subscribers we find the names of the following individuals, with the number of copies taken by each: Deacon Richard Ely, 2; Major Daniel Ely, 1; Samuel Ely, Esq., 2; Capt. William Ely of New Jersey, 4; Capt. Ezra Ely, 1; Ensign Wells Ely, 1; Mr. Elihu Ely, 2.

Mr. Beckwith once preached a sermon in reply to a discourse delivered in 1764 at Hanover, N. J., by Rev. Jacob Green, then pastor of the Presbyterian Church of that place, both of which dissertations were printed: Mr. Green's in 1766 and Mr. Beckwith's in 1769. At that period Captain William Ely, my great-grandfather, who was born at Ely's Landing, was residing in Livingston, N. J., and attending Hanover Church; and I have not the slightest doubt that when Parson Green's sermon was published, Captain Ely sent a copy to his former pastor, Mr. Beckwith, who was inspired to prepare and deliver a reply. His discourse is entitled "Visible Saints' Lawful Right to Communion in Christian Sacraments Vindicated. (In Way of Answer to a Sermon Entitled Christian Baptism, Delivered at Hanover in New Jersey November 4th, 1764, by the Rev. Jacob Green, A.M.) In a Letter to a Friend." It begins with an acknowledgment of a copy of Mr. Green's pamphlet, "which his friend was pleased to send him," and I am confident that Captain William Ely was the friend referred to.

CHAPTER II

Two hundred years! two hundred years!
How much of human power and pride,
What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!

PIERPONT.

THE village of Lyme is situated about three-quarters of a mile east of the Connecticut River, not far from its mouth, and is separated from it by a smaller stream called the Lieutenant River, which empties into the Connecticut in this vicinity. Between the rivers is a strip or "neck" of land known as Noyes' Neck, the surface of which is somewhat hilly. The Lieutenant River is sufficiently narrow to be spanned by a bridge on the road to Lyme, while on the opposite side of the Neck a ferry, crossing the Connecticut, was established at a very early period.

In 1666 Richard Ely purchased a large part of Noyes' Neck, together with the eastern half of Calves Island, which lies opposite to it in the Connecticut River, and he retained the property for ten years. His deed excepted a plot reserved for the ferry-house, showing that the ferry was even then in operation. This tract of land, which was purchased of the town, was entirely separate and distinct from Six Mile Island Farm, and was undoubtedly bought for the sole purpose of securing fishing privileges in the Connecticut; for the fisheries in Colonial days formed a very important industry, great quantities of fish being exported from New England to the West Indies. The money required for this transaction was borrowed by Richard Ely from Hezekiah Usher, a merchant of Boston, the loan being secured by a purchase money mortgage; and in 1676, after Usher's death, the property on the Neck was surrendered to his widow and his heirs Hezekiah and John, a judgment having been confessed by Ely in their favor. I have

reason to believe that they paid him some small amount for his equity. I recall having seen Usher's monument in the burying-ground of King's Chapel in Boston—a level slab supported upon short pillars.

About the year 1905 I walked over the land which once belonged to Richard Ely on Noyes' Neck, to ascertain if his tract could be identified, and its outlines determined, by reference to the description in his deed, the language of which is rather vague, giving natural boundaries only, and not courses and distances. I have, in fact, explored the property more than once. Its line began at the mouth of the Lieutenant River and ran up that stream to a great rock on the shore; thence turned along the edge of a meadow to a point a little north of the Upper Road, and thence ran on a direct course northwestwardly, through a pond, to a point on the bank of the Connecticut opposite the north end of Calves Island. The pond no longer exists, but I could determine its location by a low, swampy spot filled with bushes on the top of the hill, north of the Upper Road. The rock mentioned in the deed is a conspicuous object on the shore of the Lieutenant River, rising abruptly from the marshy ground, and can be plainly seen from the bridge. Ely's purchase embraced the whole of Noyes' Neck south of the Upper Road, consisting of about 220 acres, together with approximately 22 on the east side of Calves Island, thus giving control of the channel between the island and the Neck. Aside from the gardens belonging to the occupants of some modern dwellings, the soil of the Neck is not now cultivated, and apparently it is not particularly fertile.

At the time of Richard Ely's emigration, his elder son, William, was living in Barbadoes, W. I., and about two years after he established his home near Lyme, his son decided to join him. In an auction of rare books which I attended some years ago there was a volume published in London about 1665 containing a map of Barbadoes, with a list of the leading planters of the island (mentioning, however, no one named Ely); and as I learned by a casual examination of the book that the people of Barbadoes remained loyal to the Stuarts even while the Lord Protector was in power, it occurred to me that a possible difference of political

opinion between William Ely and his neighbors might have influenced his departure. His ship was lost in a terrific gale encountered in mid-ocean, but he was rescued by a Spanish cruiser bound for the New England coast, and in due time he reached his father's home. It is said that for weeks and months thereafter it was Richard Ely's daily practice to ascend to the crest of the ridge behind his house, and there return thanks to Divine Providence for the almost miraculous preservation of his child.

In early days there was a resident of Plymouth, England, named John Ely, who is believed to have been a brother of Richard; and while looking over the records of Saybrook Township I was interested to find the name of a certain John Ely, who seems to have appeared in the neighborhood of Essex at the approximate time of William's arrival from Barbadoes. He witnessed several documents which are on file among the town records. Although positive proof is lacking, I have not the slightest doubt that he really was a brother of Richard, and that he accompanied his nephew, William, from England to the West Indies and thence to Connecticut.

For about two years he boarded in the household of Robert Lay, a prominent merchant, at a place called Potapaug, on the west side of the Connecticut River a short distance south of Essex, in which vicinity the Lay family is still quite numerous. From Robert Lay he bought a one-sixth or one-eighth interest in a ship which probably plied between New London and Barbadoes, for at that period trade between New England and the West Indies was very brisk. From the Boston records I ascertained that John Ely removed to that city about 1670, and he presumably resided there until his death.

Among the archives of Saybrook Township is a deed evidencing an exchange of properties which was executed by Richard Ely and his son William on May 30, 1668, about which time the young man attained his majority, if we may judge by the date of his baptism in Plymouth (the date of his birth is unknown); not long after his arrival from Barbadoes. In this transaction his father conveyed to him the house and lot on Newcastle Island in New Hampshire, which I have previously men-

tioned, in exchange for his "interest claim and title in five tenements with all there appurtenances lying and being in plimouth in old england at a place by the new Church called hampton Cut." Some years ago my brother Smith addressed an inquiry to the mayor of Plymouth respecting the probable location of this property, and received a reply, stating that Hampton Cut or Hampton Court cannot be identified, but that if the deed had described the the houses as being in Hampton *Street* near the New Church, its meaning would be clear. A book was published in England in 1744 containing an account of the siege of Plymouth by the Royalist forces from September to December, 1643, which is illustrated with a map showing the city as it existed in the time of Richard and William Ely; and upon this map the New Church is plainly indicated.

A noteworthy event of William Ely's career was his participation in a prize-fight held for the purpose of determining a disputed boundary between the townships of New London and Lyme. Each town was represented by two contestants, who decided the controversy by "wager of battle," the victory being won by William Ely and Mathew Griswold, the champions of Lyme. (In my collection of early American manuscripts I have an autograph letter written by this Mathew Griswold referring to a business matter.) The contest is mentioned in several historical and descriptive works relating to that part of Connecticut, but I think it was first described in print by Rev. Timothy Dwight, at one time president of Yale College, who traveled extensively through New York and New England, and in 1823 published an account of his journeys. In his description of Lyme he speaks of the pugilistic encounter in these words:

> From Nahantic river, four miles westward, a tract extending from the Sound to the northern boundary of Lyme and New London was reserved for the Indians when these townships were incorporated. Some time afterward the inhabitants of both united in a petition to the legislature to include these lands within their limits. The legislature granted the petition without determining upon the dividing line. New London proposed to take three miles in breadth and leave one to Lyme. Lyme made a similar proposal to New London. The distance to the seat of government was fifty miles. The journey lay through a wilderness inhabited by savages, and crossed by numerous streams over which no bridges were erected. The

land, though now of considerable value, was then regarded as a trifling object. The expense of appointing agents to manage the cause before the legislature was considerable; and the hazard of the journey was not small. In this situation the inhabitants of both townships agreed to settle their respective titles to the land in controversy by a combat between two champions to be chosen by each for that purpose. New London selected two men of the names of Picket and Latimer: Lyme committed its cause to two others named Griswold and Ely. On a day mutually appointed the champions appeared in the field, and fought with their fists till victory declared in favor of each of the Lyme combatants. Lyme then quietly took possession of the controverted tract, and has held it, undisputed, to the present day. This, it is presumed, is the only instance in which a public controversy has been decided in New England by pugilism.

Miss Caulkins, in her History of New London, doubts the authenticity of the anecdote, pointing out that all written accounts of it are of comparatively recent origin, and that no allusion to it can be found in the records of either town; but, personally, I think that a man of Dr. Dwight's standing in ecclesiastical and educational circles would not have published the story if he had not had good and sufficient reasons to believe that it was true.

From the Colonial records of New Hampshire we learn that William Ely lived for a time on Newcastle Island, presumably in the house which he bought of his father. It appears that in 1682 the governor of the Province assumed despotic powers in the discharge of his official duties, and a small number of citizens, of whom William was one, banded themselves together to oppose his tyrannical measures. They were arrested and imprisoned on "the great island" in Portsmouth, N. H., and subsequently convicted of conspiring to overthrow the government; but, with the exception of the ringleader, were all eventually released.

These items relating to the early history of our family are set forth or referred to in The Ely Ancestry, having been gathered from various local histories and verified by an examination of the Colonial records of Lyme, Deep River, Hartford, Boston and Concord (N. H.). The Saybrook records extend back to about 1650, soon after Colonel Fenwick's return to England (possibly an earlier volume has been lost), and are housed in a building erected for the purpose at Deep River; but I found that the records of Lyme Township were kept in the old-fashioned way,

being contained in a safe in the parlor of the town clerk, who lived, at the time of my researches, about five miles from Lyme Village, north of Hamburg. In the course of two or three separate visits to Lyme I devoted a day on each occasion to an examination of these chronicles; taking my lunch with me, although the clerk very courteously invited me to dine with him. The records consist of a series of libers covering the entire period from the founding of Lyme as an independent town in 1667 (prior to which date it was part of Saybrook and called East Saybrook); and it was interesting to reflect that some of the books I was reading had in all probability been seen and handled by Richard Ely two hundred years before.

In October, 1877, it was proposed to hold at Lyme a reunion of the Ely family, the principal objects of which were to promote better acquaintance among its members, who had become widely scattered throughout the United States, and to gather genealogical data, which, it was hoped, would be eventually published in book form. The plan was evolved by Zebulon Stiles Ely, a merchant of New York and a summer resident of Lyme, Moses S. Beach, owner and editor of the *New York Sun,* and Rev. Dr. William Ely of Philadelphia; the two latter being engaged in compiling a genealogy. A circular letter outlining the project was sent to heads of families named Ely in all parts of the country, so far as their names and addresses could be learned, and, the suggestion being generally approved, the reunion was duly held on July 10, 1878. The invitation to attend was not confined to the descendants of Richard Ely, but was extended to the progeny of Nathaniel and Joshua.

Prior to the announcement of the proposed gathering, Lyme was practically unknown to my brothers and myself. We were not aware that our ancestors had been numbered among the early inhabitants of that township, and I do not think that my father was cognizant of the fact, for he never referred to it in my presence. I afterward found that it was known to his sister, Aunt Sally Halsey, who was well versed in household traditions; but if she had previously mentioned it to me, it had entirely escaped my memory. Consequently, when the village was brought to my

attention as the scene of the proposed reunion, our forefathers' connection with it, as stated in the circular letter, came as a new and valuable item of family history. I remembered that *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1876, contained an illustrated article on Lyme and its environs, written and anonymously published by Martha Lamb the historian, though I had taken but little notice of the essay at the time of its appearance; but now my curiosity and interest were so stimulated by the contents of the circular that I re-read Mrs. Lamb's description with much closer attention, and although I had a set of bound volumes of *Harper's,* I bought a few extra copies of that number, in order that the other members of our household might have her article in a form convenient for ready reference. In fact, I became so deeply interested that I determined to visit and explore the village during the early summer of 1878, in advance of the date set for the family gathering. Having ascertained that Lyme was an unimportant way-station on the Shore Line of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, at which none but accommodation trains stopped, I took the cars to Saybrook, which, being a larger place, was favored with an express service.

The Saybrook railroad station proved to be at a place called Saybrook Junction, where the Shore Line of the New Haven Railroad crosses the Connecticut River Line of the same company, distant perhaps half a mile from the village of Saybrook (sometimes called Old Saybrook to distinguish it from the settlement which had sprung up at and near the station), the houses of which I could perceive away to the southward. The Connecticut River is about a mile and a half east of the Junction. The tracks, which were carried on a high embankment over the lowlands bordering the stream, led to a bridge which has since been superseded by a more substantial structure crossing the river at a somewhat different angle. The ferry, which was farther up, between a point on Noyes' Neck opposite Lyme, and a settlement or hamlet called Connecticut River on the west shore, was served for many years by a small steamboat named the *Lady Fenwick,* followed in recent times by a larger ferryboat, the *Colonial,* which remained only two or three seasons before the erection of the

present toll-bridge near the southern end of Calves Island caused the ferry to be discontinued.

As I was totally unfamiliar with the vicinage, and knew nothing of the existence of a ferry, I was at a loss how to reach Lyme after leaving the train at Saybrook Junction. The most direct course was obviously by way of the tracks and the railroad bridge, near the east end of which structure the Lyme station then stood; but this route was not practicable, for the bridge contained a draw which was kept open except at train time to prevent its unauthorized use by the general public. Being unaware of this fact, I followed the line of the railroad to the river, and walked out upon the bridge, where I was chagrined to find my farther progress barred by the open draw. Fortunately I was seen by a man in a boat near the eastern shore, who hailed me, asking if I wished to cross the stream; and on receiving an affirmative reply, he rowed to the part of the bridge where I was standing, and I reached his boat by clambering down the framework of the structure to the water's edge. The boatman, whom I took to be an employee of the railroad company in charge of the bridge, was naturally curious to know my reason for crossing the Connecticut in this unconventional way; and when told that I had come from New York to see the town where my ancestors had flourished two hundred years before, and to familiarize myself with the topography of the region, he expressed the belief that I would find the village of Lyme to be "just about such a place" as it was in the days of my forefathers.

Lyme, it is true, seems to have altered but little with the passing of the years; the march of progress and the increase of population which have improved and enlarged the neighboring towns have passed this village by. I have frequently repeated my visit of 1878, and have thus been able to observe the changes in Lyme which the lapse of nearly half a century has brought about, and it cannot be denied that the growth of the village has been scarcely perceptible. In fact, there has been a retrograde movement in some respects, for at the time of the Ely Reunion Lyme included among its permanent residents a larger number of prominent and influential families than at present. Some

years ago a trolley line was built, connecting many of the towns and villages along the shore of the Sound, which ran through the heart of Lyme, and gave an impulse to the business activities of the place; but the trolley, being part of the New Haven Railroad system, was engulfed in the financial difficulties by which the latter was recently embarrassed, the running of cars was discontinued about that time, and when I last visited Lyme, in the summer of 1922, I found that the track had been removed. Through Lyme the trolley used to follow the main street, the road to the ferry and the road leading up the Connecticut to the toll-bridge, where it crossed the river, turned southward, and passed through the centre of Old Saybrook, thus affording a convenient means of going from one village to the other.

That Lyme is more inaccessible now than was formerly the case is not solely due to the loss of the trolley. The railroad company has abandoned the separate stations maintained for many years at Lyme and Black Hall, and now provides a single depot, bearing the name of both villages, about midway between them, at a place inconvenient for each; and has furthermore reduced the number of trains which stop at this point. Lyme used to be enlivened by the frequent passage of travelers through the centre of the village, going to or from the ferry, some of those from the eastward having to await an opportunity to cross, whenever the number of vehicles exceeded the capacity of the boat, for it occasionally happened that as many as two dozen automobiles would gather, of which only six or seven could be transported at a single trip; but this congestion led to the erection of the toll-bridge (which has entirely superseded the ferry), reached by the Upper Road, leading to the river fully a mile above, so that the village is no longer on the direct line of travel.

But despite its isolation and its lack of growth and enterprise, Lyme is a very inviting place for a short vacation, and I have repeatedly closed the season by spending a week there, preferably the last week in August; my interest in the town flowing, of course, from its connection with the history of our family. Its summer temperature is delightfully cool, and the salt air from Long Island Sound, being pleasantly modified by inland breezes,

is free from the harshness and dampness which I have noticed at the seashore. It is a typical New England village. Its principal, and to the casual visitor its only object of interest is the large Congregational Church on the west side of the main street near the corner of the road leading to the ferry, or rather to the place where the ferry used to be; the parsonage standing on the opposite side, facing the ferry road. This church was erected about twenty-five years ago upon the site of a meeting-house dating

LYME CHURCH

from 1810, which was destroyed by fire, and is an exact reproduction of the other, having been built from the original plans, which were fortunately preserved. In Colonial and Revolutionary days a still earlier church stood upon high ground on the southern outskirts of the village, its location being marked by a few neglected gravestones.

There is a Baptist church in Lyme, although it is a small building of modern origin, and the village also boasts a town hall, an academy and a public library. The leading hotel, the Old Lyme Inn (formerly called the Pierrepont House), is on the south side

of the ferry road not far from the corner of the main street, having a sun-parlor at the rear from which, in the hours of darkness, one can see the flashing of the lighthouse off Saybrook Point. For many years the inn was owned and managed by the late George Ely, a brother of Samuel C., to whom the homestead at the Landing belonged; and when he sold the hotel, it was bought on speculation by Charles H. Ludington, a wholesale drygoods merchant of New York. (His firm, Lathrop, Ludington & Company, of 328 Broadway, was considered one of the staunchest business houses in the city; yet in 1868, when I was traveling in Europe, I heard that they had failed for about $2,000,000.) Mr. Ludington, whose acquaintance we made in the Madison Square Church, of which he was a trustee, had a summer home in Lyme, on the west side of the main street, south of the meeting-house, his land at the back adjoining the rear of the hotel property, so that the two plots partially surround some houses which face the ferry road between the inn and the main street corner; and near these houses his flower garden was laid out. He had several children, of whom one daughter still occupies the old home in Lyme, and a son, I am told, resides in Philadelphia. For a time the hotel was managed by E. L. Cram, but later it was bought and conducted by Mr. Caulkins, who was one of the town officials, keeping the books of public records in a large safe in the sun-parlor, and on his death it was inherited by his widow; its present manager being a young man named Champion, whom I take to be her nephew. Mrs. Caulkins is a member of the Champion family, the founders of which were among the earliest inhabitants of the village. The principal store of Lyme, which stands at the northwest corner of the main street and the ferry road, has been kept for many years by another member of this family.

When visiting Lyme in September, 1920, I found the inn closed, owing to the illness of Mr. Caulkins, who died about a fortnight later; and I was obliged to go to a rival hostelry, the Boxwood Hotel, originally Boxwood Hall, the seat of the Griswold family, on the east side of the main street north of the parsonage. Several years ago a certain Miss Griswold who then owned the mansion, enlarged it by adding a wing at each end, and

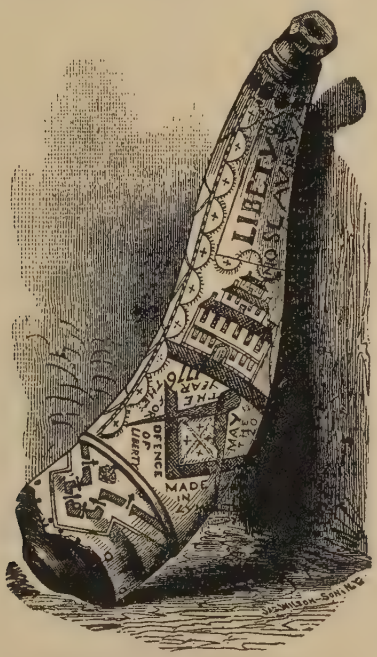
LYME INN

STREET SCENE IN LYME

converted it into a female seminary; but at a later date it became a summer hotel.

The Free Public Library, generally called the Noyes Library, was presented to the town in 1898 by Mr. Ludington, whose wife was a member of the Noyes family. It stands on the site of the Noyes homestead, on rising ground, facing the main street, about half a mile north of the old church. The street describes a curve to the west, as though to avoid the library, and then continues northward.

For a number of years Lyme has been a popular resort of New York artists, who form an art colony there every summer, many of them living in the hotels, while others have cottages in and near the village. One of their number, Childe Hassam, painted a very beautiful picture of the Congregational Church some years ago, and sold it to a public gallery in Buffalo, N. Y., for $6,500. While I was in Lyme one season during



ELIHU ELY'S POWDER HORN

President Wilson's administration, his daughter, a member of the art colony, was staying at the boarding-house of Miss Florence Griswold, which stands on the main street near the road to the toll-bridge; and the president came to visit her, taking a boat at Saybrook Point, and going up the Lieutenant River to the rear of Miss Griswold's property, thus avoiding the publicity of passing through the village. The people of Lyme knew nothing of his presence until the next day, when they read in the New York newspapers of his arrival in their town. Miss Griswold's home has since been purchased by the artists for a club-house, and at the end of the summer they hold in it an exhibition of paintings and sketches representing their season's work. These exhibitions, which were given in the Noyes Library before the Griswold house was bought, usually take place during the first week in September, and are supposed to mark the close of the season; although I think that many of the artists stay in Lyme until later. I have made it my rule not to visit the town during the week of the art exhibition, having learned by experience that the hotels are then uncomfortably crowded. The Lyme Inn used to close for the winter immediately afterward (about the tenth of September), but I am told that under its present management it remains open all the year.

The Ely Reunion was celebrated in Lyme on July 10, 1878, my brother Smith and myself being among those who attended from New York. The exercises were held in the old church, and the dinner was served in a huge tent pitched on the grounds of the Lyme Inn behind the hotel building. The kinsfolk, who assembled from all parts of the country, numbered 600, according to the statement of a local newspaper, long since suspended, which was then published in Lyme; and most of them took their departure in the afternoon of the same day, for the entertainment of so many visitors would have overtaxed the resources of the village had they remained longer. A limited number, whose homes were far distant, were accommodated overnight in the hotels, or in the houses of relatives or friends; while others, I believe, found a temporary lodging in the neighboring towns. To commemorate this very interesting and enjoyable family gathering, a handsomely

printed pamphlet of about 160 pages, entitled "History of the Ely Reunion," was published a few months later, containing a full account of the proceedings, with a report of the speeches delivered by prominent guests. Five copies of the booklet, designed for presentation, were printed upon paper of extra quality, with very wide margins (quarto size instead of octavo); and two of these were sent to correspondents of the name of Ely living in England, in acknowledgement of their courtesy in forwarding genealogical data. Ordinary copies sold at one dollar each. This brochure, which I believe was largely the work of Moses S. Beach, was illustrated with attractive pictures, furnished, I was told, by Zebulon Stiles Ely, including a general view of the Great Meadows and Six Mile Island, looking westward from a point north of Mr. Ely's residence,* and cuts of the Ely Cemetery, the home of the second Richard Ely, the old church of Lyme, and several family heirlooms. The dwelling of Richard Ely, 2d, was the oldest house connected with the family then extant. Samuel C. Ely, who owned the homestead at the time, pointed out to us the foundation walls of the second residence which formerly stood where the first Richard had lived near the Landing, but the remains were too fragmentary to be made the subject of a photograph.

The Ely Reunion was so largely attended, and seemed to arouse so much interest among those present, that some members of the family who lived in New York decided to organize a permanent society called The Ely Association, the objects of which should be to perpetuate this interest, to promote future gatherings of similar character, to collect and preserve genealogical records, and to assume the custody of heirlooms which might be intrusted to its care. This organization was formed in the following autumn, although it was never legally incorporated. Its membership was limited to descendants of Richard, Nathaniel and Joshua Ely, and persons connected with them by marriage, and the dues were fixed at "not less than one dollar" per year. My brother Smith was elected to the board of managers, who numbered about thirty,

*Zebulon Stiles Ely had a handsome summer home standing on high ground between the river road and the Connecticut, south of the Great Meadows. It is now owned and occupied by his daughter Mrs. Richardson, whose husband was for many years the librarian of Princeton University.

and I was chosen secretary and treasurer. Charles Ely, a member of the society, was the owner or lessee of a hotel called the Gramercy Park House, which then stood on the east side of Gramercy Park in New York, and our corporate meetings, of which I cannot remember more than one or two, were held in one of the parlors of that building.

It has always been a matter of regret to me that the title of Richard Ely's property, "Six Mile Island Farm," was not then acquired by the Association, or by one or more of its members, so that the plantation might have permanently remained in the possession of the Ely family, instead of passing into the hands of strangers. It could not be purchased now at any reasonable price, for I am told that its present owner values it very highly.

About that time a professional genealogist, Colonel Joseph L. Chester of London, was employed, at a cost of from three hundred to four hundred dollars, to examine the old records of Plymouth and other English cities in an effort to trace the ancestry of Richard Ely. This expert was not retained by the Association, however, but by several members of the family individually. Among other things, he found that in the village of Wonston, six miles north of Winchester, there was in the olden time a family of our name which he was able to trace back to a certain John Ely, who, about 1540, was the warden of Wolvesley Castle at Winchester; and a striking similarity of Christian names, such as Richard, William, John, etc., convinced him that the Elys of Plymouth were of the same stock. His conviction was strengthened by the discovery that two men named Richard Ely, father and son, seemed to have left Wonston for an unknown destination about the time when our ancestor of that name appeared in Plymouth. The result of these investigations he published in a pamphlet entitled "The Elys of Wonston," in which the above conclusion and his reasons therefor are fully set forth. It is the consensus of opinion that the Elys of Wonston and the Elys of Plymouth were closely related, but the connection is not susceptible of positive proof.

One of the purposes of the Ely Association being to organize a family reunion on the second Wednesday of July in each year,

RUINS OF WOLVESLEY CASTLE

FROM AN OLD PRINT DATED 1783.

such a gathering was held in 1879 at Holyoke, Mass., where a number of descendants of Nathaniel Ely resided; that city being selected by the Association at the request of Heman Ely of Elyria, O., himself a member of the Nathaniel clan, in the hope that by means of genealogical research and inquiry made upon the spot it might be possible to discover the connection between that branch of the family and our own. Such relationship, however, could not be established. I still preserve, as a memento of the occasion, one of the silk badges which we wore. It is ornamented with a rose printed in red (the Ely color), and is inscribed with the words in blue letters: ELY REUNION, HOLYOKE, MASS., July 9, 1879.

The last reunion took place at Saybrook Point on July 14, 1880. For ten days (from the 10th to the 20th), the New Haven Railroad and the Connecticut River boats offered reduced rates of fare to passengers presenting credential cards issued by me as secretary of the Association. The presiding officer at this gathering was Hon. Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who, though a citizen of Ohio, was a native and former resident of Lyme, and traced his descent from Richard Ely. The old home of the Waite family in Lyme, standing a short distance south of the Noyes Library, is still pointed out to visitors.

The career of the Ely Association was decidedly short, for after the last mentioned reunion, sufficient interest to hold corporate meetings in New York could not be awakened among more than half a dozen members, even of those residing in the city; and it was found impossible to assemble a sufficient number to constitute a quorum, despite the fact that I, as secretary of the society, sent out the formal announcement two or three times. As treasurer, I had a small sum in my hands, consisting of dues which had been paid by the members before their enthusiasm began to evaporate, and the disposition of this fund, after the dissolution of the society, became a matter of some perplexity. It long remained idle in a savings bank; but after mature reflection I decided to apply it to the repair of the ancient tombstones in the family cemetery near Ely's Landing.

When visiting Lyme and its vicinity in 1922 I noticed that

some of these monuments needed attention, and I accordingly inquired for the person who had charge of the graveyard, to whom I could turn over the money, and who would superintend the necessary repairs. While there are doubtless many people named Ely living in that part of the State, the only representative of the family in Lyme Village is a daughter of the late George Ely, who occupies her deceased father's dwelling, which stands on the east side of the main street not far south of the road to the bridge, and, as regards the beauty of its grounds, is the choicest place of residence in the village. She informed me that the cemetery had been endowed by Mrs. Lord, a connection of the Elys, in the sum of $5,000, the treasurer of the fund being Lewis P. Parker, of the Pacific National Bank of Hartford, who has a summer home in Essex; and that much important work in renovating the monuments and beautifying the yard has been made possible by this donation. A number of tombstones placed there many years ago, which had fallen down and in the course of time had become covered with the soil so that their location was entirely lost, have now been found and reset. It afforded me great satisfaction to learn of their restoration, for although erected to the memory of persons who were not related to our family, these monuments unquestionably possess a historic interest and a genealogical value.

I met Mr. Parker by appointment at the cemetery, and our business was soon transacted. It was arranged that the headstone of Elizabeth Ely, wife of the first William,* which, though not broken, had become loosened from its base and had fallen on its back, should be reset upon a larger base in a more substantial manner; that a footstone should be bought for this grave, and also for Ruhama Thompson, the wife of William Ely's son Richard; and that essential repairs to certain other monuments should be made. For this work the money in my hands was quite sufficient, and I felt that the funds of the defunct Ely Association could not be more appropriately and worthily expended.

*The birthplace of Elizabeth Smith, who married the first William Ely, was for many years a matter of doubt and uncertainty, but I was told by Mrs. Gates, who, some time ago, wrote a genealogy of the Smith family of East Haddam, Conn., that Elizabeth was originally a resident of that village.

CHAPTER III

O brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

WORDSWORTH.

THE descent of our immediate family from Richard Ely the emigrant is traced through his eldest son, William, through *his* eldest son, Richard, and through the latter's eldest son, Captain William, who was my great-grandfather, and the first of the name to settle in Livingston, N. J. From the wills of these patriarchs, which I found among the town records, I learned that the plantation known as Six Mile Island Farm descended to the first William, and through him to his son Richard; so I have no doubt that Captain William was born in the homestead at Ely's Landing.

Some uncertainty exists concerning the year of the captain's birth. It is given in The Ely Ancestry as 1715 (August 10), and in the Pamphlet History of the Ely Reunion as 1713; but according to the inscription on his tombstone, he was born in 1714, and this mortuary record doubtless affords the most accurate information now available. His wife was Elizabeth Perkins, whom he espoused on September 16, 1737. His military title was gained during King George's War, when he served in the Third Company or "trainband" of Lyme, of which he was commissioned lieutenant in 1740 and captain in 1745; and he is believed to have participated in the siege of Louisburg during the latter year, although I have never found positive proof of such service. A pamphlet sold in a book-auction a few years ago entitled "Journal of the Proceedings of the New England Land Forces during the Expedition against the French Settlements on Cape Breton," states

that the Connecticut regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Simon Lathrop, took part in these operations during October, 1745; and as William Ely received his captain's commission in the preceding April, only a few weeks before the expedition started, it is reasonable to suppose that he accompanied the troops. He left Connecticut with his family, and established a new home in Livingston, N. J., two or three years after the restoration of peace.

The reason for this removal has not been preserved by family tradition, and there is nothing of record to be found which supplies an explanation. One would naturally suppose that so great a change would not commend itself to a man of middle age, the father of a large family (seven of his children are thought to have been born in Lyme), and one who apparently was well established as a prosperous farmer in his native town. It would seem that he must have been actuated by a far more cogent reason than the mere spirit of restlessness and the desire for new places and scenes which, at a later date, impelled thousands of New Englanders to populate the present State of Vermont, and to develop the "Ohio country" beyond the Alleghany Mountains. I have sometimes thought that in many cases such migrations were attributable to the fact that the large families common to those days necessitated a division of the homestead property among many children after their parents' death, which, when repeated through two or three generations, resulted in allotting to each heir so small a portion of the inheritance that he felt obliged to seek another home, and naturally gravitated to the new parts of the country where land was cheap; but this theory is not applicable to the case of Captain Ely, for he left Lyme during his father's lifetime, before a partition of the latter's farm could have been made. A younger brother, Simon or Simeon Ely, was a merchant of Elizabeth, N. J., and he may have been instrumental in causing this change of residence. Possibly he advised William to try farming in New Jersey, where the soil was noted for its fertility, and farms could be advantageously bought; or the captain's removal may have been a matter of financial expediency, for he had indorsed Simon's notes for amounts aggregating a considerable sum, and perhaps wished to reside in the colony of the latter's adoption the better

to have an eye on his business ventures. But these suggested explanations, however reasonable they may be, do not, after all, lead our inquiry beyond the realm of conjecture. As it is not known which of the brothers was the first to settle in New Jersey, my theories cannot be verified.

The name of the younger brother is variously given as Simon and Simeon. I am inclined to think that the former is correct. The statement contained in The Ely Ancestry that he was a clergyman I believe to be inaccurate, for he was always referred to as a merchant by the old people of my family, and this seems to be one of the rare instances where tradition is so clear and positive as to appear more reliable than the printed page. The marriage of Simon Ely to Abigail Halsey of Southampton, L. I., in 1749, is worthy of note as the first of a considerable number of intermarriages between the families of Ely and Halsey in succeeding generations.

Not only is Captain William Ely's motive for removing to New Jersey a matter of surmise, but the records, and even tradition, are equally silent respecting his reasons for choosing Livingston as his home. An explanation of the latter, which, though very probable, is not susceptible of proof, is this: Simon Ely, as a resident of Elizabeth, could not have failed to be well acquainted with Jonathan Hampton, one of the most prominent citizens of the town, who was a surveyor often employed by the East Jersey Proprietors and by individual property owners. On the arrival of Captain William Ely from Lyme, looking about for a desirable plantation in New Jersey, there is nothing more likely than that Simon introduced him to Hampton, and applied to the latter for information; knowing that his work as a surveyor had thoroughly familiarized him with farms and farm sites throughout that entire region. Hampton himself was or had been the owner of land in Livingston, and it is altogether probable that William Ely established his home in that village by his advice.

There can be little doubt that the captain was well satisfied with his new place of residence. Not only is Livingston Township more fertile than Lyme, but it is superior in picturesque beauty. It contains a rolling country, lofty hills alternating with

sheltered valleys, and from its elevations magnificent views can be obtained. I should consider his removal a decided advantage, both from an economic and an esthetic standpoint.

At the time of Captain Ely's arrival, the village of Livingston was not known by its present name, which was not adopted until after the formation of the township in 1813; in fact, it is very doubtful if any settlement then existed there, beyond a few scattered dwellings on the primitive road leading from Newark through Orange and Hanover to Whippany, and an occasional squatter's cabin in the woods. Prior to 1797 the present township was within the bounds of Newark, and before receiving a distinguishing name, it was probably included in the general term "Newark Mountains," which was somewhat indefinitely applied to the hilly region at and near Orange; but during the Revolution, and for a few years thereafter, the territory embracing the present villages of Livingston and Northfield was known as Canoe Brook, from a stream of that name which rises in Livingston Township and empties into the Passaic River below Chatham.

The Orange Mountains consist of long and lofty ridges running approximately north and south, and are crossed by Mount Pleasant Avenue, a section of which forms the principal street of Livingston. This village extends from the Second Mountain to the Third (the ridges being counted westward from Orange), and the Ely Homestead Farm is situated on the crest of the Third Mountain, the property lying on both sides of the above-mentioned road. I use the term "Third Mountain" merely in a descriptive sense, for although the hill is the third in point of fact, I have never heard it called by that name. On the earliest survey of this region which I have found in the course of my historical researches, the other ridges were indicated by their present names, while the third was marked simply "The Hill"; but during the Revolutionary War, as we learn from the maps drawn by Robert Erskine for the use of the Continental army, the first ridge was called "New Ark Mountain," the second "Second Mountain," and the third, upon which the Ely farm lies, "Canoe Hill." To the north and to the south of the highway, where it traverses the Homestead Farm, the ridge rises to a still greater elevation, called

on the south the Mine Hill, and on the north, the Riker; but no such distinction was made in Revolutionary times, the name Canoe Hill having been applied on both sides of the road.

The Mine Hill is so called because the rocks of which it is largely composed contain a certain proportion of iron, and it was long ago believed that the iron could be mined to good advantage. Uncle John, my father's brother, who owned the farm at one time, determined to test this theory, and sank two shafts to a depth of six or eight feet, traces of which still remain, one on the Mine Hill and the other on the Riker, but he was assured by an expert to whom he submitted specimens of the ore that the iron did not occur in sufficient quantities to cover the cost of smelting.

The Riker Hill received its name in honor of Peter Riker, who lived upon it in Colonial days, occupying a cabin in the woods about a mile and a quarter from the Ely residence. His dwelling was nearer the road leading from Roseland to Swinefield than to the road through Livingston, but it was at a distance from either highway. He was the owner of ten acres of land which lay not exactly upon the top of the ridge, but a little to the westward of its crest, although I never succeeded in finding the record of a deed or survey to him, and learned the location and extent of his holdings only by plotting the surrounding plantations. The records are also silent respecting a sale of his property. He disappeared from the locality, and I never ascertained what became of him.

From the fact that the hill was named for Peter Riker, we may infer that he was its first settler; he may very possibly have lived upon it for a short time as a squatter before he bought his land. I have always been inclined to think that the elevation was first called "the Riker" by the early members of the Ely family, for convenience in distinguishing a part of their farm where their cattle were sometimes pastured; that by so informing some surveyor who was at work in the vicinity, they led him to thus designate the hill upon his map, and in this way caused the name to be generally adopted.

The residents of Livingston in former days affirmed that on dark nights phosphorescent flames could be seen playing about the

summit of the Mine Hill and leaping into the air upon the crest of the Riker. Though I doubt if there is anyone now living in the community who has seen these flames himself, I have conversed with many who, in their childhood, were assured that the phenomenon had been observed by their elders, whose veracity was beyond question. The late John Tompkins, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who used to live near the Beaufort station of the Morristown & Erie Railroad, on the east side of Beaufort Avenue at the foot of the Riker Hill, assured me that he himself had seen the flames in his boyhood and youth; and he told me of a certain spot upon the crest of the ridge, not far from his house, where a heavy stone, if dropped on the ground, would produce a reverberation as though the mountain were hollow, in which place the rocks and soil on the surface had a scorched or blasted appearance. The late Sidney Winans was told by his father that many years ago, when the latter was young, a sort of explosion resembling a miniature volcanic eruption occurred one night on the Riker, when a large ball of fire was projected into the air; but although more than one examination was made of the place where the phenomenon, as observed from the Winans residence, seemed to have occurred, no traces of it could be found.

Frank M. Budd of Chatham informed me of a tradition in his family that in the days of the first settlers the Indians who still remained in this region held religious ceremonies at certain times on the summit of the Mine Hill, from which fact it was inferred that they had observed the mysterious flames, and regarded them with superstitious reverence. Among the county records at Newark is a map of the property of David Morehouse, lying south of the Ely farm upon and near the Mine Hill, which map was drawn about 1850, shortly after the death of Mr. Morehouse, to facilitate the division of his estate, and upon the top of the hill, in the second field from the present boundary of the Ely property, it indicates a spot marked "Sodom." This name, I learned, was locally applied to the place where the phosphorescent lights most frequently appeared, and probably identifies the scene of aboriginal worship.

The properties of the soil which caused these remarkable phenomena sometimes occasioned a disturbance of the magnetic needle, to such extent as to seriously enbarrass the work of surveyors. An illustration of this is found in the deed of the lot which contains our foreman's cottage, in early years the home of Moses Courter, which my brother Ambrose bought of Mr. Courter in 1879. The surveyor could only approximate the direction of the eastern boundary because of the uncertainty of the needle, and he stated it with a vagueness rarely encountered in conveyances of real estate. The first course of the description reads: "Beginning at a corner of Epaphras C. Ely's land on the north side of the Newark and Mount Pleasant Turnpike, thence north seventy-five degrees thirty minutes west, as the compass points (there being some mineral substance at the corner), but the true course is about eighty-one degrees, five chains forty-three links to the line of William Smith."

I have carefully searched, in the archives of East Jersey and of Essex County, for the recorded opening or dedication of the Colonial highway through Livingston, but although I discovered the survey of all other main roads of the period leading westward from Newark, I could find no record of the one in question. From this I deduce that the Livingston road had its origin in an Indian trail, which, after the coming of the white men, was naturally adopted by them, and was worn into a road by travel,—at first as a mere bridle-path for horsemen, and later as a wider track for the passage of vehicles,—but was never officially surveyed or laid out. After the construction of the Newark & Mount Pleasant Turnpike, following a much straighter course in the same general direction, the old road fell into disuse and in time was abandoned. All traces of it in the village of Livingston have now disappeared, save a comparatively short section on the Ely Homestead Farm, where, on being closed to the public, it was converted into a private lane; but the old residents of the locality remember its lines (which could be traced for several years after it ceased to be a traveled highway), and can still point them out with a reasonable degree of accuracy. Its width, as far as can now be ascertained, meas-

ured about two rods from fence to fence. It pursued a very devious course, seeking the easiest grades over the hills.

This Colonial road was superseded by the Newark & Mount Pleasant Turnpike (called Mount Pleasant Avenue after it ceased to be a toll-road) in 1807. As we approach Livingston from the east we find, before reaching the bridge spanning Canoe Brook, a straight section of the turnpike where, for a short distance, it is said to have corresponded with the Colonial road in its course and probably in its roadbed. From this point the latter diverged toward the northwest, crossing the brook higher up, and traversing the barnyard of William Halsey, whence it ran westwardly, nearly parallel with the turnpike, to the centre of the village, passing behind the buildings erected at a later date which now face the turnpike on the northern side. Near the present site of the village flagstaff the old road ran diagonally across the line of the turnpike, and skirted the knoll upon which the Baptist Church is built. I remember that the turnpike formerly surmounted the shoulder of this hill, but in later years it was graded to a level. The old road ran thence on the southern side of the turnpike, approximately parallel with its course, passing south of the dwelling called the Carter house which, with the surrounding land, is now owned by my cousin, Sarah E. Blodgett. A short distance beyond this building it again crossed the turnpike at an obtuse angle, and here its line entered the Ely Homestead Farm. It continued up the eastern slope of the hill in a northwest direction, diverging more and more from the turnpike, curved toward the west in front of our old red barn, and ran westwardly for a short distance, then swept back in a gradual curve to the turnpike, described a very sharp bend or loop around the front of the lot now occupied by our foreman's cottage, and again followed a northwesterly course as it descended the hill on the western side; the object of the peculiar U-shaped bend in front of the foreman's house being to follow the easiest possible grade. My father used to say that the old road at this bend not only reached, but crossed, the line of the turnpike, and that the point of the loop, if now extant, would cut a small piece from the front of the property on the south side of the present highway. From this

point westward the old road remained north of the line of the turnpike to the foot of the hill, its course being roughly indicated by the situation of two or three houses which stand in the fields at a distance from Mount Pleasant Avenue; while at Morehousetown it again crossed to the south side, ran south of Olivet Chapel, and remained south of the turnpike to the Passaic River, approaching Cook's Bridge at Hanover from the south in order to avoid a low hill extending parallel with the stream a few rods east of the bridge. The turnpike was built directly over this ridge, but in recent years has been graded through it.

The only part of the Colonial highway which is still in public use is a short section extending from Olivet Chapel in Morehousetown about half a mile westward to the road leading to Squiretown, to which section the name "Old Road" is still applied. Although the remainder of the highway was abandoned and its lines almost entirely obliterated many years ago, it was not officially vacated until early in 1922, when the Township Committee passed an ordinance to that effect at the instance of Mr. Hockenjos, who had bought the Wright homestead farm in the centre of Livingston Village, and feared that the old road, the line of which traversed his property, constituted a flaw in his title.

Turnpikes were introduced shortly after the opening of the nineteenth century, among the first being the road of the Newark & Mount Pleasant Turnpike Company, which was constructed through Livingston in 1807. In crossing the Homestead Farm of our family the turnpike was cut through an apple orchard, which probably covered the site of the present dwelling, though I doubt if it extended northward as far as the Colonial road; and I remember that in former years two or three old, gnarled apple trees stood by the side of Mount Pleasant Avenue not far from the southern fence, diagonally opposite the residence, being, with a few scattered trees within the field on the south side, the last remnants of the orchard. On the northern side, in front of the present garden and about midway between our east gate and the mouth of Hillside Avenue, stood another relic of early days which has long since disappeared—an old-fashioned milestone, a tall slab of brown sandstone, obtained, I was told, from a quarry between Newark

and Orange, bearing the inscription "10 Miles to Newark," which distance was said to have been measured from the County Court House. It was followed in more recent years by a wooden mile-post standing on the same side of the road, at the foot of the hill, a few rods to the eastward. Such posts were set up by the turnpike company as a guide in calculating the tolls, which of course varied in amount according to the distance traveled; and they were replaced with new ones whenever impaired by the progress of decay. One of them, I believe, stood in front of the Teed farm in the eastern part of the village, and there was another in Morehousetown on the north side of the turnpike east of the brook which crosses the road near the present site of Olivet Chapel.

Although I have not ascertained with absolute certainty the situation of the toll-gates upon the portion of the Mount Pleasant Turnpike which traversed Livingston Township, I have strong reason to believe that one of them stood at the cross-roads in Morehousetown, and another near the east end of Hanover Bridge—so near the river as to prevent persons traveling eastward from avoiding the payment of toll by turning off to the right upon the old road. Of the last gate which existed on the turnpike I have a personal recollection, for it was in operation long after my father and his household began to spend the summer of each year at Livingston, being maintained by Ashbel Cook of that village, a distant connection of our family, who, as the last surviving stockholder of the turnpike company, claimed the right to levy tolls. The money thus collected was required by the company's charter to be used in part for repairs, and from time to time Mr. Cook resurfaced worn parts of the roadbed; although the method of road maintenance then in vogue was so superficial that the reparations seldom outlasted the first severe storm. The gate I mention was not located in Livingston, but on the eastern slope of the First Mountain, at or near the corner of Gregory Avenue in West Orange, and was in charge of William Leadbeater, who lived close by. The toll, which was approximately sixpence, varied slightly according to the size and nature of the vehicle and the number of horses. While residing in Livingston my father and brothers drove to Orange each day to take the cars

for New York; and the necessity of stopping to pay a toll consisting of an odd number of pennies was so great an annoyance, especially when hurrying to catch a train, that in 1877 my brother Ambrose brought it to an end by purchasing Mr. Cook's stock and removing the gate. The existence of the turnpike as such may be said to have terminated with this transaction; the company's franchise was deemed to have been abandoned, and the road was surrendered to the public, to be thereafter maintained by the townships through which it ran. It was made a county road in the late nineties, at which time it was macadamized, and its grades improved by deep cuts on the crest of the hills; while in 1920 it became part of the State highway system.

Transportation between the principal cities and towns of New Jersey by means of the stage-wagon and stage-coach had its inception at a very early period, and while necessarily interrupted by the Revolutionary War, it was promptly resumed after the restoration of peace. The construction of turnpikes soon after the opening of the last century offered increased facilities for travel, and caused new stage routes to be established, with great improvement in the vehicles. Within a few years every turnpike had its stage line, and on the more heavily traveled toll-roads competing lines were operated.

The first type of public conveyance was the primitive Jersey wagon, consisting of a box body without springs, covered with a canvas top similar to that of the prairie schooner of the western plains, and containing four transverse benches without backs, each of which seated three persons. The stage-wagon gave place to the Troy coach, resembling an English stage-coach in form, which, being suspended upon "C" springs, afforded much greater comfort to the occupants. This vehicle, as its name indicates, was designed in Troy, N. Y., but many of the coaches in northern New Jersey were made by local carriage-builders, one of whom, Matthias Burnet of Madison, enjoyed an extended patronage.

The territory now known as Livingston Township, being on a direct line between Newark and Morristown, was traversed by stages even in Colonial days, although it is very doubtful if the village of Livingston was on their route. In the absence of proof to

the contrary, I should not hesitate to say that prior to the opening of the Mount Pleasant Turnpike these vehicles left the straighter course at Morehousetown, and made a slight detour by way of Northfield; for the latter was a larger and more important village than Livingston at that period of its history, and the Northfield road offered much easier grades. After the close of the Revolution, and especially after the construction of the turnpike, competing lines were operated, some of which ran from Morristown to Newark, while others continued eastward to Jersey City (originally called Paulus Hook), whence passengers for New York crossed the Hudson by sailboat. The earlier lines made a single trip each week, going eastward on one day and returning on the next; but in the course of time a tri-weekly service was inaugurated, and this in turn was followed by a daily schedule. Before the days of the government postal service the drivers carried and delivered letters for a small charge, and after the Post Office Department was established they became carriers of the mails. They also transacted what might be called an express business, those of the Jersey City lines being accustomed to leave their coaches at their eastern terminus and cross the ferry to New York, where they would remain overnight to deliver packages or messages, make small purchases, and attend to similar matters intrusted to their care. In many cases the owner of the stage drove the team himself, but on the more important lines drivers were employed.

The first public conveyance driven through Livingston Township of which we have definite knowledge is mentioned by Dr. Ashbel Green in his autobiography, where, describing the events of his boyhood in Hanover during the years which immediately preceded the Struggle for Liberty, he speaks of being sent by his father to the village tavern for the weekly newspaper brought from New York by the stage. Winfield's History of Hudson County intimates that the vehicle thus referred to was driven by Constant Cooper, who served as a dispatch-rider during the Revolutionary War.

An interesting source of information respecting the stage-lines of this region in the days of long ago is the advertisements contained in contemporary newspapers. In the summer of 1785 men-

tion is made of a four-horse stage driven by Constant Cooper once a week between Mount Hope and Paulus Hook, which set out from Mount Hope at sunrise every Wednesday, and commenced the return journey on the following Friday at 9; spending the night in Whippany, and reaching home on Saturday at noon. The route was by way of Rockaway, Parsippany, Troy, Old Whippany, Hanover, Newark Mountains (Orange), and Newark; the passengers breakfasting in Troy and dining at Newark Mountains. The fare for the entire distance was one dollar and a third.

In 1805 we find Samuel Merry driving a stage to Jersey City, which left William Parrot's tavern in Hanover every Tuesday at 7 A. M., and returned on the following day. In the early thirties John Drake of Morristown was prominently connected with this business, running a Troy coach every day between Morristown and Newark, while another was operated by Philip Cook in conjunction with Drake's line between Morristown and New York; both of which conveyances traversed Livingston Township. Drake's line at one time extended westward as far as Morris Plains. In the winter of 1834-5 he had a competitor in the person of Nathaniel Smart, who also provided a daily stage between Morristown and Newark over the Livingston road, his driver being Abraham Smith, who had been previously employed on the Jersey City Line. Smart's coach afterward ran on a tri-weekly schedule, going eastward on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and westward on succeeding days.

Charles Colbath of Morristown was a celebrated owner and driver of stages on the Mount Pleasant Turnpike. He devoted many years to the business, buying the Morris & Newark line in 1838, and is said to have been the last of the old-time stage-drivers on the Livingston route. He drove between Morristown and Newark, at first three times a week according to the previous schedule, and subsequently every day; adopting the plan of changing horses at Rose's tavern in Livingston Village with the view of making a more rapid trip, although the expedient did not, in point of fact, result in any appreciable reduction of the schedule time. He married a sister of David Morehouse of Livingston, and was

survived by his wife, who for many years after his death kept a select boarding house on Elm Street, in Morristown.

The stages continued to ply between Morristown and Newark over the Mount Pleasant Turnpike long after the construction of the Morris & Essex Railroad. The latter, during the first years of its operation, was not always dependable, for the track was in constant need of repair, while the locomotives had frequent difficulty in ascending the grades, and failed to materially reduce the time required for the journey. Many travelers of that remote period lacked confidence in railroads, considering the coaches a much safer mode of transportation; and in the early thirties a stage-line between Newark and Hoboken, making four daily trips in each direction, was able to compete successfully with the railroad connecting Newark and Jersey City.

The time required for the journey by the Livingston route was generally from two and a half to three hours for the distance of twenty miles; the coaches starting from Morristown at 7 or 7.30 in the morning and reaching Newark in season to connect with the stage for Hoboken, the train for Jersey City and the steamboat for New York, at 10 or 10.30 o'clock. The fare varied slightly at different times and on different lines, but as a rule, was approximately seventy-five cents from Morristown to Newark, and one dollar from Morristown to Jersey City, with a proportionate charge for intermediate distances.

When my father and his family commenced to spend the summers at Livingston, in 1853, the old-fashioned stage-coaches were still driven past the Homestead, but they were eventually crowded out of business by the railroad, and I cannot remember when they ceased to run. In the late seventies William Ward and his brother-in-law, Benjamin DeCamp, established what was long known as the "Livingston stage,"—a two-horse omnibus marked LIVINGSTON ACCOMMODATION, which plied between the village and Orange, carrying the local mails. Ward soon sold out to DeCamp, who continued the Orange line until his death, after which the business was carried on by his elder son, Robert, and since the death of the latter, by the second son, Ralph. Great improvements have been made in recent years. Following the invention of auto-

mobiles the horse-drawn vehicle was replaced by motor buses, which in 1922 commenced running as far westward as Hanover; while in the following year a new line was inaugurated, providing an hourly service between Newark and Morristown, by way of Orange, Northfield, Livingston, Hanover and Whippany, which soon produced a noticeable effect in the growth of the towns it traversed.

CHAPTER IV

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

STREET.

THE first settlers of the present township of Livingston and the region surrounding it were squatters, whose cabins dotted the hills and valleys between Orange and the Passaic River. Some of them may have considered themselves the owners of the land they occupied, having very possibly bought it of the Indians; but a title so acquired was declared by law to be invalid. Conveyances by the East Jersey Proprietors of land in this region were not numerous prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, but a few proprietary sales occurred as early as 1720 or 1721. The first legitimate survey of land in the present village of Livingston covered a plot of approximately 105 acres which was sold by the proprietary body to John Johnson, who, about the same time, purchased another tract on the First Mountain. His property in Livingston lay in what is now the eastern part of the village, on the north side of the road which antedated Mount Pleasant Avenue, and extended from a point about two chains east of Canoe Brook nearly or quite to the line of the present road to Roseland, which highway, however, was not then in existence. This John Johnson, who had previously been a resident of Newark, was, I believe, the first owner of land under proprietary grant to settle in Livingston. He is not to be confused with Dr. John Johnson of Perth Amboy, who was one of the East Jersey Proprietors, and a far more important character of Colonial history.

I learned from Aunt Sally Halsey that in early days the only public road leading northward from Livingston Village was laid out on the west side of the knoll upon which the Baptist Church now stands, instead of running on the east side of the parsonage as at present. She was so informed by one of her aunts, whose statement is confirmed by the Revolutionary maps made by Robert Erskine for the use of the Continental army, which may now be seen in the library of the New York Historical Society. There are two maps in the Erskine series which cover this section of country, and both show that the highway from Northfield then terminated at the main road, opposite the farm of Samuel or Lemuel Johnson, in what is now the centre of our village, and that the thoroughfare leading toward the north ran on the west side of the Johnson property. But the latter road was abandoned long ago, and before I became familiar with Livingston the present avenue to Roseland had been opened, forming a continuation of the one to Northfield. It traversed a lonely region largely covered with woods, where there was scarcely a house to relieve its solitude, and was called for many years Dark Lane; but whether or not this name was applied to the previous road on the other side of the church lot, I have never been able to learn.

East of the property granted by the Proprietors to John Johnson, on the same (north) side of the main road, a tract which had been plotted on the proprietary surveys was divided into two sections, and the northern half—probably woodland—conveyed by the East Jersey Board, without consideration, to the trustees of Hanover Church.

The land on the opposite side of Mount Pleasant Avenue, between the centre of the village and the foot of the Second Mountain, was owned for a time by Jonathan Hampton of Elizabeth, N. J., who bought it of the Proprietors, as a speculation, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and it was sold by him to Robert Leake of New York. This name, though pronounced Leek at the present time, seems to have been called Lake at that remote period, for we find it spelled Lake in some of the ancient deeds of the adjacent properties. The Leakes, who were the possessors of

large means, purchased this estate, with other lands, for a summer home, and they employed as their overseer or superintendent Ebenezer Collins, a member of an old Livingston family, who lived, during the Revolution, on the north side of the road, east of Canoe Brook. One of their descendants founded the Leake & Watts Orphan Asylum in New York. They were prominently identified with this city for several generations, owning a block of brick houses called Tryon Row, which extended from Park Row to Centre Street, its site now covered by the southern portion of the Municipal Building, and their last representatives whom I remember resided there. The family died out many years ago.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, when the Leakes were preparing to leave Livingston, their property in the village was bought by the Teeds, who had come from Westchester County, N. Y., about 1765, and who owned the land on the north side of the road which had previously belonged to John Johnson. They were related to the Pell family of Westchester County, and one of the first of the name in Livingston was Pell Teed. Their descendants became quite numerous, and in former days the name "Teedtown" was facetiously applied to the eastern part of Livingston, along Mount Pleasant Avenue, where most of them lived. Andrew M. Teed, who was sheriff of Essex County from 1869 to 1883, was for several years the most prominent citizen of the village.

John Burnet was an early owner of real estate in Livingston, being the holder of a proprietary grant dated 1730, which covered about 100 acres on the north side of the main road lying west of John Johnson's tract. His plantation embraced the present Watson farm, and extended eastward to include the property now owned by the Baptist Church, with its southeast corner not far from the site of the village flag-pole, and its southwestern extremity near the dividing line between the farms of Watson and Ely.

In 1745 a much larger tract was taken up by Michael Kearny (an ancestor of General Philip Kearny of the Civil War), who was a resident of Perth Amboy, and the holder of several political

offices, the highest being the secretaryship of the Province of East Jersey. He married, as his third wife, Sarah, a daughter of Governor Lewis Morris in whose honor Morris County received its name. His plot in Livingston was a huge rectangle of 400 or 500 acres which adjoined Burnet's on three sides,—the north, east and west,—extending eastward to a point near Canoe Brook (I do not think it crossed the brook), and westward to the western extremity of the Ely Homestead Farm, which it originally included; running, however, much farther north than the Ely property. My impression is that it extended northward as far as the present Locust Avenue, and that this highway, for a distance of approximately 400 feet from the corner of the road to Roseland, follows its northern side line. Its southern boundary was a continuation of Burnet's toward the east and west, both tracts being on the north side of the main road, but their southern side line was straight between certain points, and did not follow the curves of the highway.

The surveyors employed by the Board of Proprietors appear to have been very inefficient, and their work was marred by occasional faults. Through an inaccuracy in the survey of Michael Kearny, his tract overlapped on the east the property previously seated by John Johnson to the extent of 20 acres or more; and to rectify this mistake a subsequent deduction must have been made. The confusion of the boundaries caused by this error deterred me from attempting to plot Johnson's holdings, and the exact extent of the discrepancy I have never ascertained.

In the late Colonial period a plantation of about 300 acres near Whippany was owned by Michael Kearny, Jr., a captain in the British navy, and a son of the Provincial secretary mentioned above. His farm was part of a proprietary grant of 1014 acres called the Irish lott* in reference to its previous owners, having been purchased on speculation May 13, 1715, from the East Jersey Proprietors by John Dennis and Thomas Sharp, both of whom resided in Ireland, and in all probability never saw the property in question. Captain Kearny's residence, which remained until

*The word "lott," when used in this connection, was always spelled with two t's. The name survived until comparatively recent times, being commonly applied to the Kearny property within the memory of persons still living in Whippany.

1924, crowned a little hill on the east side of the road leading from Whippany to Parsippany, a scant half mile from the corner of the Mount Pleasant Turnpike, and near the locality which in my boyhood was called Halseytown. A curious feature of the establishment was the captain's wine-vault—a subterranean chamber six or eight feet square, to which access was gained by a door in the side of his well, about twenty feet below the surface, and presumably reached by a hanging ladder. I visited the place many years ago, when it was the home of Mahlon Hubbard, who showed me the well with the doorway in its side. This "cold storage cellar," I believe, is still extant, but it has not been used for so long a time that it is probably in a ruinous condition.

About one hundred yards from the dwelling, a private cemetery was laid out, containing the graves of Captain Kearny, who died unmarried in 1797, his sister Isabel, also unmarried, who died in 1806, and two of his slaves. This burial place was originally surrounded by a stone wall, but little of which now remains. Kearny and his sister were interred in brick vaults, each covered with a massive stone slab; and these tombs, I am told, are still intact. That of the captain bore the following epitaph, which at the date of my visit had become so defaced with the passage of time that it could be deciphered only by Mr. Hubbard, who had committed it to memory several years before.

Sacred
to the memory of
CAPT. MICHAEL KEARNEY
of His
Britanic Majesty's NAVY.
He departed this life at
THE Irish Lott,
The Seat of his Residence in Hanover*
on the 5th day April A. D. 1797
aged 71 years 6 months 28 days.
In the Naval Service he was a brave
And intrepid officer which secured to
him several marks of distinguished
RESPECT and CONFIDENCE
In private Life he executed the Virtues
of BENEVOLENCE, HOSPITAL-
ITY and Genteel URBANITY.

*Reference to Hanover Township, in which the village of Whippany is situated.

In recent years the property passed into the possession of the Kitchell family, and in 1922 was sold by Ross Kitchell to Pasquale Constantino, an Italian, who is its present owner. In the early spring of 1924 the *Newark Evening News* published an illustrated article descriptive of some celebrated Colonial and Revolutionary houses of Morris County, including a brief history of the Kearny mansion at Whippany, together with a picture of the building. This essay appeared on the afternoon of March 8, 1924, and by a curious coincidence the old house was totally destroyed by fire in the course of the same evening.

Captain William Ely settled in Livingston in 1751, but did not buy the Homestead until later. He first purchased a tract of 50 acres on the south side of the main road opposite the Kearny and Burnet holdings; and although I have never succeeded in obtaining definite information concerning the dimensions of his plot, I believe that it extended from the centre of the village, where the flagpole now stands, westward to the neighborhood of Hillside Avenue (its western extremity including a small portion of our present Homestead Farm), covering, together with other lands, the property now owned by Mrs. Sarah E. Blodgett. While examining, in the office of the Secretary of State, the records of subsequent transfers of realty, I found a deed of part of this tract which referred to its previous conveyance by Thomas Gardner to William Ely in 1751; and I considered the discovery of great interest as proving, first, the date when the captain settled in Livingston, and second, the fact that he did not buy the present Homestead immediately on his arrival, as I had formerly supposed. Thomas Gardner appears to have acquired his property in 1751, and to have sold it to Captain Ely in the same year.

The location of the captain's residence upon the Gardner tract is a matter of conjecture, but probability favors the supposition that it stood at the east end of the property, near the corner formed by the intersection of the main road with the road to Northfield. There, in my younger days, stood the village tavern, which, by tradition, was erected by the captain's son, William junior, who managed the hotel for many years. I doubt if Captain Ely himself was a tavern keeper, for during his ownership of the property

there could hardly have been sufficient business to support a public house; but it was generally understood, when the country was first settled, that the principal citizen of each community would entertain chance travelers, and I can readily imagine that an occasional wayfarer found shelter beneath his roof.

It was on June 15, 1757, that Captain William Ely bought a plot of 89 acres, lying north of the old road on the summit of the hill, which formed the nucleus of our present Homestead. (The acreage of the farm has since been doubled through the purchase from time to time, chiefly by my grandfather and my brother Ambrose, of adjoining or neighboring properties.) Captain Ely's plot consisted of the southwest corner of the tract which had been conveyed by the East Jersey Proprietors to Michael Kearny, his northern boundary being a continuation, toward the west, of Burnet's rear line, and it was sold to him by Mrs. Euphemia Arabella Leonard, wife of Henry Leonard and daughter of Kearny, who had inherited her deceased father's property. Many years ago I found at Livingston, in an old horsehide trunk of my grandfather's, the original deed from Mrs. Leonard to Captain Ely, which, though almost worn out by age and rough handling, was skillfully restored for me by an expert in such work. The signature of the grantor was witnessed by her sister, Isabel Kearny, of Whippany. Although Mrs. Leonard is described in the deed as a resident of Monmouth County, I think it probable that at one time she lived in or near Livingston (perhaps in the house of her brother at Whippany), for Captain Ely witnessed the signing of her will, and from this fact I infer that when the document was executed she resided in his vicinity.

There is reason to believe that William Ely was the first landowner to live near the main road on the summit of the hill, although it is quite possible that he was preceded by squatters. He built his new residence about fifty feet from the northern side line of the highway, having his well in the dooryard a little west of the house, and nearer the fence. The dwelling was demolished in the days when Uncle John owned the farm, but its site can still be identified by those familiar with the locality, for the soil at that spot is of a different quality and color from that which sur-

THE RED BARN

rounds it, showing that it was dug from a cellar excavation. Fragments of the foundation walls, composed of old-fashioned blocks of brown stone, long remained, but as they were a hindrance to the cultivation of the land, they were gradually removed. The well, however, still exists, although water has never been drawn from it within my recollection. It was used in my boyhood as a substitute for a cold storage vault, the family preserving meat in hot weather by suspending it within the shaft.

Our old red barn stands about one hundred feet east of the site of William Ely's dwelling, and I have always understood that the original part of it, measuring approximately 24 by 60 feet, was built by him in 1757. It has, of course, been repaired from time to time, but its massive whiteoak frame would last indefinitely, and probably dates from the captain's days. The higher part of the building, which forms an ell at the west end, is of modern origin, having been built by my brother Ambrose about forty-five years ago upon the site of an old cow-shed.

The course of the Colonial road past Captain Ely's dwelling-place can be clearly discerned, the preservation of its approximate lines after a century of disuse being due to the fact that when closed to the public this section of the highway was converted into, and has ever since remained, a private lane leading westward from the red barn to a point on the turnpike east of our foreman's cottage. The fence on the north side, though somewhat irregular where the roadway describes a curve, doubtless marks the original line, and a row of large trees fixes the boundary on the other. For a short distance west of the barn a grassy ridge still indicates the ancient roadbed.

The early deeds in our chain of title refer to a bridge on the old road north of the ice-pond, although there was never a bridge at that place within my recollection, nor any apparent need for such a structure. The inference is that in Colonial days the road crossed a brook which flowed down from the Riker Hill and emptied into the pond, that the brook eventually ran dry, and that its channel was thereupon filled up and obliterated; but the source of such stream upon the Riker I have never been able to find. The pond at the present time is fed by springs and surface drainage.

In my boyhood it was possible to identify the location of the bridge by a low spot, nearly opposite the southeast corner of the woodlot, which has since been filled, but which in those days was marshy in time of heavy rains.

Eastward from the barn the line of the old road, as it descends the hill, is marked by a slight depression in the fields, which was formerly a rather deep cut or gully, across which loaded teams could not be safely driven; but as the result of repeated plowings the cut has been gradually filled, and is now scarcely discernible.

When Captain Ely purchased this plantation on the crest of the hill, a tract of 45 acres of cleared and cultivated land on the opposite (south) side of the Colonial road was owned by a man named Josiah Ogden, who bought it of the East Jersey Proprietors in 1729. His plot extended to and along the road, and about 20 acres of it were afterward acquired by the Elys, coming into the possession of our immediate family through purchase by my grandfather from some of his relatives. Our present house stands on the Ogden lot, for although it is on the north side of the turnpike, it is some distance south of the line of the Colonial highway.

The earliest settlers who bought the fertile land in the valleys considered the Mine Hill of little or no value, for its rocky surface and precipitous slopes afforded slight opportunity for cultivation; and it was not disposed of by the Board of Proprietors until 1746, when they conveyed it to the heirs of William Penn, who had been a member of the board, and upon whose "rights" the hill was taken by his representatives.

The inefficiency of the Colonial surveyors, to which I have previously referred, resulted in errors respecting the boundaries of these plots on the hill; a careful examination of the records disclosing the fact that Ogden's survey overlapped Kearny's, and was itself overlapped by that of Penn. This mistake was subsequently rectified in part by the execution of a release from the Penns to the representatives of Ogden. I never attempted to trace the true boundaries of these surveys in order to ascertain the extent of the encroachments, realizing that to do so would involve more time and labor than I cared to bestow upon a matter of so little consequence.

The early surveys in Livingston which I have described were made at a time when conveyances of land in this region by the East Jersey Proprietors were limited in number and extent. It was not until a later period (1744) that the action of the governing body in surveying and selling on a much larger scale throughout this part of Essex County precipitated a conflict between the holders of proprietary grants and the settlers who had previously bought the same lands of the Indians, and led to the riots in Newark Mountains which are described by Dr. Hatfield in his History of Elizabeth.

Prominent among these old-time transfers of Livingston real estate was the sale of a tract of over 300 acres in the western part of the present township which was jointly purchased by Captain William Ely and a member of the Johnson family; but as it did not long remain in their possession, I presume that it was acquired merely as a speculation. They bought it of the settlers, and not of the East Jersey proprietary board. This land lay on the north side of the main road, and extended eastward from the Passaic River about as far as the mouth of the road to Squiertown.

Captain William Ely was undoubtedly an estimable character, and a respected citizen. I was told by Aunt Sally Halsey that he was desirous of entering the ministry, but was deterred by a weakness of the throat which affected his vocal organs. Some years ago, in an auction of rare books and manuscripts, I saw a map of this portion of New Jersey which was drawn during the Revolutionary War for the use of the British army from the field notes of Thomas Milledge, a well-known surveyor of Whippany, who remained loyal to the Crown, and on the outbreak of hostilities fled to New York, joined the enemy, and became a major of the First Battalion of New Jersey Loyalist Volunteers. The map designated the roads, villages and notable buildings, together with occasional private houses, but the latter were so few in number as to clearly indicate the intention to show only the homes of leading citizens. Among them was "Capt. Eale's" residence, surrounded by a few strokes of the pen to represent the hill on which it stood; and the fact that it was the only dwelling noted on the Livingston road between Mountain Meeting

House (Orange) and Morristown, evidences the captain's prominence in the community.

While residing in Livingston, and probably not long after his arrival, William Ely became involved in very serious financial difficulties, for his brother Simon failed in business, and he was called upon to pay the latter's notes, which he had indorsed; judgment being recovered against him, and a levy made upon his personal property. His wife had a silver tea-service, inherited from her parents, which the officers generously advised her to secrete; but she refused to do so, and allowed it to be sold in satisfaction of her husband's indebtedness. It is possible that she made this sacrifice in order to save the farm,—the value of the tea-service, when added to her husband's personalty, may have been sufficient to satisfy the judgment,—for the real estate does not seem to have been interfered with.

Near the western extremity of the land purchased by Captain Ely from Mrs. Leonard there is a spring which figures in a romantic anecdote related to me by Aunt Sally Halsey. Aunt Sally's mind was stored with the most interesting reminiscences and items of family history which she was never weary of reciting,—perhaps finding me more receptive than her other relatives,—and I shall have frequent occasion to quote her in the course of my narrative. The spring, which is situated in a retired and somewhat lonely spot in the woods, about eleven hundred feet north of the turnpike and one hundred from our western boundary, is now partly filled up, but in former years it yielded a copious supply of water. Three or four pear trees, which, judging by their appearance, had existed for a full century, stood a few yards north of the spring in my younger days, and their presence in so solitary a place led me to think that at one time they had sheltered a human habitation. On inquiring of Aunt Sally, the family historian, I learned that such was actually the case; and that in the time of Captain William Ely a small cabin stood there which was occupied by a squatter family consisting of an old woman, reputed to be a witch, and her scapegrace son. During the French and Indian War, Captain Ely, in recognition of the military services he had previously rendered in Connecticut, was appointed recruiting

SARAH ELY HALSEY
("AUNT SALLY.")

officer for the Livingston district, and he enrolled many young men of this vicinity for duty in Canada against the French, one of their number being the witch's son. The departure of this ne'er-do-well was regarded with satisfaction by Captain Ely, who probably welcomed the opportunity to rid the neighborhood of an undesirable citizen; but the witch was highly incensed against him for recruiting her boy, and, according to the story, planned revenge. A short time afterward, one of the captain's cows was found dead in the woods, and when the carcass was skinned the print of a human foot was discerned upon the inside of the hide, which was considered positive proof that the animal had been slain by witchcraft. The incident caused great excitement, and large numbers of people gathered from far and near to examine the mysterious imprint.

THE WITCH'S HUT

Aunt Sally was told this anecdote by one of her aunts, who related it from a personal recollection of the occurrence. To increase the interest of the story, the narrator indicated to me (by her manner rather than by words) that she herself believed in witchcraft to some extent; and, indeed, this superstition survived in Livingston until a comparatively late period, for I have heard my father say that during his boyhood the members of a neighboring family became convinced that their churn was bewitched, because of difficulty experienced in making butter.

The private burying ground of the Ely family, on the west side of Hillside Avenue about 700 feet south of the turnpike, was established by Captain William Ely; its original area comprising the southern half of the present cemetery, for as first laid out it contained only one rood of land. The earliest interments were those of the captain's daughter Elizabeth, her second husband, Frederick

Jones, and her infant son, Benoni, who lived near the graveyard on Hillside Avenue, where they died in 1777; and the ground was doubtless set apart for cemetery purposes at that time. As laid out by Captain Ely, the burial place was situated in the northeast corner of the second field from the turnpike, for the line of the fence running westward from the centre of the present rear wall was originally continued to Hillside Avenue, and formed the northern side-line of the graveyard; but after the death of my parents, my brother Ambrose enlarged the cemetery by taking an almost equal area from the field adjoining it on the north. It was previously surrounded by a stone wall, and this was rebuilt and extended by Ambrose at a cost of $2,000, to enclose the added space; much of the new material used in its construction being obtained by blasting rocks behind our old red barn. The original boundary on the north side was parallel with and a few feet north of the present central path, and the grave of John Buckly, which is now near the middle of the yard, was formerly in close proximity to the northern wall.

In 1901 our family decided to incorporate an association which should acquire title to, and preserve, the burying ground; realizing that private cemeteries are subject to changes incident to increasing population, and that this one might at some future time be diverted to less sacred uses. The society, called The Ely Cemetery Association, was formed at the Homestead on October 19, 1901, the incorporators being George R. Kitchell, chairman; Ambrose E. Vanderpoel, secretary; William W. Watson, Moses E. Halsey, George B. Vanderpoel, Sidney B. Winans and Benjamin C. Winans; while William W. Watson, Moses E. Halsey, William H. Ely, Edwin A. Ely, Charles A. Smylie and Ambrose E. Vanderpoel constituted the first board of trustees.

I believe that Hillside Avenue, in the days of Captain Ely, was a private lane leading from the main road of Livingston to the highway from Northfield to Morehousetown, and I have little doubt that each end of it was closed by a gate. It was dedicated as a public road in April, 1803, and there is some evidence that it was at first called the Ward Road in reference to the Ward family through whose property a long section of it ran; but during the

greater part of my life it was always spoken of as the New Road, its present name being of comparatively recent origin. The name of Ward disappeared from the locality before my recollection begins, although that family is represented by their relatives, the Littells, who inherited a large part of their farm. I remember that in the summer of 1868, when Joseph W. Littell (Ward Littell, we called him) was seriously ill, and hope for his recovery had been abandoned, he sent for Andrew M. Teed to draw his will, and Mr. Teed requested me to witness the document, the other witness being George Hoffman. The testator died, if I remember correctly, about three days later, but his will was not admitted to probate until the following year.

I have mentioned the demolition of Captain Ely's dwelling by Uncle John. He did not tear down the entire structure, however, but moved a part of it—perhaps the kitchen extension—to the west side of Hillside Avenue, south of the Ely Cemetery, and on January 12, 1850, sold it, with the lot of seven acres on which it was placed, to Rev. William T. Reimann, an elderly German clergyman, who served at one time as pastor of the German Presbyterian Church in Pleasantdale. The part of the house thus moved was quite small. It was nearly square, two stories in height, with a single apartment on each floor; and beneath it a "cellar-basement" was constructed, which, being built upon the side of a hill sloping toward the road, could be entered on a level at the front. By his will Mr. Reimann devised his house and lot to the Livingston Baptist Church, but as that organization could make no practical use of the property, it was sold to my brother Ambrose by the advice of Moses Ely Halsey, one of the officers of the society. The house, however, is no longer in existence, having been demolished in recent years.

Mr. Reimann and his wife were interred in the southwest corner of the Ely Cemetery, this privilege having been assured him by Uncle John when he bought the adjoining land. For many years he was faithfully served by a German housemaid called Old Katrina (I never heard her surname), who, after his death, lived alone in a little house, since demolished, which stood near the southeast corner of Passaic and South Orange Avenues in West

Livingston. Being advanced in life and in poor circumstances, she was mainly dependent upon the charity of her friends, and Ambrose gave her an occasional load of firewood, while my sister furnished her each year with her winter's supply of coal.

One of the fields composing the Homestead Farm—the field lying east of the garden—has always been called "the Kelly Lot," and from this fact I formerly inferred that it had been owned by some Kelly in early days; so I was much surprised and puzzled to find, when I first had occasion to examine our chain of title, that it had never belonged to anyone of that name. My curiosity to learn the origin and meaning of the appellation led me to fully investigate the matter; and by means of thorough research I ascertained that our ancestors had thus designated the lot merely because it adjoined the property of one William Kelly, who acquired the remaining lands of Mrs. Leonard.

The Kelly Lot formerly marked the eastern extremity of the farm on the north side of the turnpike, but a few years before his death Ambrose bought the field adjoining it on the east (which was a small part of the tract actually owned by William Kelly in Colonial days), and thus extended our property to the Watson lands.

This William Kelly was an interesting character of Colonial history. He was a resident of London of Irish ancestry, who, on coming to New York, engaged in the grocery business in Hanover Square. Another Englishman of Irish extraction, Hugh Gaine, editor of the *New York Weekly Mercury,* was presumably a warm friend of his, for when printing an almanac for the year 1754, he inserted in it an advertisement of Kelly's grocery, this being the only business announcement which the publication contained. Kelly became very rich, and was evidently an influential citizen. During the French and Indian War the government granted him letters of marque and reprisal, under which he doubtless fitted out privateers to prey upon French merchantmen on the high seas. He supplied groceries at wholesale to many if not most of the village storekeepers throughout northern New Jersey, and thus became familiar with that section of country. By foreclosing a mortgage, I believe, he acquired title to all the

land in Livingston which Mrs. Leonard retained after selling part of her tract to Captain William Ely; he bought the Burnet lot in 1762, and also owned property on the south side of the main road. These plots in Livingston remained in Kelly's family long after his death, and in 1795 they were sold by his heirs to Colonel John Noble Cumming of Revolutionary fame, who, at the time of this transaction, was a real estate speculator living in Newark on the east side of Broad Street, his house adjoining the hotel which then occupied the northeast corner of Broad and Market Streets.

Kelly was ambitious of owning a great park resembling the estate of an English nobleman, and by several purchases of adjacent plots he acquired a tract of 2,000 acres extending from the Whippany River, through Troy Hills, in the direction of Parsippany. I have only a general idea of its boundaries, for I never took the trouble to trace its exact outline. His first purchase was a farm of approximately 50 acres which he bought of Patrick Darcy about 1759, and to this he added 1,000 acres of lowland on the Troy Meadows bordering the Whippany River at Hanover Neck, which had been allotted to William Penn, one of the West Jersey Proprietors, at the time of the proprietary surveys, and was sold to Kelly by Penn's heirs. Smaller purchases from John Barlow, Stephen Tuttle, John Marsh and Daniel Cooper made up the total acreage mentioned above.

Kelly returned to his former home in London about 1768 or 1769, and I have always thought that he perceived a war with the mother country to be inevitable, and left America to avoid it. The time of his departure was a period of intense excitement, and marked hostility toward the home government, for although the obnoxious Stamp Act had been repealed, the Crown was proceeding to impose other unwelcome taxes upon the colonists without allowing them the privilege of parliamentary representation, and to a man of Kelly's intelligence and foresight it must have been clear that the resentment of the people would eventually culminate in armed resistance. He died in August, 1774. His will, which was made in Bath, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, was dated August 2, of that year, admitted to probate in London on August 25, and, for the purpose of making title to real

estate in this country, was subsequently probated in New York.

Kelly described himself in his will as a resident of Percy Street, and on one of my visits to London my interest led me to find the street in which he lived. Percy Street proved to be a short thoroughfare, not much more than a single block in length, running westward from Tottenham Court Road, three or four blocks north of Oxford Street. My inspection of the neighborhood convinced me that Kelly's house is no longer in existence, for although the buildings in Percy Street were substantially constructed and were evidently of many years' standing, they appeared hardly old enough to date from the Revolutionary period. At present the block is solidly built up, but I think it likely that in Kelly's day the dwellings were surrounded by gardens. This section of London is included in the parish of Marylebone, and by examining the parish records I ascertained that Kelly had been interred in St. Pancras' Cemetery, which, as I was informed by the curate of Marylebone Church, was within easy walking distance. I could not find the tomb, however, for on visiting the cemetery I perceived that the Midland Railway (an elevated structure) had been built through it, and after a careful but fruitless search, I concluded that the grave in question was among those which had been covered by the railroad. I observed a large pile of tombstones which had been removed from their original position in the course of the work, and decided that Kelly's monument was probably among them.

When preparing to leave this country Kelly attempted to sell his tract of 2,000 acres in Troy Hills, and I have seen a copy of a Philadelphia newspaper, published in 1768, in which he advertised the property, declaring it to be the finest plantation in America, and filling an entire column with its description. Some years ago I was greatly surprised to find in an auction of rare books and pamphlets held in the American Art Galleries, then situated on Madison Square, a manuscript describing Kelly's 2,000-acre tract in language identical with that of the advertisement in the Philadelphia paper. It was written on parchment in a style of penmanship which indicated the work of a scrivener, and was evidently intended to be sent for publication to various newspapers.

To preclude suspicion of falsehood or exaggeration, the description was sworn to before Joseph Tuttle, a justice of the peace of Hanover Neck (where his house still remains), whose authority was certified by the governor of the Province.

The 2,000-acre estate was purchased on March 2, 1772, by Lucas Van Beverhoudt, a wealthy planter from the island of St. Thomas, W.I., who presumably made Kelly's acquaintance in London, since the deed was executed there. He made the plantation his home, and died upon it after the close of the Revolutionary War. Dr. Ezekiel B. Gaines, the husband of my mother's elder sister, was his family physician, and he told me that the old gentleman owned many slaves, who at times were numbered among my uncle's patients. The Beverhoudt mansion stood on a hill some 500 feet from the road, and was reached by a long driveway bordered on either side by a row of about 100 red cabins occupied by the slaves; these structures suggesting the name "The Red Barracks," which Kelly gave to the plantation, although Beverhoudt called it "Beverwyck," in memory of a town in Holland where his ancestors had lived. Part of the property is now owned by Mrs. Smith Condit, whose house stands in front of the site of his residence, and is believed to be in part a section of the old mansion. Mrs. Condit has in her possession the original deed from Kelly to Beverhoudt. She is the author of a very interesting historical sketch of the plantation entitled "The Story of Beverwyck," which was published in the *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* for 1919; the editor of the periodical adding a few lines (supplied, I think, by Miss Maude Johnson, the assistant librarian of the society), descriptive of my ineffectual search for Kelly's tomb in London.

Beverhoudt was an elder of the Reformed Dutch Church of Montville, and a very pious man. His daughter Adrianna married Tobias Boudinot, a son of Elisha Boudinot, who was a leading citizen of Essex County in Revolutionary days. Kelly had for his business manager a man named Abraham Lott,—when he advertised the estate for sale he named Lott in the advertisement as the New York agent to whom inquiries should be addressed,—and after his return to London, Lott entered the employ of Bever-

houdt in a similar capacity. Lott had been a distinguished public official under the New York provincial government, but was obliged, on account of his sympathy with the cause of freedom, to leave the city when it was occupied by the British troops; and thereafter he operated a farm near Beverhoudt's residence, probably toward the north (mention of the farms of Lott and Beverhoudt is found in the military correspondence of the Revolution), though I have never learned its precise location, and am inclined to think that it was part of his employer's land, which he was permitted to occupy. He also kept a general store in Parsippany.

I was told by my uncle, Joseph Kitchell, the circumstances of Beverhoudt's death, which occurred in 1796. He was driving homeward one night along the road from Hanover Neck to Troy Hills, not far from the Kitchell homestead, and colliding in the darkness with a great rock which lay at the roadside near the Whippany River, he was thrown from his chaise, and received injuries which resulted in his death. The rock no longer exists, for some years later the authorities, when building a new and larger bridge over the Whippany, blasted it and used the fragments in constructing the abutments. Beverhoudt, his daughter and son-in-law, and several of their slaves were interred in a plot of ground reserved for a private graveyard, a little south of the spot where Mrs. Condit's house now stands, the Boudinot grave being indicated by monuments. On the sale of the property to John O. Condit, the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Boudinot were removed to the Parsippany Cemetery, but Beverhoudt's grave could not be found, and consequently his dust was never disturbed.

CHAPTER V

I have sat in the cheerless, vacant room,
At the stillest hour of night,
With naught to break upon the gloom
But the taper's sickly light;
And there I have conjured back again
The loved ones, lost and dead,
Till my swelling heart and busy brain
Have hardly deemed them fled.

Miss Cook.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ELY, my great-grandfather, departed this life at Livingston in April, 1802, and was interred in the Ely Cemetery beside the remains of his wife, who had passed away twenty years before. In 1918 the old-fashioned brownstone slabs which mark their graves were incased in granite to preserve them for posterity, since the captain's monument was beginning to suffer the ravages of time; although that of his consort was as sound, and its inscription as clear and legible, as on the day of its erection in 1782.

Among the papers which I discovered many years ago in an old trunk which had belonged to the captain's son, my grandfather, was the affidavit of Rev. Aaron Condit, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Hanover, stating that on a certain day he had performed the funeral service of Captain William Ely. Although the object or purpose of such an affidavit is purely conjectural, the document is of interest because of its novelty, and as a confirmation of the date contained in the records of the church. It reads as follows:

Morris County SS. State of New Jersey. Personally apeared before me Daniel Hopping, one of the Justices of the Peace in & for said County, the Revd Aaron Condit who being Duly sworn Did Depose & say that agreeably to Record made by him at the time on the twenty-fifth Day of April in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and two, he attended and Performed the funeral service of Capt William Ely of the township then of

Caldwell Now of Livingston in the County of Essex in said State and further this Deponent saith Not. August 11, 1817.

AARON CONDIT, Minister of the Congregation of Hanover.

Sworn and subscribed before me the Eleventh Day of August, A. D. 1817

Danl Hopping, Justice of the Peace.

The date of Captain Ely's decease is recorded on his tombstone as April 3, 1802, and family tradition fails to account for the interval of three weeks which, in the light of the affidavit, seems to have elapsed between his death and his funeral. Its most probable explanation is that the lapidary who carved the inscription upon the monument omitted one figure by mistake, and that the captain died, not on April 3 as stated, but on April 23.

Captain William Ely and Elizabeth Perkins, his wife, were the parents of ten children, of whom seven are thought to have been born in Lyme, Conn., and three in Livingston. As their names are given in The Ely Ancestry, it will not be necessary to enumerate them all, and I will refer only to those of whose personal history I have gathered items other than the data which the Ancestry contains.

WILLIAM, JR., the second son (the eldest child who lived to maturity), who was usually called "Uncle Bill" by the old people of my family, married his cousin, Lucy Perkins, of Ipswich, Mass. After his removal to Livingston he became the owner of the property purchased by his father from Thomas Gardner, namely, the farm of approximately 50 acres on the south side of the old road, extending from the centre of the village westward to the top of the hill. In all likelihood he received it as a gift from his father, but the circumstances as well as the date of the transfer are unknown to me, for I have never seen the deed, which was not recorded, and undoubtedly has been lost. Part of the west end of the property, on the hill, was bought by my grandfather from Uncle Bill and his sons James and Calvin, and forms a portion of our present Homestead Farm.

Uncle Bill is believed to have been the builder, and is known to have been for many years the keeper, of the Livingston tavern, which stood in the northeast corner of his property, opposite the

present site of the Baptist parsonage. Its subsequent proprietors were James Ely, Isaac Samo, Frederick Chapin, Jerry Campbell, Andrew M. Teed, Benjamin Teed, John Rose (who kept it when my recollection of the hotel begins), and Thomas Leyland. It ceased to be a road-house in 1867, when purchased by the Harrison family of Roseland, and was demolished in the summer of 1906. It was doubtless Uncle Bill's residence during the early years of his married life; but shortly before the close of the eighteenth century he built or bought the house now owned by Mrs. Sarah Blodgett, on the south side of the turnpike farther toward the west, which building, it is said, he also devoted to tavern purposes. This structure was not built upon the Gardner tract, but on the opposite (north) side of the old road, and it stands with its rear to the turnpike, which was opened after its erection. It is of very substantial construction, the frame being filled in with brick, and was doubtless considered by its builders a remarkably fine mansion. We are able to determine its approximate age by the fact that on June 30, 1798, Uncle Bill conveyed to his son James an equal, undivided, one-half interest in it, describing it in the deed as a new dwelling. In my younger days it was the home of Joseph Courter, the blacksmith, who, when my recollection of Livingston commences, lived where the Public Library now stands, and had his smithy on the adjoining lot, where the business has been carried on by his successors. He moved to the house now owned by Mrs. Blodgett when his former residence was acquired by the School Board for the site of a public school. A rival blacksmith named Mitchell had a shop on the opposite side of the turnpike, east of the Watson home.

Uncle Bill is said to have been a man of large stature, who possessed considerable force of character. Aunt Sally Halsey described him as a jovial, rollicking roisterer, prone to an occasional over-indulgence in intoxicants, and always ready for either a fight or a frolic. While taking no part in the military activities of the Revolution, he was known to be in sympathy with the Crown; and, despite the resentment which his political faith excited on the part of his neighbors, he made no secret of his opinions, for concealment and dissimulation were foreign to his nature. His love of practical jokes is exemplified by one of Aunt Sally's anec-

dotes of family history, which she related as follows: In the course of the Struggle for Liberty, Uncle Bill, well knowing the suspicion with which all his actions were regarded in consequence of his leaning toward Toryism, planned a little sport at the expense of the guard posted at Hanover Bridge. He loaded his wagon with sacks filled with barnyard manure to represent bales of goods, and drove boldly in the direction of Hanover. As he fully expected, he was halted by the sentries at the bridge, who supposed the bags to be filled with contraband articles which he had bought of the British and Tories on Staten Island, and was endeavoring to smuggle within the American lines, where they could be sold at a handsome profit—a nefarious traffic called "London trading," which, at an early period of the war, had been strictly prohibited, under heavy penalties, as inimical to the patriot cause. One of the soldiers sprang into the vehicle, informed Uncle Bill that he was under arrest, and peremptorily ordered him to turn about and drive to the office of the provost marshal, who was stationed at Northfield (then the largest village in the vicinity), and whose jurisdiction extended throughout that part of Essex County. When the office was reached, the sacks were opened and their odoriferous contents revealed, to the amazement and disgust of the provost and the chagrin of the sentinel; while Uncle Bill increased their discomfiture by filling the air with shouts of laughter.

On another occasion, when he returned to his home after a short absence, Uncle Bill learned that his wife had just sold a quantity of feathers to a dealer from Newark, at a price which her husband considered grossly inadequate. Immediately starting in pursuit of the purchaser, and soon overtaking him on the road to Newark, Uncle Bill reproached him for driving so hard a bargain, and demanded further pay. The tradesman, however, disregarded his protests, refused to produce more cash, and calmly resumed his journey; whereupon Uncle Bill came quietly up behind his wagon and slyly cut open the end of his sack of feathers which projected at the rear, thus allowing the contents to gradually escape. The merchant discovered at his journey's end that the feathers had

been strewn along the road for several miles, and that very few of them remained in his possession.

Uncle Bill was accustomed to pay an occasional visit to Madison, and while there to become gloriously intoxicated; his sprees, as a rule, causing more or less disturbance and general excitement. The scene of these jollifications was the old Madison House, which then stood at the southwest corner of Main Street and Waverly Place, but has recently been moved to another location. In the course of one of his drunken frolics at this hotel, Uncle Bill engaged in a contest with his dissolute and dissipated companions in which each strove to outdo the others in daring and recklessness by removing in turn an article of wearing apparel, and throwing it into the fire; the sport continuing until their costume was so far reduced that they were obliged to return home wrapped in horse-blankets.

Uncle Bill had a son named Calvin, who married Betsy Hetfield. Despite the difference of spelling, I am inclined to think that the Hetfields and Hatfields were members of the same family—a family which played a conspicuous part in the Revolutionary history of Elizabeth, N. J. Calvin seems to have owned considerable real estate in Livingston, much of which was contiguous to the Ely Homestead, and there are certain parts of our present farm which once belonged to him. After his marriage he lived in and near Hanover. His father-in-law was a man of ample means; and I learned from the old people of the family that, among other properties, he owned a tract of four or five hundred acres still called Hatfield Swamp, on the east side of the Passaic River between Swinefield Bridge and the Parsippany Turnpike.

Elizabeth, fifth child and second daughter of Captain William Ely, married (1) Elihu Halsey of Hanover, and (2) Frederick Jones of Livingston. By her first marriage she had three sons and one daughter, the boys being respectively named Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Aunt Sally told me that the three were baptised in Hanover Church on the same Sabbath, and that the announcement of this series of patriarchal names caused a mild sensation. Abraham studied medicine under the tutelage of Dr.

John Darcy of Hanover Neck, and practised his profession in Hopewell, N. Y. Isaac, who was brought up in the home of his grandfather, Captain Ely, became a contractor of New York City, and amassed wealth. I shall have occasion to mention him later on. Jacob, a carpenter by trade, also went to New York, and was extensively engaged in building operations in that city. My impression is that the parents of these boys resided on the property known during the greater part of my life as the Rathbun farm, on the east side of Hillside Avenue, Livingston, not far south of the Ely Cemetery; and that their mother, after her marriage to Frederick Jones, continued to live at or near the same place.

Lois, Captain Ely's sixth child, married (1) Thomas Parsells of White Oak Ridge, whose house is still standing about 100 yards north of the Oak Ridge Cemetery on the opposite side of the Northfield road, his farm being part of a large tract which in Colonial days belonged to James Alexander, the father of Lord Stirling. Parsells at one time owned land, and possibly lived, on Hillside Avenue in Livingston. Aunt Lois married as her second husband Thomas Cowperthwaite, who, if I am not mistaken, then resided in Newark, and afterward founded the celebrated furniture house of Cowperthwaite & Company in New York.

Lucy, the seventh child, married (1) Dr. Abijah Perkins, and (2) Col. Ellis Cook. The latter kept a hotel during the Revolutionary War, on the north side of the main road in Hanover between the river and the road to Hanover Neck; being the tavern mentioned by Dr. Ashbel Green in his autobiography as the place to which his father used to send him in Colonial and Revolutionary days to get the newspaper which was brought from New York by the stage. This building, which is distinguished by a rather lengthy frontage on the street, was long since converted into a private residence, and in my younger years was the home of Charles Hopping. It has been somewhat altered in appearance, but I have always understood that the original frame has been retained. Mr. Cook was colonel of the Eastern Battalion of Morris County militia in the Revolutionary army, and to him was entrusted the removal and safe keeping of the early records in the office of the East Jersey Proprietors at Perth Amboy when the

State was exposed to invasion; a commission which he faithfully executed, returning the records when the danger was past. Another Ellis Cook, probably a relative, lived at the same period on the corner of Park and Ridgedale Avenues in Madison.

Joseph, Captain Ely's eighth child and fourth son, is a character of family history of whom only a brief and imperfect record has been preserved. He was at one time the owner of some 23 acres of land situated on the north side of the main road of Livingston where it descends the western slope of the hill—a plot which, I believe, formed part of the farm owned until recent years by Nelson Smith; but beyond the fact that he went to New York at an early age (prior to his marriage), and was a teamster of that city in 1801, when he sold his property in Livingston to William and Isaac Smith, I have been able to ascertain nothing of his movements. The Ely Ancestry gives the names of his wife and children, but I have no idea whence this information was obtained.

Moses, my grandfather, the tenth and youngest child of Captain William Ely, was born in Livingston November 18, 1756. He married Rebecca, daughter of Epaphras Cook, whose home, on the south side of Mount Pleasant Avenue about a mile east of the centre of the village, was bought several years ago by my brother Ambrose, and later sold by him to Michael Cannon (the present owner), who was one of the employees on our farm.

Epaphras was a member of the Cook family of Hanover, being a brother of Colonel Ellis Cook mentioned above, and the fifth son of Ellis senior. I was informed by Aunt Sally Halsey that he fought in the French and Indian War; for his older brother, who joined the army, was stricken with illness while the troops were stationed at Crown Point, or some neighboring place on the Hudson River, and Epaphras, having been sent for to nurse him, afterward took his place in the ranks; but these details are inconsistent with a tradition of the Cook family, that Epaphras and his younger brother John were drafted into, or voluntarily joined, the Jersey Regiment which was sent to Oswego under command of Colonel Schuyler, and were accompanied in the campaign by their father, Ellis senior, who was killed on the way out; they returning in safety. The will of Ellis senior, which is dated

March 11, 1756, is said to have been executed in anticipation of his departure with the troops.

My impression is that Epaphras, subsequent to his marriage, lived for a time in Morehousetown before coming to Livingston, occupying the house owned in my early manhood by Timothy Kitchell, and in later years by Clifford Kitchell, which was built on the north side of the Old Road west of the road to Squiertown. About the year 1827 a certain Epaphras Cook, like many other young men of Livingston and vicinity, went to New York and found employment there as a "carman" or truckman, residing for several years in Wooster Street; this, however, could not have been my ancestor, for the latter was not then living, but may very possibly have been his grandson, since the similarity of names suggests a close degree of relationship.

Epaphras Cook, my great-grandfather, married Sarah, daughter of Peter Smith, who had a large plantation on the road from Hanover to Florham Park, the principal part of which was known until recently as the Meeker farm, having belonged for many years to the late Carnot and William Meeker. After the death of Peter Smith, as I learned from Aunt Sally, his widow went to live upon the property now or lately owned by A. L. Jacobus, at the intersection of South Orange and Passaic Avenues in West Livingston, but I do not know that she died there. Her son Peter junior was a physician of Chatham, whose daughter Elizabeth married Jacob Vanderpoel, also of Chatham, the grandfather of George B. Vanderpoel, my brother-in-law; so that we were related to the Vanderpoels, though very remotely, before my sister married into their family. Uriah and Obadiah Smith, the doctor's brothers, were farmers of Livingston, and the Smith family of that place is descended from them.* One of the maps made by Robert Erskine for the use of the Revolutionary army, and now preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society, shows the farm

*The following advertisement appeared April 3, 1782, in the *New Jersey Journal* of Chatham:

"To be let, and entered upon immediately, A valuable farm at Canoebrook, in Essex county, now in possession of Obadiah Smith, containing about 400 acres of land, on which there are two dwelling houses, two barns, a good well of water, and two good bearing orchards. It adjoins the farms of Capt. Ely and Mr. William Ely, on the west, and on the east, by lands now in possession of Mr. Collins. For terms apply to Abraham Lott, at Beverwyck, near Troy, in Morris county.

of Obadiah Smith on the south side of the main road, east of the centre of the village. Uriah owned a tract of 100 acres or thereabout, lying on both sides of the main road, and extending from the western boundary of the Ely Homestead Farm far down the hill toward Morehousetown (its precise area I do not know, having found no record of the deed); my impression being that the house in which he lived is still standing on the north side of the turnpike perhaps a quarter of a mile west of our property, and was the residence of his grandson Joseph Haines Smith until purchased by Arthur Smith, the present owner, a number of years ago.

The Reverend Hezekiah Smith, elder brother of Uriah, Obadiah and Peter, Jr., was the pastor of a church in Haverill, Mass., and one of the most eminent clergymen of the Baptist denomination in New England. His biography has been written and published by Reuben A. Guild under the title "Chaplain Smith and the Baptists," and is a very readable volume. For many years, before and after the Revolutionary War, Dr. Smith was accustomed to travel about the country as an evangelist; and in his diary, which forms the basis of Mr. Guild's book, he describes these journeys, and makes frequent mention of visits to his relatives in "the Jerseys." He often speaks of visiting the homes of his brother and brother-in-law, Obadiah Smith and "Happy" (Epaphras) Cook at Canoe Brook, now Livingston, and records texts of sermons which he preached in the Cook residence. I am strongly of the opinion that the founding of the Baptist Church at Northfield (of which the Livingston church is an offshoot), in a community normally Presbyterian, was chiefly due to Dr. Smith's evangelistic labors.

To counteract the unfavorable impression which the royalist attitude of Uncle Bill cannot have failed to make on the mind of the reader, I take pleasure in stating, for the credit of the family, that Grandfather Ely, his younger brother, served in the ranks of the patriot army during the Revolutionary War, being enrolled in a company which was recruited in Livingston and vicinity, and commanded by Captain Elijah Squier of Squiertown. He is mentioned in Stryker's "Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revo-

lution" as a private of Essex County militia, and also as an army teamster. In after life he received a pension of $80 per annum, the payment of which was commenced on March 4, 1831, although his name was not placed on the pension roll until June 4, 1834, at which time he was seventy-seven years of age.*

Aunt Sally Halsey, in another of her historical anecdotes, told me of the circumstances under which my grandfather lost his mother—the wife of Captain William Ely—who died May 27, 1782. One day when Grandfather came in to dinner, after plowing the field where the windmill now stands (directly south of his father's house), his mother asked him to look at her arm, upon which a peculiar eruption had suddenly appeared, and he perceived that she had developed a case of smallpox. She died a few days later of this disease, which the family thought she had contracted, directly or indirectly, from the soldiers of the Revolution, many of whom were billeted in private houses from time to time during the war.

In the spring of 1784, five or six months after the evacuation of New York by the British army, my grandfather determined to leave his boyhood's home in Livingston, and seek his fortune in that city. It was a period of profound financial depression, for the country was impoverished by the strain of war, and its paper currency had become so deflated as to be of little value. As the youngest child of a large family, he had no prospect of assistance from his father, nor hope of advancement in so small a village; and there could be no doubt that the city offered a far more promising field for a business career. He was accompanied to New York by his nephew Isaac Halsey, and they immediately found employment there as teamsters. Carmen or cartmen, as the truck-drivers of the metropolis were then called, were graded according to the nature of their work, or the type of their vehicles, and Grandfather and Isaac were both in the 3rd Class, Grandfather's license being No. 122, and Isaac's No. 123.

Despite a humble and rather inauspicious beginning, they soon achieved success. Grandfather's thrift and industry are proven by the fact that in the course of two years he had gained sufficient

*Senate Documents, 1833-1834, XIII, 51.

means to invest what was considered in those days a round sum—48 pounds, 8 shillings and 8 pence, New Jersey Proclamation Money—on bond and mortgage covering a lot of 56 acres belonging to Uriah Smith, on the south side of the main road of Livingston adjoining the Ely farm. Isaac, however, was still more fortunate, for he secured profitable contracts for grading streets in a hilly section of the city then in process of development, extending from Grand Street northward to Stanton or Houston, and from Orchard Street to the East River. (South of Grand Street lay the Rutgers farm, which, until divided, checked the growth of the city in that direction.) Halsey wisely invested his money as fast as it was earned in building-lots fronting upon the newly opened streets, which so rapidly increased in value that he amassed a fortune estimated at from $200,000 to $300,000—a colossal sum in those days. During my childhood I regarded the descendants of Isaac Halsey with profound respect, as the possessors of fabulous wealth. Aunt Sally, whom I have so often quoted in these pages, married his son Abraham. William, a younger son, espoused a daughter of Judge Peter Ogilvie, who represented one of the most aristocratic families in New York, and he resided for many years on East Broadway at the corner of Gouveneur Street; his daughter Maria, who also married into the Ogilvie family, occupying the adjoining house. Her daughter Ida married my cousin James Ingersoll. In 1875 William Halsey bought the property afterward called the Marston place on Ridgedale Avenue in Florham Park, N. J., where he and his wife spent their closing years; the latter, according to her obituary which was reprinted in The Ely Ancestry, attaining the age of 102. She named my brother Smith as one of the executors of her will. He regarded her daugter Annie with an interest which, it was thought, would lead to matrimony, and paid her much attention at one time; but she married her cousin, Dr. Hunter, of Caldwell, N. J., and is survived by a son, Charles W. Hunter, who resides in Caldwell on the road to Essex Fells.

Aunt Sally is the authority for the statement that Grandfather obtained the contract for supplying the lumber for the frame of Trinity Church, which was built in 1791 on the site of a former

edifice destroyed by the enemy during the Revolutionary War, the timbers being drawn by oxen from the woods which covered the Orange Mountains. His home was then in Lombard Street, or "Lumber Street," as it was vulgarly called, which ran from Liberty Street, past the rear of Trinity Church, to a point south of Rector Street, where it entered a lane leading to Greenwich Street —being, in short, the section of the present Church Street now called Trinity Place. Contrary to the system which obtains in other New York thoroughfares extending north and south, the house-numbers in Lombard Street began at the upper (north) end and ran downward; and Grandfather's residence, which, by tradition, was directly in the rear of the church, was distinguished during the eight or ten years of his occupancy as 8, 30 and 31, the number changing from time to time as more houses were built in his immediate neighborhood. In 1792 he bought a lot of somewhat irregular shape in Chambers Street (though I doubt if he ever lived upon it), which, according to my father's statement, was near the site of the present Municipal Building. It adjoined a lot owned by Isaac Halsey, and Grandfather eventually sold it to the latter's brother Jacob, who had become a builder in New York.

In 1796 Grandfather moved from Lombard Street to a house which he purchased of Thomas Skaats, another carman, in a thoroughfare previously called Anthony Street, at that time Barley Street, and later, Duane Street. This property was on the south side of the way, between Broadway and College Place, now West Broadway, and ran through the block to Reade Street. It was near the old New York Hospital, which stood on the west side of Broadway, its grounds extending from Duane Street to Worth; and Aunt Sally used to say that her sister Elizabeth attended a school on Broadway, north of the hospital, which she reached by going across lots in the rear of that institution, following a path which led from Duane Street in the neighborhood of her home, through a barley field, diagonally to Broadway. Grandfather occupied the house in Duane Street as long as he remained in New York, and did not dispose of it until 1826—many years after he had left the city and returned to the old home in Livingston. I

have found among his papers a lease of the property which reads as follows:

> This is to certify that I, William Hill, doth hereby agree to pay Moses Ely the sum of Seventy-Five pounds Lawfull Money of the State of New York in Quarterly payments, For the House and Lot of Ground situated in Duane Street, known by the number One hundred and sixty four. For the term of Seven years, From the first day of May in the year of our Lord one Thousand Eight hundred and Eleven. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal.
>
> WILLIAM HILL.
>
> Sealed and delivered in the presence of us
> E. B. Collins.

The dwelling is described in the lease as No. 164, but when occupied by Grandfather its number was 37. The houses in the older streets of New York were so often renumbered in early days that no building of the period can be identified by its number alone.

After establishing their home in the metropolis, Grandfather and Grandmother attended the First Baptist Church of New York, then situated on the west side of Gold Street a short distance south of Fulton (the society which is now worshipping at Broadway and Seventy-ninth Street under the able ministration of Rev. Dr. I. N. Haldeman), and Aunt Sally informed me that Grandmother was baptized in the Hudson River at the foot of either Murray Street or Warren Street, probably the former. The services of the First Baptist Church were suspended while New York was occupied by the British during the Revolutionary War, but were promptly resumed when the city was evacuated, the first communion after the restoration of peace being celebrated in September, 1784, and I think it highly probable that my grandparents united with the society on that occasion.

They were the first of the Ely family to embrace the Baptist faith. About 1765 an agreement was entered into by several heads of families attending the Presbyterian Church of Hanover, N. J., by which compact they bound themselves not to permit their unmarried daughters to entertain company after 9 P. M., and the name of Ely occurs among its signers; showing that our ancestors were then affiliated with the Hanover congregation. I attribute the change of denomination on the part of my grandparents to the

ministerial efforts of Grandmother's uncle, Dr. Hezekiah Smith, many of whose sermons, delivered in the home of her father, Epaphras Cook, they undoubtedly heard. But notwithstanding their change of persuasion, they were obliged to continue their attendance at the Presbyterian Church of Hanover as long as they remained in Livingston, owing to the lack of any other meeting-house in the vicinity; for the Baptist society of Northfield was not organized until 1786, which was after their departure. Their connection with the First Baptist Church of New York probably dated from their arrival in the city; and they brought up their children in strict conformity with the tenets of that sect.

About the time of his father's death, Grandfather left New York and returned to Livingston, where he devoted himself to farming for the remainder of his life. He bought the Homestead Farm from his brother William, and subsequently increased its acreage by acquiring from time to time large tracts of neighboring land; purchasing from Isaac Halsey the Halsey farm on Hillside Avenue, and also buying several plots on that road and on the main road from Uncle Bill, from the latter's sons, James and Calvin, and from some of the other neighbors. He occupied the house which his father had built in 1757 on the north side of the old road a short distance west of our red barn, but in 1811 he erected the present residence in order to live near the turnpike which had been opened a few years before; since the abandoning of the Colonial highway had rendered the situation of his father's dwelling somewhat inconvenient.

The turnpike was constructed in 1807, and Grandfather secured the contract for building the section of it which traverses Livingston Township. Running westward from the centre of the village, the turnpike leads directly toward the house which now belongs to Mrs. Blodgett, but which in those days was owned and occupied by Uncle Bill; and Aunt Sally told me that, in order to oblige his brother, Grandfather curved the road toward the northwest just before the house was reached, so that the building need not be disturbed. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, for the highway, in any case, would have had to describe a slight bend somewhere about that point, and I doubt if

Grandfather would have had authority to deviate materially from the survey.

Uncle Bill's son Calvin was then living in Morehousetown, on the Old Road west of the road to Squiertown, occupying the property which in later years was Timothy Kitchell's farm, and he desired Grandfather to curve the turnpike toward the south in order to bring it close to his residence. This Grandfather could not well do, for the survey required it to bend in the opposite direction at or near that point, to follow the most direct course to Hanover Bridge; and his denial of Calvin's request gave rise to a feeling of resentment.

Aunt Sally used to say that communication between the Elys of Livingston and the Elys of Lyme was continued down to the days of her father, who occasionally received a present of salmon or other fish from his kinsmen of the Connecticut Valley. After his death, however, these courtesies were omitted, and intercourse between the two branches of the family gradually ceased.

I have no recollection of Grandfather Ely, for he died in 1838, when I was much too young to remember him. His family consisted of the following nine children:

1. Elizabeth, who married (1) George Ring, and (2) Rev. John Watson. George Ring's relatives lived in Rhinebeck, N. Y., but he himself was engaged in the grocery business in New York City, and boarded (whether before or after his marriage I do not know) in Grandfather's household in Duane Street. Rev. John Watson was a native of Nottingham, England, who came to this country when a child. He united with the First Baptist Church of New York, became a clergyman, and served for several years as pastor of the Baptist Church of Northfield, N. J. He was twice married; his first wife, Phebe ——— (surname unknown), died during this pastorate, and was buried in the Northfield cemetery. He resided on the Watson homestead farm in Livingston, in a house which occupied the site of the present mansion, but was removed, shortly before the latter was built, to the centre of the village, and is now the parsonage of the Livingston Baptist Church, standing on the east side of the church edifice. He died April 13, 1840, at the age of fifty-four, and was interred

in the Ely Cemetery at Livingston, where his grave is marked by an imposing marble shaft. I have no recollection of Aunt Elizabeth or of Uncle John Watson, and I doubt very much if I ever saw them.

2. Abraham Halsey was a farmer of Livingston, who lived on Hillside Avenue from an eighth to a quarter of a mile south of the cemetery on the opposite side of the road; his property, which is now called the Mosher place, being part of the Halsey farm which Grandfather, after his return from New York, bought of Isaac Halsey. Grandfather decided to give Uncle Abraham a plot of 15 acres carved out of this farm, and to build him a house upon it; but the transaction not being completed during the old gentleman's lifetime, he devised the land to my uncle, and provided in his will that if the house were not finished at the time of his death, it should be completed by his executors, who were his sons Smith and John.

Uncle Abram, as we generally called him, was somewhat lacking in enterprise, and was not as successful, financially, as his brothers. He is said to have used liquor in moderation, according to the general custom of the period, although he could not be called intemperate. I do not remember that I ever saw him but once, which was when he paid a visit to our home in Second Street, New York, during my childhood. I had a little savings-bank made of tin, representing a house, in which coins were deposited by dropping them down the chimney, and when my mother was entertaining callers I would sometimes produce this bank, and request of the visitors a small donation; but when Uncle Abram was expected, my parents cautioned me not to importune him for money, and from this I inferred that he was a man of very limited circumstances.

In 1816 he married Emma Samo, born November 19, 1799, died March 29, 1874, whose family, prior to her marriage, resided for several years in Livingston. My mother had a high regard for Aunt Emma, who was a woman of culture, and was more than ordinarily attractive both in appearance and manner. Her children resembled her in this respect. Her father, Isaac Samo, was a musician, at one time leader of the orchestra

of the old Park Theatre in Park Row, New York; but for some reason now unknown he removed to Livingston, and in 1812 became the proprietor of the village tavern which, with 27 acres of land, he bought of James Ely, apparently finding it a short and easy step from furnishing intellectual entertainment in the playhouse to dispensing physical refreshment in the hotel. In the early thirties we find him again in New York, devoting himself to his former occupation; at which time Uncle Abram was also in the city, working for a few years as a carman, and living with the Samo family at No. 100 Duane Street.

After Uncle Abram's death his children sold his property on Hillside Avenue, and removed to Newark.

3. Moses, Jr., was the only one of my father's brothers whom I never saw. He was a tanner and currier by occupation, at first in Jacob Street, New York, in the section of the city known as "the Swamp,"—then the great tanning centre of the country,—and later at Washingtonville, ten or twelve miles from Newburgh, N. Y. About 1836 he retired from business and removed to Newburgh, where he lived for approximately four years on the southwest corner of South and Grand Streets; and in 1840, built a house in the neighboring town of New Windsor, which he occupied until his death. He married Eliza Coleman of Nyack, N. Y., and had a large family of children. His sons Eugene, John C., and Moses, 3rd, became residents of New York City, the first two being merchants, and the third a member of the bar; Smith was an eminent physician of Newburgh, and Augustus followed his father in the tanning business. The latter was eager to study law, but Uncle Moses, who had old-fashioned ideas of filial duty and obedience, and insisted upon arbitrarily choosing a career for each of his sons without regard for their inclination, compelled Augustus to become a tanner. The boy was very bright and intelligent, and had he been allowed to follow his natural bent, he would doubtless have risen high; but his life seemed blighted by the thwarting of his ambition.

4. Benjamin. When a young man Uncle Benjamin left his home in Livingston and went to seek his fortune in the West. The date of his departure is not known, but I am inclined to think that

it was about the year 1815, not long after the close of the War of 1812, and that his motives were much the same as those which influenced his father in leaving Livingston for New York after the Revolution, namely, a general business depression caused by the strain of war, and the consequent lack of opportunity for advancement in the place of his residence. Aunt Sally used to say that when riding through the village in the stage-coach on the morning of his departure he passed his little sister Maria, who was walking along the road on her way to school; and that she was the last member of his family whom he saw for many years. He married (1) Eliza Bell of Franklin County, Ky., and (2) Martha Higgins of Palmyra, Mo., and became a farmer in the latter State, his plantation being about five miles east of Carrollton. Long after his departure for the West he unexpectedly appeared one day in my father's office in New York, and asked the latter if he recognized him; when, after a close scrutiny of his features, my father replied, "Yes, you are Benjamin." The only time that I ever saw my uncle was on the occasion of this visit to the East, I being then a clerk in my father's office. He was accompanied by his son Lewis, a man of twenty-eight or thirty years.

5. Epaphras Cook, my father, of whom more will be said hereafter. He married Julia Ann, daughter of Ambrose Kitchell of Hanover Neck, N. J.

6. Sarah (Aunt Sally) married Abraham Halsey of New York, a son of her cousin, Isaac Halsey. Her husband died March 5, 1827, at the age of thirty-six, and she never remarried, although she lived to a ripe old age. Her youngest son, Moses Ely Halsey, married into the Teed family of Livingston, and made his home in that village, where some of his descendants now reside.

7. Smith. He received his baptismal name in compliment to the Smith family of Livingston, with whom, as we have seen, the Elys were connected by marriage. He was the most prominent of Grandfather's children; although a chair-maker by trade, he became a successful merchant of New York, and amassed a very large fortune, which, however, he lost in his old age. So romantic was his career that it merits particular description, and I will reserve the story of his rise and fall for a subsequent chapter.

8. JOHN, the only one of Grandfather's children who never married. He was a farmer, who spent most of his life in Livingston. After the death of his parents he bought out the interest of his brothers and sisters in the Homestead property, which they sold at a reasonable price, being very glad to have him keep and operate the farm, which otherwise would probably have passed out of the family. I will have more to say about him by and by.

9. ANNA MARIA. Aunt Maria married my mother's younger brother, Joseph Kitchell of Hanover Neck, of whom I shall have occasion to speak more particularly later on; and as the two families were thus united by a double bond of matrimony, the Kitchell boys were my "double" cousins, being related to me in equal degree on both sides of the house.

CHAPTER VI

Old places have a charm for me
The new can ne'er attain,
Old faces—how I long to see
Their kindly looks again!
Yet, these are gone:—while all around
Is changeable as air,
I'll anchor in the solid ground,
And root my memories there!

TUPPER.

MY FATHER, Epaphras C. Ely, was born in Lombard Street, now called Trinity Place, New York City, on April 15, 1795, but when he was about seven years of age the family returned to Livingston, and his youth was spent on the Homestead Farm. He was the namesake of his maternal grandfather, Epaphras Cook of Livingston. As a matter of convenience, he adopted a business signature in which his given name was represented by initials,—E. C. Ely,—but on one occasion, when executing a legal document before a notary public or similar official, he was required to sign at full length; and the functionary asked if he was the youngest son in a large family of children, observing that the singularity of his baptismal appellation suggested the thought that his parents must have almost exhausted their supply of names before his arrival.

When a young man my father was bound as an apprentice to his elder brother Moses to learn the art of tanning, and he lived for some years in the latter's home in Washingtonville, N. Y. I believe he did not get on very well with his sister-in-law, Aunt Eliza, whom he considered too strict in her management of the household; and I doubt if there was much cordiality between them. On the outbreak of the War of 1812 Uncle Moses was called for military duty, and since he could not leave his family, my father went to the front as his substitute, serving in Captain Benjamin Horton's company of Lieutenant-Colonel Com-

mandant Michael Smith's regiment of New York Militia. This regiment was stationed on Staten Island, where a large force was collected to repel an anticipated attack; but the enemy made no movement in that quarter, and my father was discharged at the expiration of his term without having participated in any actual fighting.

After the restoration of peace he resumed his former occupation, and built, in partnership with Uncle Moses, a tannery at Esopus, about ten miles from Kingston, N. Y. There he remained until 1819, when he undertook a trading trip to the Middle West with a large quantity of shoes and sole leather; transporting his stock by wagon to Pittsburg, then loading it upon a flatboat, and descending the Ohio River as far as Louisville, trading at the intermediate towns. This trip proved so profitable that it was followed by others. In 1821 we find him again at the Homestead in Livingston, but the exact date of his return to New Jersey is not known.

My mother was Julia Ann, daughter of Ambrose and Elizabeth (Mulford) Kitchell, whose ancestors were among the first settlers of Morris County, and were long identified with Hanover Neck—a name given to the "neck" of land between the Passaic and Whippany Rivers north of Hanover. The genealogy of their family, entitled "Robert Kitchel and His Descendants," was compiled and published in 1879 by Rev. H. D. Kitchel, a citizen of Vermont, who was then the pastor of a church in Milwaukee, Wis. For that volume I furnished most of the data relating to our branch of the Kitchell family; the author having applied for information to Cousin John Kitchell of Hanover Neck, who was unable to supply it, and accordingly referred him to me. The book, as I learned by inquiry of the printer, was limited to an edition of 200 copies, and it is now beginning to have an especial value because of its rarity.

Robert Kitchel, who established the family in America, was born in England in 1604, and emigrated in 1639 with a band of Puritan refugees who formed a settlement at Guilford, Conn. The party in which he crossed the ocean included Colonel George Fenwick and the latter's wife and sister, of whom I made frequent

mention in my opening chapter; but the company, owing to its size, was divided between two vessels which set sail from England at the same time, so it cannot be stated with certainty that Kitchel and Fenwick traveled by the same ship. Kitchel, in 1666, joined a party of colonists from Guilford, Branford, Milford and New Haven, who removed to New Jersey and founded the city of Newark. His grandson, Abraham Kitchell, became a resident of Whippany soon after the settlement of that place in 1710, acquiring a large tract of land on the south side of the river in the heart of the village, which remained for many years in possession of his descendants. His last representative of the same name to reside upon this farm, as far as I have heard, was Zenas Kitchell, who attained the age of nearly or quite one hundred years. The connection of the family with Hanover Neck, where they flourished for almost two centuries, dates from 1724, when Abraham Kitchell bought two farms in that locality, and presented them to his sons Joseph and John.*

The lower (north) end of Hanover Neck, with which my mother's family was so long identified, was sold by the West Jersey Board of Proprietors on April 26, 1715, in three parcels: the first to Rebecca Wheeler, the second to Daniel Coxe, and the third to John Budd; and the property which was owned for generations by the Kitchell family, and constituted their homestead farm, was a small part of the tracts covered by the first and third of these proprietary conveyances. The plot of Mrs. Wheeler, comprising 1,075 acres, embraced at its northern extremity the part of the Kitchell farm distinguished in modern times as the Tompkins place. Her boundary ran eastward from the Whippany River, across Ridgedale Avenue and through Perry Pond, to a corner in the woods; and thence southward to a point in Florham Park about midway between Ridgedale and Hanover Avenues, in the rear of the house which was formerly the residence of William F. Ely, and is now owned by the Deming family. I attempted, many years ago, to locate the dividing line between this tract and that of John Budd; and having first worked out its bounds

*The date of this purchase is given by Dr. Joseph F. Tuttle, in his "Annals of Morris County," as May 20, 1724.

on paper as a guide, I followed the line from the Kitchell farm on Hanover Neck to Mount Pleasant Avenue in Hanover. This course was about a mile and a half in length, but I traced it without difficulty, as it formed the border of many of the fields, and a sufficient number of ancient fence-lines remained to direct me. In those days a small house stood on the north side of Mount Pleasant Avenue, a short distance west of the spot where the Hanover schoolhouse has been recently built, and I found that the line cut the piazza of that dwelling. I did not consider it necessary to follow the course from that point southward to Florham Park, for I had no difficulty in locating the southeast corner of the Wheeler survey; finding in the fields behind the residence of William F. Ely the stump of a great white oak tree which measured, at the height of three feet above the ground, fully twelve feet in circumference, and this I readily identified as the corner monument named in Mrs. Wheeler's deed. I was told by Carnot B. Meeker that it had been cut down to furnish lumber for the frame of the Eden Mill at Whippany.

John Budd's tract contained 1,426 acres, besides the usual allowance for highways, but excepted 451 acres previously seated by Caleb Ball and John Canfield in Hanover.* It lay on the east side of the Wheeler property, between it and the Passaic River, but ran a little farther northward and formed an ell around the north end of the Wheeler plot, where it extended from the Passaic to a point beyond the Whippany; including a small lot in the Troy Meadows west of the latter stream. The dividing line between Budd's plot and the north end of the Wheeler tract ran from Perry Pond, across the Kitchell property, to and beyond the Whippany River, passing south of the present residence. There used to be, and probably is still, an old stone fence on the Kitchell farm in the direction of the Whippany, which marked a short section of the Budd-Wheeler boundary.

---

*Miss Clara Ball of Hanover, a descendant of Caleb Ball, one of the first settlers of that village, informed me that her ancestor came from Newark about 1710, traveling on horseback through dense woods, over the Orange Mountains. He bought a tract of land in the present village of Hanover lying on the south side of the main road, and extending from the river to a point a short distance west of the road to Florham Park, while John Canfield bought a similar tract adjoining his on the south; the two purchases comprising 450 acres. These tracts were conveyed to them by a party of speculators from New York, who had bought of the aborigines an immense quantity of

North of the Budd property lay the plot of Daniel Coxe, 1,250 acres in extent, the southwest corner of which, on the Whippany River, was pointed out to me by Whitfield Dixon many years ago, and I presume it can still be located by the old residents of the vicinity. The dividing line between Coxe and Budd was drawn straight across the Neck from the Whippany to the Passaic, running just north of the garden fence of Mr. Davis, who, a few years since, bought the farm formerly of William Henry Mulford, and crossing Mutton Lane a short distance north of the house which in my younger days was owned by the Ketchum family. The Coxe tract included the entire north end of the Neck from that line to the junction of the rivers. On the property which was owned during my childhood by Timothy Kitchell, opposite the Mulford Place, there is a cross fence which follows the direction of the Coxe boundary, and cannot be far from it. Near the bank of the Passaic, north of the line, there stood in my early

---

land for the purpose of selling it in small plots to the settlers; but as their deal with the savages was illegal, purchases of Indian lands by individuals being forbidden by law, they could not convey a valid title to Ball and Canfield, and the latter were therefore obliged, about five years later, to obtain confirmatory grants from the West Jersey Proprietors.

Describing the grave of John Canfield in the cemetery at Whippany, Samuel H. Congar, librarian of the New Jersey Historical Society, wrote to John R. Burnet under date of March 12, 1850: "In Whippany on the bank of the river, broken down & sunken in the Sod I discovered the nearly obliterated headstone of John Canfield, aged 64, died Aug. 5, 1741. This was wanting to connect the Canfields of the present with those of 1690 and its existence was unknown though tradition buried him at Whippany. This is the John who had dealings with Caleb Ball. His son John is said to have been the first white male child born west of Newark mountains. His son Matthew was father of R. B. Campfield, Esq., now in his 81 year." Subsequent to the writing of this letter, as I was told by acquaintances in Whippany, the Canfield tombstone fell down, and in the course of time became buried in the soil, so that its location was lost; but about twenty years ago some workmen engaged in grading the cemetery found and reset it. It may now (1925) be seen at the extreme rear of the enclosure, near the river, a short distance west of the central path; and its inscription is perfectly legible, although one corner, upon which the word "of" was carved, has been broken off. It reads: "Here Lyes ye Body John Canfield Aged 64 years Decd Augt ye 5th 1741."

The restoration of the monuments in Whippany burying ground has been made possible by the endowment of Mrs. Brokaw of New York, née Elvira Gould of Whippany, a relative of the Tuttle family of that place; the work being done in 1914 under the supervision of Dr. George D. Bleything, also a connection of the Tuttles, who has lived for many years near Tuttle's Corner, as we used to call it, formed by the intersection of Mount Pleasant Avenue and the road to Parsippany. I made the acquaintance of Elvira Gould in my childhood, when visiting the Beach homestead at Lower Montville; she being then about twelve years of age, and I somewhat older. She married Isaac Brokaw, of Brokaw Brothers, the celebrated New York clothiers. My brother Smith and I crossed the ocean with Mr. and Mrs. Brokaw when returning from a trip to Europe in 1882.

Chief among the monuments which have been restored through the generosity of Mrs. Brokaw is that of John Richards, the oldest in the enclosure, and the earliest that I have discovered in Morris County. Richards, who lived east of the present cemetery on the same side of the road, owned the land it occupies, and donated it to the

years a cabin occupied by an eccentric character named John Merry, who depended for his livelihood upon an occasional day's work though his energy was chiefly devoted to fishing. Coxe sold his 1,250 acres intact to Richard Bull, by whom the plot was transferred in 1725 or 1727 to Jonathan Stiles, a resident of Hanover and afterward of Montville; and the latter, on November 29, 1733, conveyed it to Joseph Tuttle, a blacksmith from Newark, who, on the 17th of the following March, deeded an equal, undivided, one-fourth part of the property to Nathaniel Dalglish, an ancestor of the Douglas family, for many years prominent citizens of the neighborhood. In my childhood and youth the village store in the lower part of the Neck was kept by Nathaniel Douglas, a descendant of the early settler.

I have mentioned the purchase by Abraham Kitchell of two farms on Hanover Neck for his sons Joseph and John. His gift to the latter included about 100 acres in the vicinity of the pres-

---

town for a church site and burial ground. I have had the privilege of examining the deed by which this gift is evidenced. His tombstone, an old-fashioned brownstone slab, was found to be considerably damaged, having at some time been broken into two pieces; but the upper half, which bore the inscription, was luckily uninjured, and this section has been carefully set in a large and substantial granite case, forming a handsome and imposing memorial, by which means its future preservation is assured. The epitaph reads: "Here Lyes ye Body of John Richards, Aged 63 years. Decd Decr ye 10 1718"; and on the base of the granite casing are inscribed the words: "Memorial to John Richards, Donor of these Grounds to the People of Whippanong, 1718-1914."

(Whippanong is the name which was given by the Indians to the river along which the village is built. The word "Whippany" is a corruption.)

The house adjoining the cemetery on the west was owned in former years by Silas Tuttle, an aged resident who was descended from one of the oldest families of the village. Although I have never examined his title deeds, I have reason to believe that his house was built upon part of the plot which Richards donated to the town—possibly on the site of the first church edifice. I once called on Mr. Tuttle in my younger days, and obtained from him much interesting information respecting the early history of the town, in which subject he seemed well versed. The first mill built in Whippany in Colonial days stood at the lower end of the pond, beside the road to Morristown, where the highway curves after crossing the bridge; and local tradition tells of the drowning of one of its employees who, while operating the floodgates in time of freshet, was suddenly and violently struck by some part of the mechanism, and knocked into the river. The site of the mill was occupied in 1719 by the Old Iron Works, operated by a corporation of which one of the stockholders was John Budd, a leading member of the West Jersey Board of Proprietors. If my memory is not at fault, these items of local history are confirmed by James Alexander's Ledger, now preserved in the library of the New Jersey Historical Society.

The first pastor of the village church was a resident of Westfield, who occasionally came on horseback through the woods to preach in Whippany, and eventually received a call to this pulpit. His ministerial labors were described in a curious old pamphlet, a copy of which used to turn up in auctions of rare books at intervals of one or two years, though it at length became more scarce, and for a long time has not been offered for sale. The second pastor was a man named Findley, who lived on the southeast corner of Mount Pleasant and Ridgedale Avenues near the lower bridge in Whippany, his property forming a small part of the present Hait farm.

ent railroad station which have passed out of the family (when I was a child some people of the name were still residing in that neighborhood); while Joseph received a tract of approximately 60 acres which formed the nucleus of the plantation known for generations as the Kitchell homestead, being the part called in modern times the Tompkins place, lying on both sides of the road to Hanover, south of the lane which leads from the highway westward toward the Whippany River. In 1730 Joseph increased his acreage, to equal that of his brother, by purchasing about 40 acres adjoining his property on the north, on both sides of the road, including the site of the present residence. This land he bought of John Budd, it being the ell which separated the Coxe property from the north end of Mrs. Wheeler's; and the parchment deed from Budd to Kitchell still exists. Many years afterward some of the Kitchells appear to have sold the northern part of this ell to "Uncle Billy" Mulford, whose son, William Henry, owned the property until a comparatively recent date.

In describing these real estate transactions of the Kitchells of long ago I am obliged to be rather vague as to the time of the sales and the situation and extent of the properties conveyed, being guided largely by tradition. Accurate information cannot be obtained from the public records, for the early deeds evidencing the rather frequent transfers of parts of the farm among various members of the family, and to and from their neighbors, which marked the long history of the Kitchell homestead, were not, as a rule, recorded; and while a few have been preserved as curiosities or heirlooms, the majority have been lost.

The old-time Kitchells, like most of their contemporaries who inhabited the present county of Morris, seldom placed the deeds on record when transfers of title occurred, but their failure so to do cannot be attributed to ignorance or carelessness; they had an excellent reason for their seeming neglect. In the days when the present State of New Jersey was divided into two provinces, each governed by a separate Board of Proprietors, the district now known as Morris County was at first included in West Jersey, and later, by a change of the Partition Line, became part of the eastern province. The West Jersey Proprietors, in order to at-

tract and encourage settlers, conveyed the plantations to the pioneers in a most liberal and generous manner, considering the course of each boundary line to be much longer—in some cases from ten to twenty chains longer—than the surveys actually showed; thus giving to each purchaser a much larger plot than he had bought and paid for. When the territory changed hands, the East Jersey Board refused to countenance this free-and-easy method of conveyancing, and insisted that any part of a plantation, however insignificant, of which its occupant could not prove a record title was unlawfully in his possession, and belonged to the governing body. They required every settler to exhibit his deeds and surveys, and immediately laid claim to all strips, gores, or angles of land which lay beyond the limits of his documentary descriptions; compelling a planter who could not lose the fragment thus seized without great prejudice to his remaining lands to buy it at any price they might choose to ask. Lord Stirling, when a member of the East Jersey Board, was particularly assiduous in ferreting out these undeeded gores and angles, from which occupation he realized a handsome profit; and he thus became very unpopular among the farmers, despite the great value of his military services in the Revolutionary War.

It is chiefly for this reason that, when studying the history of Morris County, we find that the first settlers and their immediate descendants did not record their deeds when land was bought and sold. They were unwilling to augment the public records with descriptions of their properties which would furnish the proprietary body with more recent and accurate information respecting their metes and bounds, or to place in an office of the government any document which might draw attention to their transactions, and cause the vigilant eye of the board to be turned in their direction. The practice of recording deeds did not become general in Morris County until about 1790.

Joseph Kitchell's wife was Rachel Bates. Her maiden name was not known when the Kitchell and Ely genealogies were compiled, and consequently is not given in either of those volumes. Subsequent to their publication, my cousin, George R. Kitchell, found among the papers of his great-grandfather the will of a

certain Bates which mentioned "my brother, Joseph Kitchell"; and from this reference the surname of Joseph's wife is inferred.

The dwelling erected by Joseph Kitchell was the older part,—evidently the northern half,—of the Tompkins house (the building was afterward enlarged), and this structure, which was probably built soon after the purchase of the farm by his father, was the first home of the Kitchell family on Hanover Neck. At a later date another residence was erected on the south side of the lane above mentioned, at a considerable distance from the public road, and that was the house in which my mother was born, on November 9, 1800. I do not know, and at the present time it would be impossible to ascertain, when and by whom this second dwelling was built. I have always assumed that it was raised by Aaron Kitchell, one of Joseph's sons, and that he selected this somewhat inconvenient location because he did not then own the field between it and the highway; but it may have been erected by the preceding generation. It was much smaller than the present residence. The old barn, a contemporaneous structure, is still standing on the opposite side of the lane a little nearer the river; but the house was demolished many years ago, and nothing but a hollow in the ground is left to mark its site. In my childhood's days some fragments of the frame and part of the floor of the first story remained, and I often amused myself by playing upon it when visiting my cousins. A reference to this dwelling is found in the historical writings of Dr. Joseph F. Tuttle, who, in describing the method by which the soldiers of the Revolution were billeted in private houses during the winter of 1777, says:

> A large part of the soldiers were quartered upon the inhabitants in Hanover, Whippany, Chatham, Madison and Morristown. This was done by commissioners, of whom Aaron Kitchel, of Hanover, was one. Twelve men were quartered on Parson Green, sixteen on Anna Kitchel's husband Uzal, a score on Aaron Kitchel, and so throughout the farming district. This method, though necessarily arbitrary, was met by a people of "willing mind." Aaron Kitchel and his father, Joseph, of Hanover, had two houses, and gave up the larger one, on condition that the old people might have the other, required only to take care of three sick English prisoners, of whom there was no danger of their catching the small pox. * * * The Sayres, Richards, Ely, Beach, Kitchel, Smith, Tuttle, and other families were served in the same way, making no complaints.

This passage in the works of Dr. Tuttle is of interest as show-

ing that the house in the lane was standing during the opening years of the Revolutionary Struggle; but I believe that it was built at a much earlier period.

Joseph Kitchell, at his death, devised his house-lot to his sons Moses and John, and the property north of the lane, where the present dwelling stands, to his son Aaron. About 1810 Moses and John, deciding to remove to the Middle West, sold their inheritance to the Tompkins family, who also bought the site of the present house; but the latter property was repurchased by Ambrose Kitchell, my grandfather, shortly before he built the residence. My mother used to say that it was the fondest ambition of Uncle Joseph, her younger brother, to buy the original dwelling,—the home of the first Joseph,—and that after many years of prudence and frugality, he succeeded in laying up sufficient money for the purpose, the Tompkins family selling for $3,000. During his declining years, when he became too feeble to work steadily upon the farm, it was his delight to walk over to the old home in warm and pleasant weather, and sit in a chair under the trees of the dooryard to read his newspaper; and for this reason he was reluctant to rent the premises to strangers. The building, in consequence of remaining long unoccupied, gradually fell into disrepair, and at length became so dilapidated that it had to be torn down. I made a point of saving one or two of the bricks from the kitchen chimney—in the oldest part of the house—as a memento.

The Tompkins family owned the land on both sides of Ridgedale Avenue, and their conveyance to Uncle Joseph included not only the Colonial house, but also a dwelling of Revolutionary date (which was demolished many years ago), standing on the opposite side of the highway in the direction of Perry Pond. The origin and signification of the name "Perry" as thus applied I have failed to ascertain, despite a careful examination of all available records extending back to the Colonial period; although, to be sure, my researches were greatly restricted by the non-existence of many of the ancient deeds, from which the ownership of the pond by some early settler named Perry might appear—for the Tompkins family owned, and included in their sale to Uncle Joseph, a wood-

lot carved out of the Budd property near the northeast corner of the Wheeler survey, which did not belong to the Kitchells in Colonial days, and may at that time have been owned by someone named Perry. The pond itself exists no longer, for the gradual increase of population and the consequent development of the country have had the effect of diminishing the supply of surface water, reducing the volume of the streams and causing some of the smaller ponds to entirely disappear. Even in my childhood, Perry Pond was merely a marshy hollow, containing little if any water in the dry season, and its outlet, a small brook which crosses the road a short distance south of the present dwelling, and finds its way to the Whippany, became an empty channel in time of drought.

In former years there was another pond on Hanover Neck (of which I have no personal recollection), lying on the east side of Ridgedale Avenue near the mouth of the road to Swinefield Bridge; but it has similarly disappeared, and its location is now marked only by a low spot in the fields. It was probably quite shallow, yet a child of the Dixon family was drowned in it many years ago, when I was too young to remember the date or circumstances. My cousin, Billy Kitchell, was at play near by, but, although somewhat older than the victim of the accident, he failed to effect a rescue.

Aaron Kitchell, third son of Joseph, was a celebrated character of Morris County history. He was a blacksmith by trade, whose shop, according to family tradition, stood near the road, on or close to the site of the present residence. He enlisted in the Morris County Militia during the War of Independence, and, like almost every other soldier of the Revolution whose biography has appeared in print, he "enjoyed the personal confidence and esteem of General Washington." While the war was still in progress he was appointed to the Morris County Commission of Forfeited Estates, having in charge the confiscation of lands of Tories who had been officially declared enemies of their country. In the discharge of this duty he necessarily incurred the bitter enmity of the Loyalists, and Dr. Tuttle, in his historical writings, describes more than one spirited encounter between the sturdy patriot and some

of these gentry, adding that a price was laid upon Aaron Kitchell's head. During and after the Revolution he served in the New Jersey General Assembly, to which he was elected sixteen times between 1781 and 1809, while his brother Abraham, of Rockaway, represented Morris County in the Legislative Council, corresponding to the present State Senate. Aaron once failed to receive the nomination through the trickery of an opponent, who, without his knowledge, informed the party leaders that Mr. Kitchell did not care to be a candidate that year; and our hero was much surprised to find, when it was too late to rectify the error, that his name had been omitted from the ticket. I never succeeded in obtaining proof that he was capable of participating in legislative debates until about ten years ago, when, in an auction of rare books and manuscripts, I found an autograph letter written by Governor Joseph Bloomfield to Dr. Ebenezer Elmer of Bridgeton, one of the last surviving surgeons of the Revolutionary army, and a Jeffersonian leader of South Jersey, in which the writer described a debate on a proposed amendment of the new Constitution, and said that Mr. Kitchell surprised his colleagues by making an excellent speech of a half-hour's duration, which he continued after the noon recess.

Aaron Kitchell was a member of Congress from 1799 to 1807, and was thereafter chosen to represent New Jersey in the United States Senate. While holding the former office he became a personal friend of Thomas Jefferson, among whose adherents he had always been numbered, and in the attic of his residence he had two barrels filled with letters written to him by Jefferson from time to time, which would nowadays be considered of great interest; but their value was not appreciated, and after Aaron's death they were removed from the house. While in Philadelphia, then the seat of the national government, he boarded in the same hotel with Jefferson, sitting beside him at table; and he used to tell how he and Jefferson had to change their seats in the dining-room, owing to the heat of the fire. There is a tradition that he cast the deciding vote in the contest between Jefferson and Burr, but I doubt if it is confirmed by the official records.

He voluntarily forfeited the last two years of his senatorial

term in order to give undivided attention to his private affairs; but kept the lead in New Jersey politics until 1811, and appeared in the political arena for the last time in 1817, when he served as a presidential elector on the Monroe ticket.

Senator Kitchell was described by Uncle Joseph, who of course remembered him, as a tall, slender man with a thin face. He married (1) Phebe Farrand, and (2) Phebe ——— (surname unknown), whose home was in Mutton Lane. The second marriage, which was contracted late in life, the bride being his housekeeper, or perhaps a nurse employed to care for him in his old age, was opposed by his children, who, having a good deal of family pride, regarded it as a *mésalliance;* and he himself had cause to regret it. He lived and died in a small, plain house standing at the extreme lower end of Hanover Neck, on the east side of the road, at the angle where it turns westward toward Rockaway Neck, which building remained during my childhood, and was often pointed out to me by my mother when we were driving by on our way to Lower Montville. I cannot remember who owned the dwelling at that time, but its occupants were friends of my mother, and she occasionally called on them. The structure contained two stories and attic, and was approached by a flight of three or four steps; having two front windows, with the kitchen at the rear. This house he built during or after the Revolution, and I have often marveled that he should have been willing to leave the homestead to live in so solitary a place, over a mile away. A map entitled "Map of the Country Thirty Miles Round the City of New York," which was drawn and published by J. H. Eddy in 1812 (the first of a series issued by him during a period of several years), showing the roads and even the unfinished turnpikes, indicates in some of the towns the places of residence of a limited number of citizens who had attained prominence in the service of the State and nation; and marks the home of Senator Kitchell at the lower extremity of the Neck. His death occurred on June 25, 1820, at the age of seventy-six. His original tombstone in Hanover churchyard was replaced some years ago with a modern monument erected by my brother Smith and myself, upon which the former inscription was copied.

Ambrose Kitchell, the senator's fourth child and second son, was my grandfather. He married Elizabeth (Betsy) Mulford, whose ancestors were among the first settlers of Hanover Neck, and had children: 1, Phebe Farrand, who married Dr. Ezekiel B. Gaines of Montville and later of Boonton; 2, Julia Ann, my mother; 3, Joseph, who married my father's sister Maria; 4, Esther Eliza, who married Abraham Bertholf of New York City; and 5, Ambrose Ward, who married his second cousin, Ann Eliza Mulford of Hanover Neck, and afterward removed to New York. Uncle Ambrose was a chair-maker by trade, conducting his business in a small building in the rear of the present residence which has always been called the shop, and may very possibly have been the smithy of Senator Kitchell; and he continued the manufacture of chairs after his removal to the city, working for a time in the factory of Smith Ely, my father's brother. My late cousin, Julia Gaines of Boonton, had a set of handsome dining-room chairs made by Uncle Smith and Uncle Ambrose, from whom they were bought by her father at a cost of $3.50 each, which was a rather high price in those days.

It was Grandfather Kitchell who, in 1810, erected the present dwelling at Hanover Neck, on the west side of the road, upon the rising ground north of the lane. The date was preserved by the recollection of Aunt Phebe Gaines, who was born in 1798, that the new house was completed and occupied when she was twelve years of age. It was larger and more pretentious than any other residence in the neighborhood, and Senator Kitchell was apprehensive that Grandfather would bankrupt himself by his extravagance in raising so elaborate a mansion. Although it covered a good deal of ground, the house originally contained but one story and garret; but soon after the marriage of my cousin George, at which time the property belonged to Uncle Joseph, it was enlarged to two stories and attic, and otherwise remodeled, at a cost, it was said, of $5,000; though this amount probably included some money spent at the same time upon the barns. All of Grandfather's children were born in the house which stood in the lane, but his three daughters were married in the present mansion.

The surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, which oc-

curred when Grandfather Kitchell was a child, evidently made a profound impression on his mind; and he was accustomed ever after to employ the name "Cornwallis" as an expletive, when wishing to give particular emphasis to his discourse. Being a pillar of the Presbyterian Church of Hanover, with which the Kitchells were always prominently connected, serving in each generation as officers of the society, he could not consistently indulge in profanity, but found the ejaculation "Cornwallis!" a very satisfactory substitute. My brother Smith used to say that on one of his boyhood's visits to Hanover Neck he went with Grandfather and Uncle Joseph to fish in the Whippany River, when Grandfather attempted to stand upon a stone at the water's edge which suddenly rolled over and precipitated him into the stream. As he emerged from the water and resumed an upright position, Uncle Joseph, who was much amused by the mishap, and quite unable to restrain his laughter, asked, "Did you get wet, Poppy?" and Grandfather exclaimed, "Corn—wallis!" in a tone of intense annoyance and mortification.

Prior to the enactment of an abolition law in New Jersey, Grandfather owned a number of slaves, most if not all of whom were born on the Kitchell farm, and he occasionally presented one of them to his relatives. After the marriage of his daughter Phebe to Dr. Gaines he sent her, possibly as a belated wedding gift, a cook and housemaid named Doll; but Uncle Doctor Gaines, who strongly favored emancipation, was unwilling to have a slave in his house; and his views being shared by Aunt Phebe, Doll was soon returned to Hanover Neck. Grandfather's most valuable slave, the leader of the flock, upon whom the family placed great reliance, was a faithful fellow named Jake Davis, who served them many years—for he remained on the farm, working for wages, long after his manumission. He was very fond of all the children, but was particularly attached to my mother, to whom he devoted especial attention and care; though whether he was told by her parents to act as her guard and servitor, or assumed this duty on his own initiative, I never knew. To him she was always "Miss Julia," even after her marriage, and he never ceased to feel the deepest interest in her happiness and

KITCHELL MANSION, HANOVER NECK, N. J.

BUILT BY AMBROSE KITCHELL, THE AUTHOR'S GRANDFATHER. 1810.

welfare. About 1853 he married a young woman named Qually, whose mother had been a slave in the household of Benjamin Cook of Madison; and he established his home in that town, living in Morris Place, which in those days was populated by several families of colored people. He was a thrifty man, who, in the course of a long life, acquired valuable pieces of real estate, not only in Madison, but also near Springfield. One day when my sister and her husband were driving through Madison, they were stopped by "Uncle Jake," then stricken in years, who wished to talk with them about old times at Hanover Neck. He had no acquaintance with them, but recognized their horse, which they had recently bought of one of his neighbors. My sister was at first unable to identify "Miss Julia," of whom he spoke in terms of affection, and whose memory he evidently cherished, but at length it dawned upon her that he referred to her mother, who had departed this life many years before. He lived to a good old age, respected by all who knew him, and regarded as a sort of patriarch of the African colony. He died in 1885, and his wife passed away three years later, leaving three children to mourn her loss.

Grandfather Kitchell, by his will, left to Uncle Joseph the homestead farm, and all personal property outside the house; to Uncle Ambrose, the sum of $2,000; to my mother and her sisters, $100 each, and all household personalty except his books, which were to be equally divided among his five children. He named Uncle Joseph and Uncle Doctor Gaines as executors, but the latter declined to serve, because Grandfather's disposition of his property caused great dissatisfaction on the part of his daughters, who felt that he had discriminated against them. Uncle Joseph, however, restored their equanimity by giving to each a present of $500; and I was told that my mother and Aunt Phebe gave their share of this money to Uncle Ambrose, whose portion of the inheritance, in comparison with that of his brother, seemed unduly small. They had a good deal of sympathy for Uncle Ambrose, for the latter, though a very popular man, was somewhat lacking in the frugality and forethought which have long distinguished the Kitchell family, and his commercial affairs were not in a flourishing condition. Whether Aunt Eliza was influenced by the gener-

osity of her sisters to give him her money also I do not know, but I think it rather doubtful.

The passing of the Kitchell homestead in 1921 was a regrettable event, but one which, under the circumstances, was unavoidable. The farm was finally inherited by George and Sarah Kitchell, Uncle Joseph's son and daughter-in-law, whose only child, Harry, was killed at the age of twenty-nine by the fall of an ancient willow tree which stood near the mouth of the lane on the west side of the highway, and, during a storm, was blown down into the road just as he was passing. He expected to be married shortly, and planned to spend his life on the homestead farm; so it was my hope that the property would remain in the family for another generation at least; but this was precluded by his untimely end. Although there are other descendants of Grandfather Kitchell in that part of the State, none of them cared to reside on Hanover Neck; and consequently the sale of the farm to strangers, after the death of George and Sarah, was inevitable.

CHAPTER VII

Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last;

Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

BYRON.

MY parents were united in matrimony at the home of Grandfather Kitchell on April 27, 1822, by Rev. Aaron Condit, then pastor of the Hanover Presbyterian Church.* My mother kept her wedding-gown for many years, with the intention of giving it to her first namesake among the children of the following generation, who, as it happened, was my cousin Julia Gaines. She presented two silk dresses to Julia, one of goose green, in which I think she was married, and the other of narrow stripes of red and black; and as the recipient of the gift was a little girl, considerable alteration of the garments was required.

My father and mother spent the first two years of their married life at the Ely Homestead in Livingston, having the use of the parlor in common with other members of the family, and "keeping house" in the two rooms adjoining it on the east, which, at a later date, were thrown into one to form the present library. The rear apartment, which contained a cooking-stove, was used as a kitchen, and they slept in the room in front; although my mother had another bedroom on the floor above. My eldest brother, Ambrose Kitchell Ely, his grandfather's namesake,

*Rev. Aaron Condit, originally of Orange, N. J., was ordained at Stillwater, N. Y., January 1, 1793. The ordination sermon, preached by Rev. John McDonald of Albany, was printed, and a copy of it was offered for sale several years ago by Henry Stevens & Son of London, dealers in rare Americana, who occasionally send me their catalogues. Mr. Condit was pastor of Hanover Church from 1796 to 1831, and thereafter he lived in Morristown, where he died in 1852. His funeral was conducted by his friend, Rev. Dr. David Magie of Elizabeth, whose sermon delivered on that occasion was also printed in pamphlet form.

was born in Livingston January 31, 1823; but Smith Ely, Jr., my second brother, who arrived April 27, 1825, first saw the light in Grandfather Kitchell's house on Hanover Neck.

My father, about two years after his marriage, decided to remove to New York, and engage in the trucking business. The time of his departure from Livingston is uncertain, but there is reason to believe that it occurred in October, 1824; and I learned from my brother Smith, not long before his death, that my father was accompanied to the city by a young man whose name I cannot remember, who had been employed as a clerk in the village store of Hanover, and who became his partner in the new enterprise. The type of vehicle which they drove in the city was called a one-horse dray, consisting of a long platform mounted upon two wheels, and sloping slightly downward at the rear. It had no guards at the sides or ends, but the load was confined by three or four tall stakes which were squared at the bottom to fit into square holes in the platform; and as there were several of these holes, the stakes could be shifted about according to the size and shape of the load. My father's occupation corresponded with the express service of modern times, consisting largely of transporting goods to and from the vessels at the Hudson River piers. While living in the household of Uncle Moses, he had made the acquaintance of several bankers of Newburgh, who learned to repose great confidence in his honesty; and whenever specie was shipped between the banking houses of New York and those of Newburgh they secured his services in carrying the cases in his cart from the banks to the pier.

During the first few years of his residence in New York my father kept a carriage of his own, as was then the custom among well-to-do citizens of the metropolis; but I am ignorant of its size and design, for it was disposed of long before my birth. I remember, however, that his whip remained about the house for many years, and that I used to play with it in my childhood. It was straight and flexible, perhaps six feet in length, though it seemed to me much longer, with a handsome black handle of bone. The horse which drew the dray on week days served as a coach-horse on Sundays and holidays; and I have no doubt that

whenever my parents wished to visit the old home in Livingston at that period they drove the entire distance, instead of traveling by rail. During the epidemic of cholera, which visited New York when my brothers were youngsters, my father removed his family to Livingston, there to remain until the danger of infection was past; and Smith told me that he never forgot that drive over the Orange Mountains, the farmers who lived along the route, many of whom knew my father, stopping his carriage from time to time to make inquiry concerning the spread of the disease, to which he replied by quoting the official report for the preceding day—the number of new cases, and the number of deaths. I regret that I have forgotten the figures as repeated by Smith. He used to say that by examining the files of newspapers published at that time, and comparing my father's statement with the daily record of the epidemic, he had no doubt that the date of that memorable journey could be ascertained.

The first home of my parents in New York was No. 27 Stone Street, a residence hired by my father for about a year. Thence they moved to 172 Duane Street, which, being on the west side of the city, where my father's business was chiefly carried on, was more conveniently situated. I have often wondered whether this was the Duane Street house in which Grandfather Ely lived when my father was a child, and which remained in Grandfather's possession until 1826; but definite information on this point could be obtained only at the cost of considerable research, for the house-numbers were so often changed in early days as to be misleading and unreliable as a guide to the historian.

On November 13, 1826, my father bought of Dr. William Bailey the dwelling No. 238 Rivington Street, standing on the north side of the way, one door east of Willett Street, for which he paid $2,000, and assumed a mortgage for $800. This property he held until April 24, 1837, when he sold it to William Powell for $3,750, subject to a mortgage for $2,000, which he had previously given to James H. Roosevelt. It was a frame building of somewhat countrified appearance, two and a half stories high, with (probably) two windows on each side of the front door. It was situated some distance back from Rivington Street, having a

large dooryard ornamented with grass-plots, and did not fill the entire width of the lot, but stood with its end toward Rivington Street, and its rear toward Willett, facing east.

That part of the city is now the Jewish quarter, filled with crowded tenements; but at the time of my father's purchase, so many of the lots were vacant that the vicinity of Rivington Street resembled the country. In early years, before this section was included in the city limits, it was known as Corlear's Hook, for the probable reason that its first inhabitants built their houses at and near the point of that name on the shore of the East River. Several of our relatives lived near by, for in those days the inviting, semi-rural district lying east of the Bowery and south of Houston Street seemed to attract families who came to New York from northern New Jersey, and who remained, roughly speaking, from 1825 to 1850, when the increase of the foreign-born population compelled them to find a more desirable place of residence. Aunt Sally Halsey lived on the east side of Willett Street, her lot now covered by the approach to the Williamsburg Bridge. Uncle Ambrose and Aunt Ann Kitchell, when they came to the city from Hanover Neck, lived for a time at 248 Rivington Street, on the same block with our residence; but they remained there only about a year,—1833 or 1834,—and when my recollection begins they had moved to the south side of Henry Street (No. 318, I think), where Uncle Ambrose had his chair-factory upon the rear of the lot, reached by a cartway which led from the street on the east side of the residence. The second story of the house extended over the cartway, thus giving it the appearance of running through the building. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Cook resided on the corner of Broome and Columbia Streets, where Mr. Cook had a grocery store, with his living rooms on the upper story, reached by an exterior staircase. He was a member of the Cook family of Livingston, being, I understood, a descendant of my great-grandfather Epaphras Cook; was regarded as a substantial citizen, and was elected at one time to the Board of Aldermen. His wife, Caroline Fairchild, a sister of Ephraim Fairchild of Malapardis, N. J., was a cousin of my mother's, the Fairchilds having intermarried with the Kitchells.

Mr. Cook was very strict in the government of his household, and I have heard my mother say that when his children made too much noise in playing or running about on the second story of his house he would admonish them to be more quiet by thumping with a stick upon the ceiling of the store. John, the eldest son, followed his father in the grocery business, and became quite wealthy. I remember him as a tall, raw-boned man, who, I am quite sure, taught a class in the Sunday school of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, which we attended. Electa Caroline, the second child, married Edwin Willis, a member of one of the leading families of Powerville near Boonton, N. J. James, the youngest, was rather delicate, and being obliged to seek a warmer climate when he reached middle age, he became a resident of Daytona, Fla.

Uncle Baxter Sayre, who married a sister of Grandfather Kitchell, was a shoemaker of New York during the early or middle thirties, living for some years at No. 129 White Street; although the house which was often pointed out to me in my childhood as having been at one time his residence was a frame structure in Clinton Street near Houston, which was fixed in my memory by the fact that its stoop differed from those of other dwellings in being built parallel with the sidewalk. Mayor Willett lived in Broome Street, east of Willet (there is a picture of his house in one of the early numbers of *Valentine's Manual*), and the Ogilvie family, who were connections of our relatives the Halseys, on the west side of Columbia Street, near Rivington; each household occupying an old-fashioned frame mansion standing in its own grounds, which in both cases included an entire block front. I remember that in my boyhood a number of frame houses still remained in that section of the city.

My brother Smith, who was a child when our family resided in Rivington Street, was often sent to the neighboring stores to purchase supplies; his mother dividing her patronage between the grocery of a man whose name I believe was Sniffen, on the northwest corner of Rivington and Willett Streets, only a few steps west of our house, and the store of Cornelius Lewis, on the corner of Sheriff Street, at the eastern end of our block. In 1910

Smith made the acquaintance of ex-Mayor Daniel D. Whitney of Brooklyn, a brief sketch of whose life was published in the newspapers on the occasion of his ninety-first birthday, from which it appeared that as a boy he had been employed as a clerk by Mr. Lewis; and my brother addressed an inquiry to him respecting his recollections of that period, receiving an interesting letter in reply which read as follows:

20 Fulton St., Brooklyn, Apr. 27, 1910.

Hon. Smith Ely,
My dear Friend:

When I read your letter of 26th inst. it made me smile, when you asked me if I had any recollection of the place corner of Rivington and Sheriff Streets. I remember it almost as well as if it was yesterday.

I was born January 31, 1819, at Oysterbay township, L. I., and worked on my father's farm until I was 18 years of age. At that time I had an uncle by the name of Woodhull Smith, who was a "boss carman" for a fruit store in Front St., living in Rivington St. a few doors west of Sheriff St. in what was then called the "White House." He told my father that Mr. Lewis wanted a boy to tend store; the boy who was then there, named Mahlon Chichester, was going to leave.

On the first day of May, 1837, I left home alone, went to Oysterbay landing, took the steamboat *American Eagle,* and landed at Fulton St., N. Y., wended my way to corner of Rivington & Sheriff Streets, and entered Cornelius W. Lewis's store as clerk. The building was an old-fashioned two-story frame dwelling and store. I remember quite a number of the names of those who traded with us, among them a Mr. Livermore and I think ex-Alderman Dodge and others; a Mr. Leggett kept a grocery store on the opposite corner. We used to light the store with a material called "burning fluid." I think it was composed of a mixture of camphene and alcohol. We used to open the store about 6 o'clock A. M., and keep open every night until 9 o'clock except Saturday nights, then until 12 o'clock. I well remember when you was elected mayor of N. Y. I was there two years; and in this store ever since.

Yours truly,

D. D. Whitney.

Not long afterward Mr. Whitney called on Smith, for, notwithstanding his greater age, he was more active than my brother, and had a long talk with him about the scenes and incidents of bygone years. Although neither recollected the presence of the other in Lewis's grocery, they were interested to learn by a comparison of dates that Whitney had been a clerk in that store at the time when Smith was making purchases for his mother.

My brother William Henry was born in 238 Rivington Street on May 14, 1829. It was my father's desire to call him William, a name which has always been a favorite in our family, having been handed down through succeeding generations ever since our ancestors emigrated from England in the seventeenth century; and although my mother protested that she had never heard of any William Ely of days gone by who had not been given to intemperance, she yielded to my father's wish. Whence the second name, Henry, was derived I do not know, but I imagine that it was added merely for euphony. My sister Maria, when a child, was under the impression that he had been christened William Henry *Harrison* Ely, but in this she was mistaken; his name was agreed upon and bestowed long before President Harrison reached the pinnacle of his popularity and fame.

The house in Rivington Street was also my birthplace, my natal day being the fifteenth of June, 1836. The statement contained in The Ely Ancestry that I was born in August is incorrect. I was named Edwin in honor of Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, D.D., pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of New York, which my parents then attended; and my middle name, Augustus, was chosen in compliment to my cousin Augustus, Uncle Moses Ely's son, who had been a crony of my father in the old days of the Washingtonville tannery.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was more active and energetic than I am today, I made a practice of visiting our old home in Rivington Street every autumn, on account of its associations. The appearance of the property had been totally altered, the front of the lot being covered by a five-story tenement house containing a saloon on the ground floor; the modern building extending back to and adjoining the old frame dwelling, which was thus converted into a rear extension. The first story of the old mansion (the entire ground floor, I believe), was hired by the saloon-keeper as an adjunct to his bar room, and it was filled with chairs and small tables. I used to walk through the saloon to the rear apartment, and drink a glass of beer at one of the tables; taking pleasure in the reflection that I was then in the parlor of our former residence.

In 1837—the year of the great panic—my parents decided to move farther uptown, and accordingly left Rivington Street for Second. I was then about one year of age, and I have often been told how they carried me in their arms to our new home, No. 145 Second Street (the number was changed within a year to 177), on the south side, between Avenue A and Avenue B. This house my father bought on March 6, 1837, from Daniel B. Smith, for $5,000, subject to a mortgage for $4,000. Smith, having become involved in financial difficulties, had transferred all his property to two assignees, one of whom was my uncle, Smith Ely senior; and in order to insure a perfect title, my father took a deed from the assignees as well as from the owner himself. The property adjoining ours on the west belonged to a wine merchant named Jonah Newton, who had previously owned our house also, having sold it to Daniel Smith a few months before our arrival; and my parents, in later years, after we had left the neighborhood, often referred to our Second Street home as "the Newton house." Newton himself lived on the opposite side of the street, in the direction of Avenue A.

We occupied this dwelling for ten years, and then sold it to John Roberts, Jr., for $3,000, subject to the mortgage mentioned above. From a financial standpoint, my father's purchase was unfortunate. He bought the house at a time when the block between Avenues A and B was not fully developed, and no one could foretell what the nature of the coming improvements would be. He had reason to think that residences of the best class would be erected, and that an effort would be made to maintain the aristocratic character of the street, but in this he was disappointed; for although our house and four or five others to the eastward, forming a row in the middle of the block, were substantially built, and presented an attractive appearance, the other dwellings were of a cheaper and poorer class. The street contained a few stores, so that it was not exclusively residential; and, altogether, the neighborhood, as I remember it, was rather common. The next block westward, between Avenue A and First Avenue, was handsomer and more select than our own.

Our house in Second Street was a 2½-story brick building,

which stood close to the sidewalk in modern fashion, having a stoop of three or four steps flanked on each side by a low parapet of brown stone, perhaps twelve inches thick, with curved and rounded ends handsomely chiseled; and it had a roof which sloped in front, pierced, I think, by two dormer windows—being, in a word, the prevailing type of New York dwelling erected in the early years of the last century, many examples of which may still be seen in some of the downtown streets of the city. The parlor was on the left (east) side of the entrance hall.

The building was not deep, so there was room for a spacious back yard, along each side of which my mother planted flowers of various kinds (her favorites being dahlias), leaving a grass-plot in the middle, which was separated from the flower-beds by narrow, well-paved paths. At the extreme rear we had a neat garden-house with entrances from the east and west. The residence was provided, at the rear of the parlor floor, with a covered piazza of frame, painted white, which was shielded from the sun by a trellis upon which grapevines grew with great luxuriance as high as the piazza roof; and from the west end of this structure a wooden stoop, ornamented by an arbor, led down to the yard. On the piazza I had a large rocking-horse, given me by my father, who, I rather think, took it in satisfaction of an uncollectible debt from a toy dealer in Ann Street; an elaborate affair, as big as a good-sized pony, covered with real horsehide, and set off with flowing mane and tail.

A municipal water-supply was then unknown, but we had an inadequate substitute in the shape of a pump beneath the grapevines near the east side of the property; its source being a cistern containing rainwater drained from our roof, which my mother was obliged to boil to render potable. In the early years of the city's history, and even at as late a period as that to which I now refer, the lack of an abundant supply of wholesome water constituted a serious menace to health. The citizens depended upon public wells or cisterns in the streets, one of which was located on the north side of Second Street directly opposite our home; but the water thus obtained was so impure as to be decidedly unpleasant to the taste, and wholly unfit, according to modern

views, for human consumption. The residents of New York, who had accustomed themselves to its offensive savor, accepted its noxious qualities as a matter of course; but strangers visiting the city found it absolutely undrinkable. The only public well which was probably free from contamination was that of the famous "Tea-water Pump," on the west side of Chatham Street (or Park Row as it is now called) where Baxter Street was afterward opened. It was fed by the Collect Pond. The epidemic of yellow fever in 1830, and of cholera in 1832, were attributed very largely to the foulness of the water with which the city was supplied.

As early as 1799 an effort was made to ameliorate this distressing condition by the incorporation of the Manhattan Company, the ostensible object of which was to furnish the people of New York with pure and wholesome water. The leading spirit in this enterprise was Aaron Burr, who, when drafting the charter for the proposed company, shrewdly inserted a clause permitting the exercise of banking privileges; and the Legislature, not noticing this provision, or failing to realize its full import, granted the charter without amendment. Banking soon became the chief business of the corporation,—the Bank of the Manhattan Company is one of the strongest financial institutions of New York today,—but in the work which the association was primarily designed to accomplish little progress was made. New wells were sunk in various parts of the city, but the water they contained was of scarcely better quality than that already in use; and the residents of the suburbs, where Union Square was afterward laid out, refused to take it, considering it inferior to the yield of wells of their own. The company had its principal source of supply near the present corner of Reade and Centre Streets, pumping the water into a neighboring reservoir whence it was distributed to consumers by means of wooden pipes. I clearly remember the old wooden tank on the west side of Centre Street not far from the corner of Pearl, where there was until recently an enclosed lot of irregular shape; and I think it very likely that the Manhattan Company still operates some sort of pumping apparatus; not, of course, for the purpose of supplying the public, but as a techni-

cal compliance with the law in order to prevent a forfeiture of its charter.

The mention of the Manhattan Company reminds me of a shocking crime committed in the closing years of the eighteenth century—the murder of Juliana Elmore Sands, whose body was concealed in one of the wells of this corporation. The story of the atrocity was related to me by Aunt Sally Halsey, who had learned its details from her parents, and was deeply interested in it because Elias Ring, in whose home the murdered girl resided, was a connection of George Ring, the husband of Aunt Elizabeth. Elias Ring and his wife kept a boarding-house at the southeast corner of Greenwich and Provost (now Franklin) Streets on the outskirts of the city, and Miss Sands, a cousin of Mrs. Ring, was a member of their household. She was engaged, and about to be married, to Levi Weeks, one of Ring's boarders, a popular young man of unexceptionable character, who was employed as a book-keeper in a neighboring lumber yard. Miss Sands left the house in company with her betrothed on the evening of Sunday, December 29, 1799, for the purpose of enjoying a sleigh-ride; and a few hours later Weeks returned alone, giving no reason, as far as the public learned, for having parted from his companion. Miss Sands was seen no more; and a search, which was instituted when her relatives became alarmed by her unaccountable absence, resulted, on the afternoon of the following Tuesday, in the discovery of her body in one of the wells dug by the Manhattan Company and called accordingly Manhattan Well. This well was distant about a mile from the Ring residence, in a hilly and sparsely populated district, reached by a recently made lane or byway which was rarely traveled, and so rough as to be almost impassable; its situation, described with reference to the city streets which were subsequently laid out, being in Spring Street near the corner of Greene, about two and a half blocks west of Broadway.

So unusual were crimes of violence in that remote period, and so shocking the circumstances of the case at hand, that the greatest excitement prevailed; the entire city being aroused to an extent which can hardly be realized in these degenerate days, when accounts of homicides are published as regularly as the stock market

reports, without attracting more than momentary attention. Suspicion fastened on Weeks, who was brought to trial in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, the proceedings being held in the City Hall from March 31st to April 3rd. The last session of the trial was continued far into the night, the room being lighted by candles, and was not concluded until 2.25 A. M. The prisoner was ably defended by a corps of seven attorneys, the most celebrated of whom were Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr; and although he did not testify in his own behalf, about seventy-five witnesses were produced by his counsel, chiefly to prove the excellence of his character. The prosecution failed to establish his guilt, and the jury, after deliberating less than four minutes, rendered a verdict of acquittal.

The principal witness for the State—the only one who displayed animosity toward the defendant—was Richard Croucher, who lodged, but did not board, in Ring's house. He was suspected by many of having himself committed the crime, but no charge was made against him, and the circumstances of Miss Sands's death were never brought to light. A few years later, Croucher was convicted of a heinous offense, and the trial judge, evidently influenced by the belief that he had been concerned in the Sands murder, imposed a far heavier penalty than the prisoner would have otherwise received.

A certain newspaper which was published at a much later period reviewed the murder of Juliana Elmore Sands as an event of historic interest, and in its account of the trial of Levi Weeks described in the following words a somewhat thrilling episode alleged to have occurred during the night session:

> Hamilton was assured of his client's innocence, and equally confident that Croucher was either the culprit or was interested in shielding the real murderer. . . . Placing two candles, one on either side of the witness box, so that their beams reflected the villainous countenance of Croucher in strong relief, Hamilton, concentrating all his wonderful force of denunciatory eloquence in one tremendous outburst, suddenly charged the witness with perjury, even hinting that he himself was the murderer, and then directed the attention of the jury to the shrinking and confused witness, whose manner expressed abject fear, if not convicted guilt. . . . The authorship of this brilliant but audacious and under ordinary circumstances unjustifiable coup has never been heretofore associated with any other name than that of Hamilton.

This dramatic and sensational use of the lighted candles was long remembered and often spoken of as the distinguishing incident of the Sands murder trial, and was enlarged upon by Aunt Sally in language similar to that quoted above; yet I doubt very much if it actually happened. I have in my library a pamphlet containing a history of the case, compiled from the records of the court, which is unquestionably the most accurate relation now available; and in it no mention of this "coup" of Hamilton is made. It states, however, that during the night session, one of the attorneys for the defense held a candle in front of Croucher as he sat among the spectators, in such manner as to throw the light strongly upon his face; but this was done merely to aid his identification by one of the witnesses, and not for the purpose of confusing or frightening him into a confession of guilt.

Elias Ring's dwelling, at the corner of Greenwich and Franklin Streets, remained until January, 1905, when it was demolished to make room for a modern business structure; at which time it was known as the Pelton house, having belonged to a family of that name for nearly a century. Its age was estimated at one hundred and fifty years. It was a somewhat ramshackle building, painted brown, three stories in height, with a one-story extension at the rear; and aside from the fact that its first floor was once used as a school-room, and at a later date was converted into stores, it remained unaltered during the entire period of its existence. In *Valentine's Manual* for 1861 there is a picture of this house, accompanied by an interesting account of the crime.

But I return from this digression to the description of my childhood's home in Second Street. The most striking feature of our back yard was a large mulberry tree which stood at the east side of the enclosure, not far from the rear. It was grown from a shoot which my father brought one day from the Homestead at Livingston, and before we left Second Street it had become a tall and slender tree, bearing fruit which I used to eat with a good deal of relish. About the time when I was born, or a few years before, someone conceived the idea that a fortune could be made by raising silkworms and producing silk; and the farmers throughout this part of the country took up the scheme with great enthusiasm.

Uncle John, my father's brother, who was then living upon the Homestead Farm, caught the "fever," and prepared to enter the silk business on a rather extensive scale. The east end of the second floor of the house at Livingston was then an attic extending the full depth of the building from front to rear, above the present library, and in this garret Uncle John kept his cocoons, the floor being almost entirely covered with them. He raised mulberries with which to feed his silkworms, having a mulberry nursery east of the house; and from him my father obtained the young tree which he set out in our yard in New York. Uncle John doubtless added to his income by producing silk, but I never heard that he or anyone else in the vicinity succeeded in making the expected fortune.

A flight of about four steps led downward from our yard in Second Street to the door of the kitchen, down which steps I once fell, and received a cut on my forehead which left a permanent scar. My recollection of the kitchen is not very clear, but I remember a large picture of a Hudson River steamboat, in a plain, dark-colored frame, which hung on the east wall near the window. It was one of the prints which the navigation companies issue to advertise their lines, and was probably given to my father by one of them when he was engaged as a carman in transporting goods to and from their boats. In my younger days I occasionally lost money in the kitchen by inadvertently allowing pennies and other coins of small denomination to fall through a crack in the window-sill. I used to think their sudden disappearance very mystifying, and wondered what became of them after they dropped from sight. It occurred to me when I grew older that they might have fallen into the cellar; but as the nether region of the house was dark and forbidding, and was inhabited in my imagination by ferocious rats, I dared not go to see. I consoled myself with the reflection that if the house were ever demolished, I could doubtless find a good deal of money by searching beneath that window; but unfortunately I was not on hand when the building was torn down.

My father had a large mahogany centertable in the back parlor, beneath which, about ten inches above the floor, there was a

broad projection which afforded me a comfortable seat. I was so small that when sitting there my head was below the top; and as the table was generally covered with an ornamental cloth which hung low on all sides, I was effectually screened from view. This I found a convenient retreat when wishing to avoid the unwelcome attention of visitors; I remember, for example, that the grown-up daughters of Uncle Baxter Sayre, when calling at our house, insisted, to my great annoyance, upon kissing me, and when they were in the room, the table furnished an admirable place of concealment. I often sat beneath it while amusing myself by looking at the pictures in any illustrated books which happened to be lying about; and once, when examining a volume belonging to my mother, in which some of the pictures were printed in attractive colors, I moistened my finger and applied it to the page to ascertain if the color would run. To my dismay, I found that it would, and that my finger had left a disfiguring blot, which is even now perceptible after the lapse of so many years, for I still have the book in my possession. It is the first (and only) volume of "The Christian Family Magazine or Parents' and Children's Annual," a bimonthly religious periodical issued in 1842, for which my mother was probably induced to subscribe by some of her friends in the church. I remember the arrival, by mail, of the separate numbers, which she considered of sufficient value to be bound. Those of the illustrations which are colored represent flowers, the one defaced by me being the amaranth. Whether or not my mother discovered the damage, I never knew.

I recall two of the pictures with which our home was furnished. One, which hung above the mantelpiece in the front parlor, was an engraving of the Last Supper, which Ambrose appropriated when we left Second Street, and kept in his bedroom thereafter as long as he lived. The other, which occupied a corresponding position in the back parlor, was a curious old print in colors, which, though apparently a picture of no great cost, was enclosed in a handsome gilt frame. It represented an incident which occurred in the Bowery Menagerie in December, 1826, and doubtless excited great interest at the time—the remarkable escape of the keeper when two tigers succeeded in breaking the bars of

their cage. The circumstances were fully described in the title and subtitle, which read as follows:

MAGNANIMITY OF THE ELEPHANT DISPLAYED IN THE PRESERVATION OF HIS KEEPER, J. MARTIN, IN THE BOWERY MENAGERIE IN NEW YORK.

Dec: 1826. *Two Tigers, male & female, breaking the bars of their cage, sprang into the room & seized the Lama & began to devour it: Just at this moment, the keeper, J. Martin, entered to feed the animals, with no means of defence but his usual staff, the female tiger now abandon'd the Lama & was in the act of springing on Martin, when the Elephant, the friend of man, displayed his magnanimity in his rescue, by throwing his trunk round his body & placing him on his back. The Lion at the same time thrust his paw through the grates of his cage & seizing the tiger held him until Martin, by calling, got his friends to his assistance.*

This print was afterward taken to the Homestead at Livingston. It must have been issued in limited number, for I have never known a duplicate to be placed in the market. Several years ago I saw, either at an auction or in a store, a reprint from the original plate, dated in the early fifties; and that was the only occasion, within my knowledge, when even a copy was offered for sale.

When we moved to Second Street, there was a good deal of vacant land in the neighborhood, although most of the lots in our street had been improved prior to the time when my personal recollection begins. Third Street was built up, that being an old block, but there were very few houses from Fourth Street northward. I am under the impression that Avenue B was built upon quite extensively, although on the northeast corner of Second Street there was a large vacant lot, having a frontage on the avenue of perhaps fifty feet, containing a lime kiln, in the firing of which I was always interested. Avenue A was vacant on both sides from Third Street to Tompkins Square; the lots, which were considerably below the level of the streets, being laid out in market gardens protected by rough board fences in which there

were numerous crevices. My brother Smith used to say that he could remember when the northeast corner of Tompkins Square, at Tenth Street and Avenue B, was occasionally washed by the waters of the East River.

The exact site of our house could now be located only by careful measurements, for it is covered by a large tenement erected in 1884, which has a frontage of more than sixty feet, and includes the numbers 175 to 179. That section of the metropolis, now the heart of the Ghetto, has changed beyond recognition since the period of which I write. The sordid streets and teeming tenements seem part of a totally different city from the semi-suburban district which in my childhood was a not uninviting place of residence. The only familiar landmark, which links the present with the past, is the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Redeemer on the north side of Third Street between First Avenue and Avenue A.

Second Street, even at the time of our sojourn, was not strictly residential, but contained occasional stores. In the building No. 175, which adjoined our house, standing on a half lot only twelve feet in width, a drug store was kept by Dr. Daniel Lobstein, and after his death by his widow; and there was a bakery directly opposite our home. At the third or fourth door west of ours an alley led to a rear building occupied as a negro tenement, which we could see by looking westward from our back windows. The houses in that street were so shallow that the yards behind them were quite deep, and one was filled by the barrack I mention—a frame building perhaps twenty-five feet wide and three stories high. There was another rear building of similar construction, also occupied by negroes, on the same side of our street, east of Avenue B.

The block west of us, between Avenue A and First Avenue, was more select than ours, although it contained only one dwelling which was sufficiently large and ornate to attract attention. This was No. 109, the home of Jonathan H. Ransom, a wealthy dealer in boots and shoes, who came to New York from Elizabeth or Rahway, N. J. His house impressed me as a palatial residence, and I regarded it with great admiration, for it had a frontage of

probably fifty feet, with grounds on either hand, and was approached by a double stoop which rose in a semicircle on each side of the front door.

The dwelling directly in our rear, on the north side of Houston Street, was occupied by a dentist named Robert Leggett, to whom I was taken once (possibly more than once) for the extraction of a tooth. That experience was the most disagreeable incident of my childhood, and I long remembered it with a sensation of horror which was revived whenever my glance fell upon Dr. Leggett's house from the back windows of our own. So repugnant and lasting was the recollection that I conceived a strong aversion to the very name of Leggett, which the lapse of many years failed to entirely efface.

About the earliest incident of my life in Second Street which I can clearly remember was a walk I took one day with my mother to the home of Aunt Eliza Bertholf, who lived in Perry Street; and noticing, as we passed the south side of Washington Square, then enclosed by a high picket fence, a log cabin and a live deer within the confines of the park—objects which, my mother told me, were political emblems intended to be displayed by the supporters of Harrison and Tyler at the time of the coming presidential election. General Harrison, who, for several years prior to his elevation to the presidency, had operated a farm on the Ohio River, was ridiculed by the Democrats during the campaign as a backwoodsman, a country bumpkin, who lived in a log cabin amid the most primitive surroundings, regaling himself with frequent pulls at his ever-present jug of hard cider; but these taunts recoiled upon their authors, for the public resented such gibes from politicians then in power who had been wasting the funds of the government in needless extravagance. Perceiving this, Harrison's followers vaunted the simplicity and frugality of his life, adopting the log cabin as a campaign symbol, and introducing in every parade which they organized at least one model of this lowly habitation, mounting it upon wheels that it might be easily drawn through the city streets. A few months later I was surprised and puzzled one morning to find that my father and my brothers Ambrose and Smith were absenting themselves from

business, and remaining quietly at home, although the day was neither Sunday nor a holiday, until someone explained to me that trade had been suspended because of President Harrison's funeral. Miss Julia Gardner of Gardner's Island, N. Y., who, in June, 1844, became the second wife of President Tyler, was related in some degree to the Kitchells, and I have heard the old people of the family speak of her as a distant relative. The wedding ceremony was performed in the First Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, New York.

I also remember the Croton parade in 1842, which marked the completion of a municipal water-supply from the Croton River, This, I think, was the largest and most elaborate public celebration which, up to that time, had ever been held in New York. The procession was composed not only of soldiers and sailors, but also of the officials of the city and State, policemen and firemen, various political and social organizations and clubs, and representatives of every profession and trade. The owner of a truck had stationed his vehicle in First Street at the northeast corner of the Bowery, improvising seats upon it by placing four boards, covered with horse-blankets, from side to side; and my father secured places for himself and for me upon this wagon, where an excellent view of the parade passing up the Bowery was obtained. The house on the corner, in front of which the wagon stood, is still in existence, and has not been materially altered in exterior design.

During February or March of the following year (1843) a magnificent comet suddenly appeared in the southern sky, which was the nearest and brightest that I have ever seen. So intense was its brilliancy that it was clearly visible in broad daylight; and I rather think that my observations of it were made in the early hours of the morning before going down to breakfast. Although pronounced by astronomers the most marvelous phenomenon of the present age, this celestial visitant was not named for its discoverer, but was distinguished simply as the Great Comet of 1843.

When nearest the earth, the head of the comet was not more than 80,000,000 miles away. Its orbit seemed to lead directly to

the sun, and a collision was confidently looked for; but it unexpectedly changed its course, and swung around the luminary at a distance of only 50,000 miles,—the nearest approach to the sun of any known body,—traveling at the moment of perihelion at the prodigious rate of 1,000,000 miles per hour. I had an excellent view of it from our bedroom windows, for it was at an elevation to show well above the roofs of the neighboring houses; and I distinctly remember the wonder and awe which it inspired. To my childish imagination it resembled a great flaming animal in the sky; and as my knowledge of its nature and probable movements was very meager, I regarded it not only with curiosity, but with no little apprehension.

When I grew older, and became large enough to be useful, I was often sent to the neighboring stores to obtain supplies for the family. Our grocer was a German named Paul Vollmer, whose store, No. 8 Avenue B, was just around the corner, between Houston and Second Streets. There was another grocery, kept by Charles L. Bullwinkel, at the southeast corner of Second Street and Avenue A (No. 22 on the avenue); but although his store was nearer than Vollmer's, my mother did not deal with him except in case of emergency. I am sorry to say that I sometimes joined with other youngsters of the neighborhood in trying to annoy him, by suddenly appearing in the doorway of his grocery,

vociferating "Winks, komm heraus!" and scampering away before the long-suffering tradesman could retaliate. The danger of pursuit, however, was largely imaginary, for we were too small to be considered worthy of notice, and Mr. Bullwinkel paid us slight attention. On New Year's Day of each year, in accordance with a good old New York custom, he treated his customers to a feast of New Year cakes and a mild punch,—a beverage which was occasionally sampled by my brother William, but with which I was too young to be indulged. At a later date a third grocery was established by the firm of Andrew and Joseph Haight at No. 171 Second Street, only three doors from our house; and

thereafter we generally traded at that store because of its convenience, though we did not withdraw our patronage from Vollmer altogether. Old Andrew Haight seemed to have a very high regard for our family, and he continued the acquaintance by occasionally calling at Ambrose's office down town in later years, after he had retired from the grocery business, and after we had left his neighborhood.

My mother did not deal with the baker who was opposite our house, though I do not know why, and I cannot remember having ever been in his store. Instead, she used to send me to Price's bakery, on the south side of Stanton Street, two or three doors east of Clinton, to buy Price's "Pan Bread." This bread was baked in a square loaf of somewhat unusual shape, and was an excellent article which she preferred to any other kind. I seldom bought anything in the bakery except bread, for our cake and pastry were generally made at home.

Catharine Street, in those days, was the great centre of the dry goods trade, and the principal thoroughfare of the shopping district; but at a later period, in order to keep pace with the northward growth of the city, many of the leading merchants moved their emporiums to Grand Street, or even farther up town.

So many years have elapsed since we left the house in Second Street that I cannot clearly recall the allotment of the rooms. I remember that on the second floor there were two apartments at the rear, the larger one, toward the east, which had two windows, being my parents' sleeping-chamber, in which I occupied a trundle-bed; and I presume that the adjoining room, at the end of the hall, was assigned to my brothers. As my father's means were limited, he occasionally rented part of the house to another family, the tenants occupying the front basement, the front room on the second floor, and a room in the attic; and as they had a separate kitchen (presumably the front basement), their *ménage* was entirely distinct from our own. During the ten years which we spent in Second Street we had three successive tenants, each of whom remained about a year, or possibly a little longer: Philip N. Griffin, a morocco dealer of 17 Jacob Street, in 1840; Jesse K. Park, a stationer of 53 Nassau Street,

in 1845; and John H. Board, an accountant, in 1846. My memory does not extend back to Griffin's tenancy, and I know nothing about him; but I was often told that in those days pigs were allowed to roam the streets of New York, and that his little daughter, whose name was Mary Frank, while playing in Second Street, sometimes amused herself by riding upon the backs of these animals. I remember the Parks, however, who were a young married couple with one child, a girl; and I recollect that they were occasionally visited by Mrs. Park's cousin, Rev. John Quincy Adams, who afterward became the pastor of the Baptist Church of Caldwell, N. J., and in 1852 delivered a Fourth of July oration at Northfield, which was printed in pamphlet form.

Mrs. Board was a sister of Isaac M. Kingsland, of Kingsland's Corner, between Boonton and Montville, N. J., whose house stood on the north side of the road at the foot of the hill below the present Firemen's Home, not far from the mouth of the road which leads toward the reservoir. Phineas Kingsland, another brother, was employed for many years as a searcher in the New York Tax Office. Mrs. Board had three daughters, Emily, Cornelia and Hettie; the latter, who was about two years older than I, being one of my playmates. These girls, or at least two of them, became school-teachers when they grew up. Emily, the eldest, married Hooker Hunt, a clerk, of 137 West Twenty-first Street, whom I remember as a handsome young man dressed in the extreme fashion, but I cannot recollect Cornelia's husband. About the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, Hettie married Charles Berlin, whose family founded the firm of Berlin & Jones, manufacturers of envelopes, whose place of business, if I remember aright, was in Fulton Street. This firm, in name at least, is still in existence, and is probably the oldest concern in that line in New York; but it has been incorporated as a stock company, and I doubt if the Berlin family has any further control of its management. In May, 1921, the newspapers published the obituary of Henry Clay Berlin, the president of this company, who died at the age of eighty-seven; and I assume that he was a brother of Charles, who passed away at an earlier date. The latter, for several years after his marriage, spent his summers in Montville and Boonton,

and as I was visiting relatives in the vicinity, I became well acquainted with him. During the War of the Rebellion some troops who had been recruited in that locality were temporarily quartered in an old tobacco factory in Newark, awaiting transportation to the South; and a half-dozen young men, of whom I was one, went from Montville to Newark to visit our friends among the soldiers. The party consisted of "Charlie" Berlin, "Ike" Kingsland, Oscar Gaines and one or two others whose identity I forget, and we drove to the city in a large market-wagon which we hired for the trip.

CHAPTER VIII

Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

CUNNINGHAM.

MY SISTER, Maria Louise, was born in the "Newton house," No. 177 Second Street, on June 2, 1844, and was named after Aunt Phebe Gaines's eldest daughter, who married Henry Beach. Cousin Louisa was a frequent visitor in our home during her childhood and youth,—in fact she lived with us in Rivington Street while attending a New York school,—and my parents became so attached to her that they gave her name to their only daughter; a compliment which she returned in after years by christening her youngest offspring, in honor of my mother, Julia Ely Beach. During my sister's infancy it was my duty to rock her cradle for an hour at a time; and for many years we had in our house a certain book (it was a bound volume of the *Penny Magazine,* of London, published by Knight & Company about 1835, containing numerous landscapes and pictures of animals) on the flyleaf of which I had written in my irregular, childish scrawl, "In the cradle at two o'clock." Evidently I was examining this book one day while rocking the baby, and made the memorandum that there might be no uncertainty as to the time when I should be released from my monotonous and irksome employment.

The cradle of which I speak is still in existence. It is solidly built of mahogany, showing the marks of careful workmanship, and although severely plain, it is very handsome. I have little doubt that it was made by Uncle Ambrose Kitchell as a present

for my mother, and I believe that all of her children were rocked in it.

I remember Maria's first successful effort to walk alone. At the time of this noteworthy event my mother was preparing for a "quilting bee," having a quilt in process of manufacture which was stretched over a frame resting upon four chairs. While the frame was being firmly adjusted upon its supports, Maria was creeping about the floor below it; and my mother suddenly perceived a sort of ripple in the quilt moving from one end to the other; when, on looking beneath, she found to her astonishment and delight that the baby, of her own accord, had risen to her feet and was walking from chair to chair, the ripple being caused by the rubbing of her head against the lower side of the quilt. It is possible that the friction thus produced steadied the child and gave her confidence. She had doubtless stood on her feet before, but that was her first attempt to walk unaided.

At the time of my sister's birth, in the summer of 1844, my parents decided to send me to the country, and I spent the season at Lower Montville, N. J., in the household of Dr. Ezekiel B. Gaines, the husband of my mother's sister Phebe. "Uncle Doctor," as we always called him, then lived at Duryea's Corner, where the road from Upper Montville joins the road from Troy Hills to Horseneck Bridge, his house standing near the northeast angle, opposite the Duryea homestead. The place is still called Duryea's Corner, although the last resident of that name died several years ago.

Uncle Doctor Gaines was the authority for the statement that during the closing years of the eighteenth century the Duryea house was a tavern kept by a family named Burroughs, and that it was the meeting place of a Masonic organization called Cincinnati Lodge No. 17 (now located in Morristown), one of the founders of which was William McFarlan, who lived near by. McFarlan went to Whippany in 1812, and bought of Cornelius Voorhees the village tavern, situated on the northwest corner of Mount Pleasant Avenue and the road to Troy Hills, opposite the Methodist Church; and as the lodge was removed to Whippany in 1803, I think it probable that subsequent meetings were held in his hotel.

On June 24, 1808, in celebration of the festival of St. John, the local Freemasons with part of the lodges of Paterson and Newark, assembled at the bridge in Whippany, and marched, preceded by a band of music, to Hanover Church, where they listened to a sermon by Rev. Joseph Willard, chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and rector of Trinity Church in Newark, which discourse was afterward printed. At that period there was in certain quarters an unaccountable prejudice against the Masonic fraternity, and we learn from the following note contained in Mr. Willard's pamphlet that some of the choristers so strongly disapproved of the proceeding that they refused to render their usual services.

> The *prejudice* and *ignorance* of a few females (it is with the keenest sensations of regret that we are compelled to derogate the merit of a single daughter of Adam) deprived the audience of a part of the vocal music that was expected to grace the day—the loss was, however, amply supplied by the politeness of Capt. Berry's meritorious band.

My father united with Cincinnati Lodge on August 13, 1821, becoming Junior Warden two years later, and I believe that his brother Abraham was also a member, as was his cousin, James Ely; but I was told that Uncle Joseph Kitchell declined to join, being opposed to Freemasonry. My father was enrolled as an affiliated member, for he had previously belonged to some other Masonic lodge, in which he was doubtless initiated while living in the home of Uncle Moses Ely at Washingtonville, N. Y. I learn that the latter was an organizer and charter member of Jerusalem Temple Chapter of Newburgh, and it is possible that my father was also connected with that association; although I think it more likely that he belonged to a lodge then existing in the town of Blooming Grove, which is separated from Washingtonville by a distance of only two miles.

The hotel in Whippany was kept by William McFarlan until his death in 1852; it was sold by his heirs in 1854, and continued to be operated as a public house by other persons for many years; but it is no longer used for tavern purposes, being at present a private residence. McFarlan had three unmarried daughters, Sarah, Lucinda and Maria, all of whom lived and died in Whip-

pany, the last survivor (Lucinda) in a house which stood on the turnpike in the direction of the McEwen hotel property, near the cemetery. The McFarlans were on terms of intimate friendship with our family, and Lucinda visited us in New York so often that she seemed almost like a relative. My brother William, when a little boy, was sent to school in Whippany for a short time to accustom him to being away from home, and while there he boarded in the McFarlan household. The feature of this sojourn which appeared to make the deepest impression upon his youthful mind was an occasional outing in the form of a trip to Morristown in company with one or more of the McFarlan girls, who, at such times, dressed him with great care in his velvet roundabout and white pantaloons.

But to return from this digression. Dr. Ezekiel Baldwin Gaines, eldest child of Nathaniel and Sarah (Baldwin) Gaines, was born at Pine Brook, N. J., October 10, 1791. He studied medicine under the tutelage of Dr. John Darcy, whose residence was situated at Hanover Neck, on the west side of Ridgedale Avenue, not far south of the present railroad crossing; and while a member of his preceptor's household, he made the acquaintance of Aunt Phebe Kitchell, whom he subsequently married. Dr. Darcy's son, John S., often spoken of as General Darcy in reference to his rank in the Morris County Militia, also studied medicine, being a contemporary of Dr. Gaines. He became an influential citizen, who held various political offices and was long prominent in civic affairs.

My cousin Julia Gaines once told me that at the time of Lafayette's visit to this country in 1824-5 her father, the doctor, was a major of the Morris County cavalry which escorted the marquis part of the way from Newark to Morristown. The commander of the troop was General Darcy, who was unavoidably absent, and his place was taken by Dr. Gaines. The latter dined with the distinguished guest, whom he afterward described as a small, insignificant man, whose piercing eyes were his only impressive feature.

Uncle Doctor Gaines devoted himself to the practice of medicine for thirty-seven years. He was at first associated with Dr.

Stephen Fairchild of Parsippany, father of the late Dr. Van Wyck Fairchild, a friend of my brother Smith, whose house—the residence of both father and son—stands on the north side of the road to Morris Plains almost directly opposite the mouth of the road to Whippany. The partnership was dissolved in 1818, for Dr. Fairchild having become a homeopathist, they could no longer work in harmony; and he accordingly bought out my uncle's interest, although he was equally willing to sell his own, intending in the latter case to convey not only his practice but his property as well. Dr. Gaines then established himself in Lower Montville as assistant to Dr. George Werts of that place, who had been incapacitated by an accident; and he eventually succeeded to the old gentleman's practice.

Uncle Doctor's first residence in the vicinity of Montville was a spacious mansion of stone, occupying a tract of some thirty acres upon Hook Mountain, perhaps a mile east of Duryea's Corner, which property he called "Mount Pisgah," in reference to the extended view that it commanded—a name suggested by my parents as a jest. My mother was accustomed to spend a few days with the Gaines family every summer, taking one or more of her children to visit their little cousins, and it was at "Mount Pisgah" on one of these occasions that my brother Ambrose, in his early years, met with a mishap of which he always retained a vivid recollection. While at play with Rachel Courter, a little girl of his own age who lived near by, a quarrel arose, and in the course of the hand-to-hand struggle which ensued, both youngsters rolled down a steep place into the brook, to my uncle's unbounded amusement. About 1828 Dr. Gaines sold "Mount Pisgah" to Isaac Courter, and removed with his family to Duryea's Corner, where, as I have said, they resided at the time of my visit in 1844. He conveyed his property about 1848 to another physician, Dr. Richard Farrand, who was distantly related to us through the Kitchell family, and bought a neighboring house which had previously been the home of Dr. Werts, and is now the residence of Frank Megie, standing near the southwest corner of the Horseneck road and the road to Pine Brook. Here he remained for eight years, and then, feeling that his advancing age unfitted him

to longer endure the hardships of a country practice, he removed to Boonton, where he spent the remainder of his life. In making this latter change of residence he was strongly influenced by Dr. John Grimes, of Boonton, who had long advised such step, and was afterward associated in practice with my uncle for a considerable period.

Boonton at that time was not a railroad town, for the Morris & Essex company did not built its "Boonton Branch" from Denville until a later date. Transportation to and from Newark was furnished by the stage-coach of Ezra Estler, of which I shall speak more particularly later on; and a similar vehicle was driven by Jacob Messler between Boonton and Denville, which carried the local mails—a "Concord" coach, painted red and drawn by four horses. Its route was by way of Powerville and Rockaway Valley, for the more direct road through Mountain Lakes is of comparatively recent origin.

Uncle Doctor's first home in Boonton was situated on Main Street between William, and the present line of Cornelia, Streets. The latter was not then opened, and the land through which it was subsequently constructed was a large plot of ground extending from Main Street to Birch Street, owned by the Boonton Iron Works, and resembling a private park. His house was purchased in 1856 of Eliza Scott, daughter of William Scott, a local captain of industry, who had extensive mining interests in Boonton, Powerville, Dover, and other towns. She boarded for about a year thereafter in the Gaines household. My uncle retained this property until 1868, and then sold it to the trustees of the Methodist Church, who erected a house of worship where his garden previously lay. The residence was afterward moved to a more northerly location on the same side of Main Street, facing the bridge which spans the Rockaway River; the house remaining unchanged in outside appearance, save that it has been raised higher, and a new story constructed beneath it. Uncle Doctor then bought at sheriff's sale the Cook property (now converted into business) on Myrtle Avenue opposite the present railroad station, and occupied it until his death, which occurred March 31, 1881.

Dr. Gaines, during the first years of his practice, made his rounds on horseback, carrying his medicines in a pair of saddle-bags; but at a later period this means of transportation gave place to a professional-looking gig, in which he was able to jog about the country with greater ease and less physical exertion. The old-fashioned gig, the counterpart of the "one-horse shay" of New England, was used quite generally in former years, but it always impressed me as a vehicle which subjected its occupants to constant risk of accident, for being high and narrow, it was easily overturned. Grandfather Kitchell had one, and I remember seeing it in his carriage-house at the time of my earliest visits to his home; but it was never driven within my recollection, and was probably considered by its owner a conveyance which had become entirely obsolete.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

When I was a member of Uncle Doctor's household in 1844 he was provided with a comfortable carriage,—a two-seat rockaway of a very old-fashioned type,—the top of which had curtains at the sides and back that could be lowered in inclement weather. The curtains were covered with some black and glossy material which was supposed to be waterproof, though it failed to exclude the moisture in time of heavy rain, and were lined with muslin having a checkered pattern of green and white. When not in use, this vehicle was never kept in the barn, but stood, regardless of atmospheric conditions, in the dooryard beside the house.

My uncle was a very genial man, whom everybody liked. His circle of acquaintance included the entire population of Montville and the surrounding villages, and he always enjoyed stopping for a few minutes' conversation with anyone whom he happened to meet while driving along the road. The horse became so accustomed to this procedure that at such times he would halt of his own accord, without awaiting the drawing of the reins; and when lack of time prevented the customary chat, a vigorous

application of the whip was required to overcome the animal's inertia.

Dr. Gaines at one time was prominent in public life, becoming active in politics about 1835. He represented Morris County in the General Assembly from 1837 to 1838, and was elected to the Legislative Council, as the State Senate was then called, in 1842. He was a Henry Clay Whig, and although strongly opposed to slavery, he harbored a feeling of resentment toward the Abolitionists because, by nominating a ticket of their own during Clay's presidential campaign, they divided the support which he would have otherwise received, and thereby caused his defeat. Late in life Dr. Gaines, owing to his well-known advocacy of the cause of temperance, was persuaded to accept the legislative nomination of the Prohibitionists, who, though well aware that there was no possibility of electing their candidates, placed a ticket in the field in order to test the strength of the party. Uncle Doctor declared at the time that he was foolish to allow his name to be used in so hopeless a cause, but his personal popularity proved an unexpected asset; and, to his astonishment, he polled a large vote, being defeated by the Democratic candidate, his friend Andrew B. Cobb of Parsippany, by a very small majority. He served for twelve years as postmaster of Boonton, being assisted by his daughter Julia, who took charge of the arduous work of the office when her father became incapacitated by the infirmities of age, and who, after the expiration of his term, was strongly but vainly urged by the leading citizens to accept the position of postmistress.

At the time of my visit in 1844, Dr. Gaines was at the height of his medical career, and his practice extended throughout the entire countryside; but his chief source of income lay in real estate transactions, for he speculated very extensively in local realty, and, being a man of excellent judgment, his ventures were always successful. In those days the practice of a country doctor, however widely extended, was hardly sufficient, at fifty cents a visit, for the maintenance of a large family; but my uncle collected substantial fees when called in consultation by other physicians, and he sometimes increased his income by acting as executor or admin-

istrator of the estates of his patients and neighbors who had passed away. His surgical instruments, which I used to examine with the peculiar species of pleasure that children often derive from the contemplation of objects exciting horror or fear, would, I imagine, seem very crude and inadequate to a modern practitioner. I once observed his extraction of a patient's tooth, and mention the incident to illustrate the primitive methods then in vogue. The sufferer lay extended at full length on the floor of the office while the doctor knelt beside him; and, of course without resorting to anesthetics, he removed the offending molar with a powerful twist and jerk of his forceps.

The only recreation in which my uncle indulged to relieve the strain of his unremitting toil was an occasional day's hunting in the vicinity of Montville, or in the great stretches of meadow land which lie near the Passaic River in the general neighborhood of Pine Brook. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and was never more happy than when tramping through the woods and fields with his trusty fowling-piece on his arm, especially when accompanied by one or more of his professional brethren from the cities, whom he invited to share his pleasure. An emergency once arose in which his skill as a marksman was turned to practical account, word having been received that a large and savage wolf, with two cubs, had appeared in the Parsippany Woods, and was destroying the sheep of the neighboring farmers. The Parsippany Woods occupied the district where the town of Mountain Lakes has since been built, and was a wild and desolate region inhabited only by a few families of negro squatters. A party, of which Dr. Gaines was one of the leaders, was promptly organized to trace the animal to its lair, and there its existence was terminated; it being the last wolf to roam in the vicinity of Boonton. In those days, in order to encourage the extermination of wolves, the State paid a bounty for those which were slain; and the reward obtained on this occasion was laid out in a banquet at the Parsippany Hotel, which stood on the corner diagonally opposite the home of its owner, Andrew B. Cobb, and almost directly opposite the southwestern extremity of the present reservoir. I have enjoyed more than one meal in the Parsippany Hotel. It was kept for

many years by the Guerin family, one of whom, "Bije" (Abijah), married Cobb's daughter Julia, widow of Frederick De Mott, a successful lawyer of Morristown. Guerin was subsequently employed by the Lackawanna Railroad as a passenger conductor on the Morris & Essex Division, and later as a ticket agent in the station at Newark.

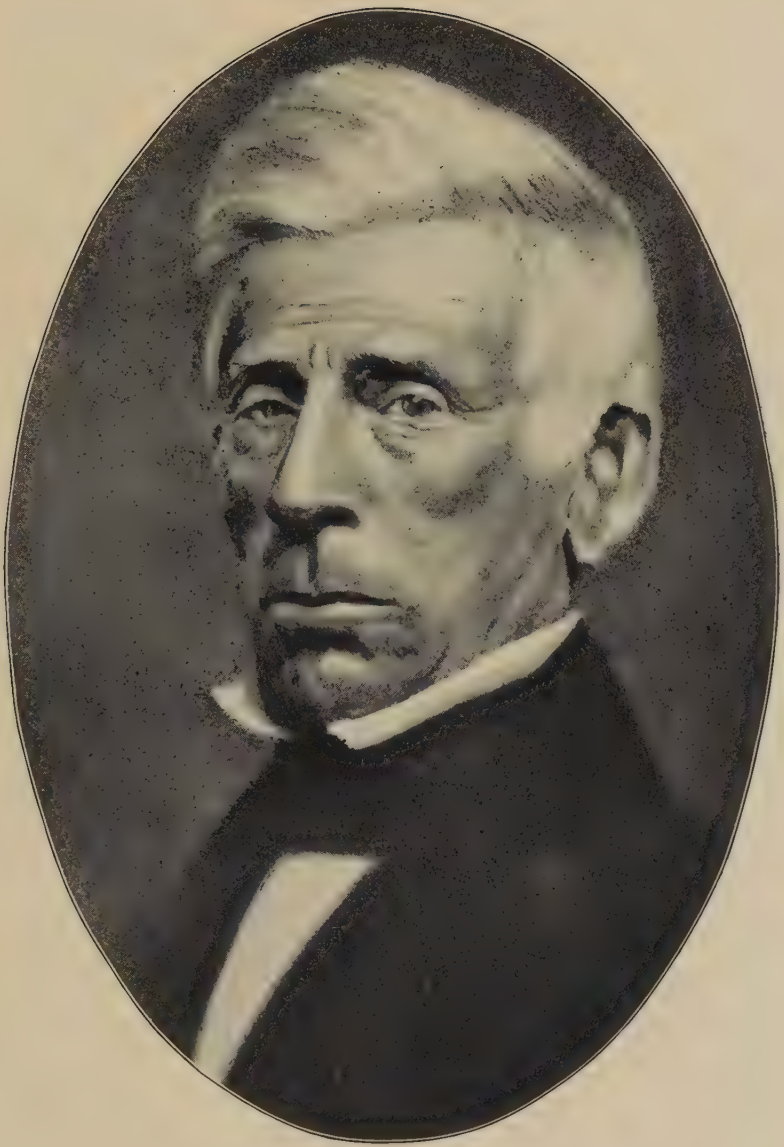
Uncle Doctor Gaines had a very keen sense of humor, and when frolicking with the children he thought it great sport to tease them by articulating their joints in an unusual way, and indulging in similar pranks, which his knowledge of anatomy enabled him to do in such manner as to cause the greatest discomfort without lasting pain. He devised a peculiar method of shaking hands with the boys and girls, causing their fingers to feel as though twisted out of joint (which sensation, however, was but momentary), and derived much amusement from their exclamations of protest and dismay. He was very fond of the little folk, and sometimes took me with him in his carriage when making professional calls. His brother Marcus Gaines, on the other hand, whom I always called "Uncle Marcus," although, strictly speaking, he was not related to me, was a man of totally different temperament. He was stern of face and austere in manner, and was accustomed to speak so sharply and peremptorily to the children as to excite a feeling akin to fear, which I shared with the other youngsters, although I do not remember that he ever addressed an unfriendly word to me. But he was a kind-hearted man, despite his seeming severity, and when the children grew older, and were better able to appreciate his many good qualities, they held him in affectionate regard. He was a civil engineer by profession, living on the road to Troy Hills in a large and handsome mansion built of bricks which were made on the premises. Brick houses were rare in that region, the only others which I now remember being the Montville parsonage, and the residence of Judge Kanouse on the road to Boonton; and I regarded them with interest, considering a brick house in the country quite extraordinary.

The accompanying portrait of Uncle Doctor Gaines is reproduced from a colored daguerreotype taken in Pittston, Pa., at the

time of his greatest professional activity. Uncle Marcus, while in business at that place, where he and his nephew Oscar Gaines were employed by the Pennsylvania Coal Company, was stricken with typhoid fever, and was attended, without much success, by two local physicians, whose failure to effect a cure was chiefly due to his refusal to tolerate the heroic measures then advocated for the treatment of that disease. The doctors at length despaired of restoring so refractory a patient, and learning that Oscar's father was a medical man, they advised that the latter be sent for. Uncle Doctor thereupon went to Pittston, and took charge of the case. He resorted without delay to such expedients as he considered proper, commencing with a couple of generous blisters; not only disregarding the sufferer's angry protests, but threatening to bind him to the bed if his resistance could not be otherwise overcome; and in due time tided him over the crisis, accomplishing this happy result quite as much by his control of the patient as by the remedies prescribed. During his stay in Pittston, Uncle Doctor was persuaded by Oscar to visit the studio of an expert daguerreotypist, and he there obtained a picture which was pronounced by his family the best likeness of him yet taken; although to my mind it is a little disappointing in failing to catch the merry twinkle usually observable in his eyes.

Aunt Phebe's portrait is less true to life, for it depicts a somewhat stern expression, while her countenance, in point of fact, was habitually lightened by a cheerful and kindly smile.

During my visit to the home of Uncle Doctor Gaines I was under the especial care and guardianship of his daughter Antoinette, who was many years my senior. She often took me with her when driving about the village to call on her acquaintances, and tried in every way to make my holiday pleasurable. Not long afterward she married Rev. George Hughes, a Methodist minister, and I remember visiting her new home in Rockland County, N. Y., although I cannot recollect who accompanied me thither; I must have been too young to undertake such a journey alone. I was interested in seeing the source of the Rockland Lake ice, having noticed the wagons with which, even in those early days, it was distributed in the metropolis. Cousin Antoinette died in Rockland



EZEKIEL B. GAINES

PHEBE KITCHELL GAINES

County in 1847, and was interred in the Montville churchyard in close proximity to the church itself. Uncle Doctor's pew was in the front corner of the auditorium on the right hand as you faced the pulpit, and beside it was a window, in front of which, not more than six feet distant, was the monument of Cousin Antoinette. It was considered a very kind thought on the part of her friends in the church to suggest that her grave be located as near as possible to her parents' pew.

The meeting-house to which I refer is not the present structure, which dates from 1856, but an older and smaller building which stood on the opposite side of the road, in the present cemetery, the site of which may be roughly determined by the fact that it was a few feet west of Cousin Antoinette's grave. The pastor of the church at the time of my visit in 1844 was Rev. John L. Janeway—the first minister of that parish whom I can remember, and doubtless the first I ever knew. Dr. Gaines had an old-fashioned box-pew which had previously belonged to Dr. Werts, and he shared it with his daughter Louisa and her family. During my childhood Uncle Joseph Kitchell had a similar pew in the corresponding corner of Hanover Church, which he exchanged in later years for one near the centre of the auditorium, immediately in front of our own.

CHAPTER IX

I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

SHENSTONE.

MY visit to Lower Montville in the summer of 1844 was one of the most enjoyable events of my boyhood. To a child accustomed only to the routine of a metropolitan home, such an experience was full of interest and pleasure. Daily occurrences incident to country life, however trivial in themselves, were delightfully new and strange to me, and the rural forms of amusement which my cousins suggested for my entertainment were an unfailing source of happiness. It was always a matter of interest to me (and to the other children as well, though probably in less degree) to see the stage-coach go by. This great vehicle, which was owned and driven by Ezra Estler of Powerville, plied between Boonton and Newark, and passed Uncle Doctor's house on alternate days, for it ran on one day *via* Montville, and on the next by way of Parsippany. On the Montville route it always stopped at the Beach farm, for it carried the mail, and Henry Beach, who had married Uncle Doctor's daughter Louisa, was then the postmaster. It was a coach of the "Concord" type, painted red, carrying passengers on top as well as inside, and often heavily loaded with their baggage; and when it dashed around Duryea's Corner, with its four horses on a full gallop, raising a great cloud of dust, it formed, in my opinion, a most imposing and exhilarating spectacle. It fired my ambition to become a stage-driver myself on reaching man's estate; and when playing "stage-coach" with my little cousins, I always insisted upon driving the imaginary team.

I went to school that season with Oscar and Julia Gaines, and with Cousin Louisa Beach's son Walter; the schoolhouse being situated on the south side of the road to Horseneck Bridge, within

easy walking distance. In 1872 it was replaced by a more commodious building, which, in 1923, was moved to a new site about one hundred yards westward, on the same side of the road, but nearly three times as far from the highway. Cousin Louisa's children were my favorite playmates, and I often accompanied Walter to their home after school hours, following a path which led across the fields from a point opposite the school to the neighborhood of their house. If my memory is not at fault, more of the time which I devoted to play was spent at the Beach farm than at the home of Uncle Doctor.

Cousin Louisa Beach was much older than I, having been born in 1816, and her eldest child, Walter, was only three years my junior. Her husband was a son of Daniel Beach of Whippany, who lived on the north side of Mount Pleasant Avenue about a quarter of a mile west of the Boonton road. Daniel married a member of the Farrand family, who was a "double" cousin of Ambrose Kitchell, my grandfather. During his last illness he was conveyed to the home of Cousin Louisa, and died there at an advanced age in the summer of 1844, while I was visiting Dr. Gaines. I distinctly remember his obsequies, held in the Beach residence, this being the first funeral I ever attended.

Henry Beach's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Martin E. Thompson of New York, who married Aunt Polly, a sister of Grandfather Kitchell. Elizabeth died after a lingering illness, and her parents confidently expected that Cousin Henry would then espouse their third daughter Matilda; being greatly chagrined when he fell in love with Louisa Gaines, who was sixteen years younger than he, and was regarded by them as a mere child. So keen was their disappointment that it gave rise to a coolness toward our family, for Henry's courtship took place in our house in Rivington Street where Cousin Louisa temporarily resided, and Aunt Polly Thompson suspected that in his wooing he had been aided and encouraged by my mother; but despite Aunt Polly's displeasure, we were always on very friendly terms with Uncle Martin himself, with his son Charles and his daughter Susan. The latter married a well-to-do farmer named Price, of Glen Cove, N. Y.

In his early manhood Henry Beach engaged in the clothing business, in partnership with George Opdyke, who was mayor of New York during the War of the Rebellion. This enterprise, which was carried on in New York with an important branch in New Orleans, was very lucrative, and Opdyke became rich, but Henry unfortunately withdrew from the firm before amassing equal wealth.

After his second marriage, Cousin Henry decided to become a farmer; and Uncle Joseph Kitchell, together with other members of the family, urged him to buy a plantation which was then called the Booth farm, but in Revolutionary days the Ralph Smith property, and in my childhood and youth the Hopping place, lying just west of the Whippany River on the north side of the road which leads to Whippany from Ridgedale Avenue on Hanover Neck—a farm that was considered particularly desirable because, as it was very fertile, and consisted largely of grazing land, its operation would involve but little labor. Owing, however, to his wife's desire to live near her parents, he disregarded this advice, and purchased the property of Abraham Jacobus in Lower Montville (1839), despite the fact that this farm was less productive than the other, owing to the poorer quality of the soil, and its cultivation very laborious. My brothers and I were inclined to think that his life was shortened by this arduous toil, for, although possessed of great muscular power, he died at the comparatively early age of sixty-four. Being a man of ample means, he built his residence in an elegant and most substantial manner, without much regard for expense; producing a commodious mansion which, in its costly and massive construction, was superior even to Grandfather Kitchell's house on Hanover Neck. When appointed postmaster of Montville he established the Post Office in the extension of the south end of his dwelling.

Cousin Henry's farm was a large one, containing nearly or quite 100 acres, and was very irregular in shape. It fronted upon the main road leading from Duryea's Corner to Upper Montville, and at the rear extended some distance down the Rockaway River, including a wood-lot which bordered the river road not far above Romine's Bridge—a name applied to the structure on the

RESIDENCE OF HENRY BEACH, LOWER MONTVILLE, N. J.

road from Duryea's Corner to Troy Hills. In the opposite direction it reached the cross-road upon which the Montville Reformed Church stands, and the site of the house of worship, as well as the new cemetery beside it, were formerly part of the Beach farm.

About the year 1851, when the discovery of gold in California was attracting fortune hunters from all parts of the country, and indeed from all parts of the civilized world, Henry Beach went to the gold fields by the overland route, in company with a party of Jerseymen, leaving his farm in charge of his brother-in-law, Oscar Gaines. A man named Denman of White Oak Ridge, near Northfield, N. J., also went west about that time, and was killed by the Indians; and it is possible that he was a member of the same party. How Cousin Henry fared as a gold-seeker I do not know, but he opened a restaurant in Sacramento which proved an immediate success. At certain periods he sent his profits home in the form of gold dust contained in buckskin bags, about the size of a child's mitten, addressed to my father, and transported by Benjamin Holiday's Express, or the Wells Fargo Express; and my brother William used to take them to the U. S. Assay Office in Wall Street, there to have the dust converted into cash for remittance to Cousin Louisa.

My cousin Benjamin Watson, and Eugene Ring, a second cousin, also went to the Pacific coast at that period; the former, who traveled by way of the Isthmus, opening a general store in San Francisco, and establishing a business which soon became very profitable. I once had a series of books descriptive of the discovery of gold in California and the resulting rush to the gold fields, among the illustrations of which was a street scene in San Francisco; and on showing this picture to Eugene, I was told by him that Benjamin's store appeared in it.

Some of the most joyous hours of my boyhood were passed at Cousin Louisa's home, and my occasional visits to the place in the summer season of later years continued its delightful associations. My sister, too, was indebted to the hospitality of the Beach family for a great deal of happiness during her childhood and youth, which was renewed in after life, for she then adopted the plan of celebrating her birthday each year by spending it at their house

as long as the property remained in their possession. Of the Beach farm in Lower Montville, and the Kitchell homestead on Hanover Neck I cherish the most fond and tender memories, and it is painful to reflect that both have passed into the hands of strangers.

One of my classmates in the Montville school was Hezekiah Davenport, a boy of about my own age, who became a lifelong friend. He lived at Duryea's Corner, on the south side of the road to Horseneck Bridge, diagonally opposite the Gaines residence, on a farm which had belonged to his family ever since the settlement of that region; being part of a tract of 400 acres, fronting on the Rockaway River, which Humphrey Davenport, one of the pioneers, bought of the Indians in 1710. This conveyance was not recognized by the authorities, for purchases of Indian lands by individuals were forbidden by law; and when the territory was surveyed into plantations and offered for sale by the West Jersey Proprietors in 1715, Humphrey was obliged, in order to perfect his title, to obtain a deed from them. This document was preserved by his descendants as a treasured and carefully guarded heirloom, and I am inclined to think that the deed executed by the Indians was also in my schoolmate's possession. A certain Humphrey Davenport lived in New York in the early years of the eighteenth century, and although proof is lacking, I have no doubt that he was the settler of the same name who purchased the farm in Montville.

The site of the original Davenport house is within a stone's throw of the one occupied by my friend Hezekiah, being nearer the river, and opposite the end of the road to Upper Montville. One of the corners of Humphrey Davenport's tract, as conveyed to him in 1715, was near the spot where Albert Zabriskie's mill was afterward built, on the river road, at the corner of the road to the church; and until a few years ago a great white-oak tree stood beside the mill, which, judging by its size and evident age, was the identical tree named as a corner monument in the Davenport deed. After rounding out a double century, its existence was suddenly ended on November 5, 1913, when it mysteriously caught fire, and burned so fiercely that it menaced the neighboring building, and had to be cut down. Some canes were

made from the unconsumed branches, and I secured one of them for a souvenir. The tract adjoining Davenport's, down the river, was owned by William Penn, a member of the West Jersey Board; and thirty-five or forty years ago I was told by Levi Stiles, an aged resident, whose family had lived in the neighborhood for over a hundred years, that a certain tree, marked with the letters W P to indicate a corner of Penn's boundary, was even then standing at the southern extremity of the Davenport tract, on the bank of the stream. Mr. Stiles (a descendant of Jonathan Stiles, one of the first settlers of Hanover Neck, to whom reference has been made in a previous chapter), resided on the road to Pine Brook about a mile south of the Davenport homestead, and the corner tree was almost directly west of his house. The tree having died, its bark disintegrated, and disclosed the letters, which had previously been concealed. The water-power afforded by the Rockaway River was probably the inducement which led Humphrey Davenport to settle in this place; and I have no doubt that it was he who built the mill, afterward known as Starkey's mill, which stood on the east bank of the stream, some distance below Romine's Bridge, at the lower end of a lane leading to the Horseneck road. In my childhood, if I am not mistaken, it was owned by an Englishman named Benjamin Starkey, and was operated as a carding mill, but it has long since passed out of existence.

My schoolmate Hezekiah Davenport spent his entire life at the homestead, and died there at an advanced age in 1922. During his declining years I visited him every summer, spending many pleasant hours in talking with him about old times, and obtaining from him various interesting items of local history. He had been told by his elders that in Colonial days, when confinement in the stocks was the penalty imposed for minor offenses, the stocks maintained by that township stood in the triangular grass-plot where the two roads intersect at Duryea's Corner. He informed me that his ancestors, when they settled in Montville, attended the Reformed Dutch Church of Acquackanonck, now Passaic, which was the nearest meeting-house of their denomination; for the Reformed Church of Pompton Plains was not founded until 1736,

and the Montville Church is still more recent, being the successor of one in Old Boonton (where the reservoir now lies) established twenty years later. He gave me the following list of the children of Humphrey Davenport, the first settler, which he had copied from the church records:

> Sarah, married Jacob Koll, October 31, 1728.
> Lena, married Jacob Miller, July 4, 1729.
> Humphrey, married Elizabeth Heyle, July 3, 1731.
> Rachel, married Nicholas Heyle, June 14, 1733.
> John, married Maria ———.

I was particularly interested in Mr. Davenport's statement that, on the rising ground in the rear of his residence, a short distance southeast of the building, there was, at the time of our last conversation, an ancient headstone bearing the letters E D, and the date 1723, which he believed to mark the grave of a child of Humphrey Davenport, perhaps Elizabeth. According to the date, this is the second oldest tombstone which I have located in Morris County, the first being that of John Richards (1718), who donated the land for the cemetery at Whippany, in which he was buried. This Davenport stone is a valuable relic of the early days, and now that Hezekiah and his wife have both passed away, and the homestead has been sold out of the family, it would seem the duty of some patriotic or historical society to assume the proper care of the monument in order that its future preservation might be assured.

So delightful are the associations connected with Montville, Boonton, and the surrounding country, that I have always felt a particular interest in that region, and have taken pleasure in collecting historical data relating to it. This part of Morris County is rich in Revolutionary memories. In Parsippany, on the southwest corner formed by the intersection of the road to Morris Plains and the road to Whippany, Governor Livingston resided for a short time during the War of Independence, when he was compelled by the incursions of the enemy to leave his home in Elizabeth. The house he occupied in Parsippany was demolished long prior to the recollection of the oldest resident, but I was informed many years ago by Farrand Benedict, who then owned the property, that local

tradition placed the governor's temporary residence in the immediate neighborhood of his own; this tradition being confirmed by a Revolutionary map, sold some time since at an auction of rare books and manuscripts, which was drawn in 1781 for the use of General Oliver Delancy of the British army from surveys compiled by Thomas Milledge, a civil engineer who lived in Whippany in the late Colonial period.

Milledge was one of the most prominent of Morris County Tories. When war with the mother country was found to be inevitable he remained loyal to the Crown, and in the course of the Struggle for Liberty, held the rank of major in the British army; consequently his estates in New Jersey were confiscated, and after the cessation of hostilities he was obliged to establish a new home in Canada. His property in Whippany is now the site of a hotel, standing on the north side of Mount Pleasant Avenue a short distance east of the cemetery; but I can remember when the building was a private residence, the home of Stephen Paulmier, whose descendants have taken an active part in the development of Madison.

North of the corner where Governor Livingston resided, the road crosses a brook, and in the angle formed by the highway and the stream, north of the brook and west of the road (adjoining the yard of the Parsippany district school), there was in Colonial days a cemetery of the Parsippanong Indians, whose tribe gave its name to the village.

The city of Boonton—formerly Boone Town, so called in honor of Governor Boone—is of comparatively recent growth, for in Revolutionary times the place of that name was the village afterward known as "Old Boonton," the existence of which was terminated by the construction of the reservoir some years ago. This settlement originally consisted of the iron works of Samuel Ogden, his dwelling, and a few houses occupied by his employees. There he resided throughout the Revolution, furnishing iron supplies to the Continental army. I learned from a letter which he wrote to General Nathaniel Greene in the autumn of 1783 that he went to New York at that time, and opened a general store in Water Street, leaving the iron works in charge of a manager, John

Jacob Faesch, who had had previous experience in this industry at Mount Hope; and it appears that he sold his Boonton property to Faesch in 1805. The Ogden mansion in Old Boonton remained until the land whereon it stood, together with the surrounding territory, was condemned to permit the construction of the reservoir, and I am very glad that I secured a photograph of it before it disappeared.

The Boonton property was inherited by Samuel Ogden from his father, David Ogden, a lawyer of Newark, it being part of a tract of at least 3,000 acres (6,500, according to some authorities), which the latter purchased from the East Jersey Proprietors in October, 1765. The sale of the "Boonton Tract" by the proprietary body was a memorable event in the Colonial history of this region, because of the vast extent of the property conveyed, and of its importance, as the seat of the Ogden iron works, in the Revolutionary War.

Within the bounds of the Boonton Tract, in the locality where, in later years, the Ball farm lay, on the "back road" (sometimes called Fanny Road) from Parsippany to Powerville, southwest of Boonton, there was in Colonial days a small plot of ground called the Fanny Place, and this somewhat singular name was also applied to a bridge by which the highway was carried over a neighboring stream. The origin of the appellation has not been preserved by either document or tradition, and although the Fanny Place and the Fanny Bridge are mentioned in records which date from the time of the first settlements, the most careful and painstaking research on my part has failed to unearth any facts which satisfactorily explain the signification of the name, or positively identify the individual whose memory is thus perpetuated. The deed given by Ogden to Faesch in 1805 recites the various conveyances of farms which had been sold out of the Boonton Tract prior to that time, the first being a plot "lying on the west bank of the Rockaway River, about one mile above Boonton Iron Works," which was purchased by Fanny Thomas before 1719; and Isaac S. Lyon, in his History of Boonton, suggests that this was the property known as the Fanny Place—so called in reference to Fanny Thomas. Although his supposition is very possibly correct,

I do not consider it conclusive. The Fanny Place and the Fanny Bridge are situated about a mile from the Rockaway, so that the words of the deed, "on the west bank" of that stream, could scarcely be deemed applicable; and the property, if owned by Fanny Thomas, would more likely be distinguished as the Thomas Place. I myself incline to the theory that Fanny was the name of some Indian squaw, whose undisturbed occupation of a small piece of ground was permitted by the authorities. Although the Board of Proprietors would hardly have condescended to sell only a few acres to a settler for the sake of the trifling price which so insignificant a conveyance would command,—the tracts surveyed by them to the pioneers consisted in most cases of 1250 acres each, —they might, conceivably, have given such a plot to an Indian woman for the purpose of conciliating the savages, or for some similar reason entirely distinct from the monetary value of the land in question.

CHAPTER X

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

LONGFELLOW.

I HAVE often been asked how the toys and story-books of my childhood would compare with those which the children have today, and my reply has always been that they were more plain and simple, and of much more limited variety. The almost endless assortment of playthings with which the stores are now filled was then undreamt of, and the mechanical and scientific toys of modern times, which impress their youthful owners as marvels of ingenuity and artistic beauty, were entirely unknown; but the children of my generation were simple in their tastes and readily amused, and I believe that they were happier in their enjoyment of the few inexpensive knickknacks they possessed than are the little folk today in the great profusion at their command. The comparative scarcity of playthings compelled the youngsters of former years to rely very largely upon their own resources. My brother William, who, owing to his superior age and dexterity, was expected to furnish me with occasional means of amusement, sometimes cut from pieces of stiff paper or cardboard representations of the human form with movable arms, and suspended these figures beside the stovepipe, where the ascending current of warm air caused the arms to rise and fall in a very lively and lifelike manner, as though operating a churn; affording me as much pleasure as I could have derived from a costly mechanical toy of elaborate design. My brothers and I seldom received gifts except on Christmas and New Year's Day,—my recollection is that even our birthdays were not so celebrated,—and we were perfectly content if favored by Santa Claus with a few attractive but

trifling presents, the cost of which probably did not exceed one or two dollars for each recipient.

It was our parents' custom to arise early on Christmas morning, and to place the gifts for each child upon his or her plate at the breakfast table, where they would be found when the family was called to the meal; and my delight at such times was unbounded, although I received nothing but some candy, a Christmas cake, and perhaps a picture-book; for in those days the children were not accustomed to having more, and did not expect more. I have often heard how my brother Smith, who when a boy was full of pranks and mischief, entered the dining-room one Christmas morning before the household had assembled, and, removing the gifts from Ambrose's plate, added them to the presents upon his own; and how Ambrose, on coming down to breakfast, and seeing Smith's plate heaped with remembrances, while his was entirely bare, looked inexpressibly hurt and disappointed, though uttering no word of remonstrance or complaint. Smith, of course, returned his property after sufficiently enjoying his distress, and so restored his peace of mind. I do not suppose that, in point of fact, this joke was perpetrated more than once; but the members of the family used to describe it and laugh over it in later years as though it were a form of amusement in which Smith indulged on every Christmas Day during his boyhood.

Among the story-books of my childhood there was a similar lack of variety. Writers of fiction for children were very few, and their works were limited. We, of course, had the fairy tales, the more renowned of which have existed for centuries, and will doubtless continue to delight the little folk for many generations to come. The leading bookseller and publisher at that time was Charles S. Francis of 252 Broadway, and I think that my picture-books and many of my story-books were bought by my parents in his store. I had a volume sold and I think published by him entitled "The Child's Own Book," perhaps the most widely circulated juvenile work of that period, containing the standard fairy tales translated from Perrault's *Contes des Fées,* which latter was printed in Paris about 1695, being the first compilation of these old favorites. Perrault, however, was the editor, and not

the author, of the collection: he merely revised fairy stories the origin of which has been lost in antiquity.

Those of my books which were printed by Harper & Brothers were purchased directly from the publishers, among these volumes being most of the works of Dr. Abbott, which I shall presently enumerate. My father and his family were well acquainted with the Harpers, whose printing establishment was situated on both sides of Cliff Street in the rear of his place of business; who were accustomed, for many years, to allow a liberal discount when selling their publications to their friends and acquaintances among the neighboring merchants.

Samuel Griswold Goodrich, who achieved success as a writer of prose and poetry for adult readers, also wrote numerous books for children in the *nom de plume* of "Peter Parley." He was related to our family, his maternal grandfather, Dr. John Ely of Saybrook, Conn., being descended from Richard Ely the emigrant; and a brief sketch of his life will be found in The Ely Ancestry. He was a pioneer in juvenile literature, and for several years his works were practically the only story-books (other than fairy tales) to be had. He states in his autobiography that he was led to become a writer for the young through a desire to place before the children of the period a more wholesome quality of fiction than that which they then possessed; being convinced that narratives of violence and bloodshed like "Jack the Giant Killer," tales of horror such as "Little Red Riding Hood," and stories in which trickery and deceit are exploited as in "Puss in Boots," could not fail to have a pernicious and demoralizing effect on the infant mind. His most successful work in this department was entitled "Peter Parley's Tales," although a periodical called "Parley's Magazine" (of which I had the first six volumes, commencing in 1833), was almost equally popular. The first book by this author which I possessed was another periodical named "Robert Merry's Museum"; but he also produced a number of story-books, among which were: "A History of the American Indians"; "Lives of Celebrated Indians"; "The Everyday Book for Youth"; "A Home in the Sea, or the Adventures of Philip Brusque"; "The Travels and Adventures of Gilbert Go-

ahead"; and many others. His stories, as a rule, were written in so simple a style, and were so lacking in incident, that at the present day they would interest none but the youngest readers, and I can attribute their great popularity only to the dearth of literature for children at the time of their publication.

As a writer for little folk, Goodrich was followed by Dr. Jacob Abbott, who is still pleasantly remembered for his labors in this field, although his books are now out of print. Dr. Abbott, a native of the State of Maine, was a successful clergyman, a more successful teacher, and, if possible, a still more successful author of fiction for the young. I used to think, when a boy, that he must be a very fascinating man because he could relate such delightful stories. He was a brother of John S. C. Abbott, the historian, whose "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" was received with great favor, although the criticism was made that its author had idealized his hero to an extent which a due regard for strict historical accuracy would hardly sanction. During the later years of his life Jacob was associated with his brothers Gorham and John in conducting the Abbott Institute, a school for girls, in New York, and resided at No. 260 Greene Street, a large, old-fashioned, double house adjoining the Church of the Strangers, a few steps south of Eighth Street. Aunt Phebe Gaines's daughter Sarah came from Montville to attend the Abbott Institute (then at No. 412 Houston Street, if I mistake not), and she lived with us in Second Street during the school term. The academy was situated for a time in Lafayette Place, now Lafayette Street, in a row of colonnade houses a few of which are still standing, though the one which contained the school has been demolished. It was numbered 45 Lafayette Place, and occupied the approximate site of the present 410 Lafayette Street. The institute was moved from time to time to various neighboring localities, and was finally established on Broadway between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, facing Union Square; its name being then changed to the Springler Institute in reference to the fact that the land whereon its building stood had been in earlier days a part of the Springler farm. This building was apparently erected expressly for school purposes, for it did not resemble a private residence; its width,

I think, being more than the regulation twenty-five feet. The academy, which was one of the best private schools in New York, flourished for many years, but its career was ended by the Civil War, for a large number of its pupils were southern girls, who ceased their attendance after the outbreak of hostilities.

My elder brothers took but little interest in the juvenile writings of Jacob Abbott, for they had grown up before the majority of these volumes were published; although Smith used to say that "The Young Christian Series," one of Abbott's first works, was contained in the library of the Sunday school which he attended. My sister and I, however, were literally brought up on the books of Dr. Abbott. His stories, though designed for the amusement and instruction of the young, were written in a style which was more advanced than that of "Peter Parley," and his incidents, as a rule, were more interesting. "Hoaryhead and McDonner," of "The Young Christian Series," would compare favorably with a present-day narrative of adventure; and I have always maintained that the descriptions of New England scenery contained in that and in other books by Abbott are quite as beautiful as corresponding passages in the writings of many novelists who have won world-wide fame.

The first volume by this author which I read was entitled "Lucy at Play." I must have been quite small when it was placed in my hands, for, although written for children of tender years, it contained a number of words with which I was not yet familiar, and it consequently made a lasting impression. "The Rollo Books" —perhaps the most celebrated of Dr. Abbott's works—failed to interest me, for the probable reason that I did not read them until I had passed the period of childhood for which they were designed. "The Franconia Stories," on the other hand, were a source of great delight to Maria and to me; their style was more mature, and one of them, "Rodolphus," being considered worthy of perusal by adult readers, first appeared as a serial in the fourth volume of *Harper's Magazine*. The books entitled "Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels in the Pursuit of Knowledge" did not arouse much enthusiasm on my part, because their object was to instruct rather than to entertain; other boys must have liked them, since they met

with a ready sale, but to me their descriptions seemed decidedly vapid and tedious; and the only volume of the series which afforded me real pleasure was "Marco Paul in Vermont," which I, being passionately fond of the country, enjoyed because of its depiction of rural scenes. The "Stories of Rainbow and Lucky," which many of Dr. Abbott's friends considered his best effort, I never read, for this series was not issued until I had reached the age at which such literature loses its charm.

During my childhood, I was always interested in examining the books of my brother William, although it must be confessed that they seldom afforded me much pleasure, for he was my senior by several years, and his literary taste was more advanced. About 1845, Harper & Brothers republished an English edition of Shakespeare which they issued in serial numbers at intervals of about a month, covering a year or more, and William subscribed for this work. It was illustrated with facsimiles of the original woodcuts from drawings by Kenny Meadows; and while the text was beyond my comprehension, I was much pleased with the pictures, especially with the representation of the Ghost in *Hamlet,* which possessed for me a strange fascination, and I looked forward with eagerness to the arrival of each succeeding number. Some time ago, at the auction of the library of a defunct sea captain, I had an opportunity to purchase an English edition of the same work, containing the identical pictures which I so greatly enjoyed in my childhood. It was clearly not a first edition, for it contained not only the woodcuts which I saw in William's book, but also duplicates of them in the form of steel engravings, which were probably issued and sold at a later period.

Of the various juvenile poems with which I was familiar in my childhood, Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas," was by far the most celebrated and popular. This delightful composition was contained in a book of verses published by him in 1844, although it may have appeared separately at an earlier date. Mr. Moore, whose father was a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was himself a member of the faculty of the General Theological Seminary of New York; and from his family inheritance he presented to the college the land whereon the seminary

buildings now stand, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, extending from Twentieth Street to Twenty-first. Although his poetry in general failed to attract much attention, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," or, as it is sometimes called, "The Night Before Christmas," was received with great enthusiasm. I have heard that he composed it to amuse his own little girls, with no immediate thought of its publication; but it found instant favor when it appeared in print, and I recollect that the children on every hand were eager to commit it to memory. I have often marveled that a man who could compose a single poem so gratifying to the public taste could not produce others equally captivating.

Another poet who resembles Moore in the respect that his reputation is confined to a single effort is Samuel Woodworth, who will ever be remembered as the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," though all other productions of his pen have been long forgotten. Woodworth was a printer by trade, who, in the course of his business career, founded several periodicals, none of which proved an unqualified success. The most ambitious of these ventures was a weekly newspaper entitled *The War,* which was issued during the War of 1812 to report the progress of the struggle, and consisted of two complete volumes covering two years of hostilities, with a few scattering numbers of later date. He wrote and published two books of poetry, one in 1818 and the other in 1826; but although he won undying fame with "The Old Oaken Bucket," his other poems were regarded with more or less indifference.

On reaching the stage of development where the stories of Jacob Abbott ceased to satisfy, and a desire was felt for reading-matter of a higher plane, I commenced the "Leather Stocking Tales" by J. Fenimore Cooper, which, though published many years before, were still extremely popular, and were devoured with voracious enthusiasm by all the boys and young men of my acquaintance. These books afforded me many hours of enjoyment, and caused me to become one of Cooper's greatest admirers, although his other Indian stories seemed to me a little disappointing. His tales of ocean life were a source of unalloyed pleasure, as was also a romance of intrigue and adventure in medieval Venice entitled "The Bravo."

At that period of my boyhood "The Spy" was perhaps the most celebrated of Cooper's novels. It was read with avidity by my brother William and my cousin Oscar Gaines, both of whom strongly recommended it to me; and as I have always taken a deep interest in history, especially in that of the Revolutionary war, I perused this story with particular satisfaction. Its realism astonished its readers, many of whom expressed surprise at the novelist's ability to imagine episodes of such thrilling interest and to describe them so vividly, until the disclosure was made that the narrative was founded upon fact, being a portrayal of the exploits of Enoch Crosby, a scout of the Continental army, and that many of the scenes so adroitly presented were actual events. Cooper obtained his material from John Jay, who described to him some of Crosby's leading achievements in the War of Independence; and although the author would neither admit nor deny that the Revolutionary hero was the original of his mythical *Harvey Birch,* the fact became public property, perhaps through the revelation of Jay. So great was the popularity of the novel that Crosby immediately found himself a famous character, who in 1827 was induced to come to New York from his home in Putnam County, and to give an address in the Lafayette Theatre descriptive of his war-time experiences. His biography, entitled "The Spy Unmasked, a Memoir of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch," written by H. L. Barnum, and published in 1828 by J. & J. Harper, was for a time in great demand; but it has been out of print for many years, and is now a rare and somewhat costly volume.

My mother used to tell me that the favorite novel of her childhood and youth was "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe. This exciting romance, which was conceded to be the author's masterpiece, first appeared in 1794, and held its place in the estimation of the reading public for three-quarters of a century. It passed through several successive editions, but is now entirely out of print, although an occasional copy may possibly be found in the homes of some of the old families of New York, or on the shelves of the public libraries.

Our occupancy of the house No. 177 Second Street covered a

period of almost exactly ten years, its termination being brought about by the gradual deterioration of the neighborhood, which at last compelled my parents to seek a more aristocratic environment farther uptown. During the late forties, great numbers of German and Austrian peasants emigrated to the United States, and to accommodate some of these newcomers, tenement houses were built on all the vacant lots in our part of the city, whereupon the locality ceased to be a desirable dwelling place. The American residents of Second Street were rapidly crowded out by the influx of foreigners, and but few of them remained at the time of our departure. I remember that the occupancy of the two houses adjoining ours was unchanged, and that three or four native families still lived on our side of the way in the direction of Avenue B; but with these exceptions the tide of immigration filled all the buildings in Second Street, including those directly opposite our home.

These distasteful surroundings led my father to purchase from John L. Mason, in February, 1847, a residence on the south side of Seventh Street between Avenue A and First Avenue, on a block which was much more attractive than the one we left had ever been. The houses were built in the expectation of making this part of Seventh Street very select and even fashionable, and our new dwelling was one of a handsome uniform row, starting at the corner of First Avenue and extending eastward rather more than two-thirds of the length of the block, which, to emphasize its exclusive character, was given a distinguishing name, being called, popularly though not officially, Decatur Place. The corresponding section of Eighth Street, still known as St. Mark's Place, was even more elegant, many of its houses between Avenue A and Third Avenue having marble stoops; and when the tide of fashion moved farther north, it retained its aristocratic atmosphere longer than Seventh.

My father paid $5,950 for the new house, the price being impressed on my memory by the following incident: Toward the close of our stay in Second Street, I suffered a severe attack of scarlet fever, and was attended by our family physician, Dr. Alfred Freeman, who then lived on the northwest corner of East

Broadway and Clinton Street, and had his consulting room in a one-story extension at the rear of his residence facing the latter highway. During one of his visits, while I was still confined to bed, my mother told him that we were desirous of moving as soon as my recovery would permit, having bought a house in Seventh Street; and to his question, "How much did you pay for it?" she answered, "Six thousand dollars." Although greatly reduced by my illness, I retained sufficient vitality to take interest in the conversation, and I astonished my mother and the physician by correcting her statement, saying in a faint and feeble voice, "Fifty-nine fifty." Dr. Freeman made no direct reply, but remarked in a tone of conviction, "That boy is getting well."

Our removal from Second Street to Seventh made a deep impression on my mind, and is still distinct in my memory; but my sister Maria, being scarcely more than a baby, retained no recollection of the house in which she was born. I considered the change of residence a noteworthy event in our family life, since we were moving to a superior neighborhood and a more modern and pretentious dwelling; one, moreover, of which we were to enjoy the sole occupancy, for my father, being now in more affluent circumstances, did not feel obliged to rent part of our house to another family, as he had done in the past. Its number was 92, but this was changed about two years later to 110. It was a 3½ story, brick-front dwelling, the parlor, like the one in Second Street, being on the left, or east, side of the hall; and, to the best of my recollection, the roof was flat, in modern style, so that the ceiling of the top story was of full height, although the attic windows were smaller, and higher above the floor, than those of the rooms below. The stoop, I think, was somewhat higher than that of our former home, with iron hand-rails; and we had a lofty basement, in front of which was a small grass-plot protected by a low iron fence. This house, like the other, was provided at the rear with a wooden piazza, painted white, on a level with the parlor floor, but the piazza differed from the former one in having its stoop at the east, instead of at the west, side of the lot. A municipal water supply having been installed some years before,

the house was piped for Croton water, and we did not have to depend, as in Second Street, upon the family pump.

My mother was an excellent housekeeper, giving personal attention to the affairs of the household, and employing only a single servant, who acted as cook and chambermaid, but whose duties seldom included those of waitress. I cannot recall the name of any of the girls by whom this position was successively held, although I was always interested in asking them from what part of Ireland they came, and in finding in my geography the places they mentioned. Like all children, I liked very much to be in the kitchen, and spent a good deal of time in that apartment. In one corner of the room was a large desk of some dark-colored wood—probably mahogany—brought, I believe, from the kitchen in Second Street, with which my sister and I used to play "omnibus." It was so high that my imagination readily converted its sloping top into the coachman's box of a Broadway stage, when, at the cost of a vigorous scramble, I succeeded in taking my seat upon it; while the "team" consisted of a couple of kitchen chairs (of the old-fashioned rush-bottomed type, with green frames), which I pretended to guide and control by means of a pair of strings. Maria, who was supposed to be a traveler, would hold up her finger as a signal to stop, and when I had reined in the imaginary horses, she would take her seat upon a foot-stool beneath the desk, representing an "inside" passenger.

Our dining room was the front basement, and my parents also used this apartment as a sitting room in the long winter evenings, for its temperature could be more evenly maintained than that of the back parlor on the floor above. As my mother did not employ a waitress, we were accustomed to pass the dishes from hand to hand while at meals. In his younger days my father, who sat at the head of the table, carved the viands, but after passing middle life his hands became somewhat tremulous, and he was glad to relinquish this duty to my brother William, who performed it with more than ordinary skill.

My mother, who was a most fond and devoted parent, and was completely wrapped up in her youngest boy, placed me beside her at table,—under her protecting wing, as it were,—where she could

always see that I was bountifully supplied with the choicest portions. Finding that her older sons had outgrown the leading-strings, and had amply proven their ability to think and act for themselves, she left them in a measure free from maternal oversight, and concentrated her doting care upon me, long after the need of it had passed. It is possible that her course was not wholly a wise one, for her incessant coddling had a tendency to convince me that I was entitled to more than a fair proportion of the family's interest and encouragement. To justify her solicitude, she persuaded herself that I was not as strong and healthy as other boys of my age, and that I ought, therefore, to be shielded as far as possible from rough contact with the outside world; which imaginary affliction caused her a great deal of unnecessary anxiety, while my sister's health, which was really delicate, seemed to give her much less concern. So insistent was she upon my fancied debility that I began at length to accept the proposition; and although I had no symptom of disease, and was therefore unable to lay my finger upon any specific ailment, I was nevertheless inclined to believe, or half believe, that my physical condition was not wholly satisfactory—an idea which otherwise would never have entered my mind.

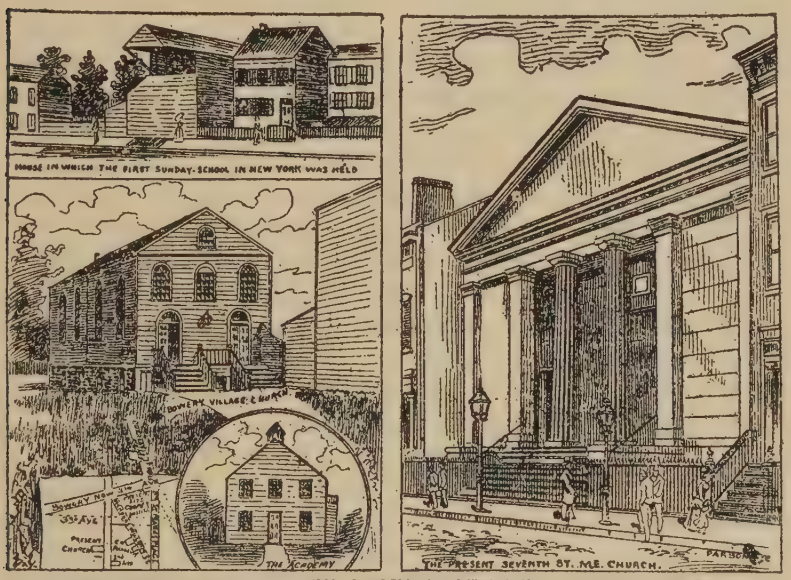
While I was my mother's favorite, Maria was her father's pet, and her place at table was naturally beside his own. Between father and daughter there was a very close and tender bond of sympathy and affection. From babyhood, when she would climb upon his knee, draw his pencil from his pocket, and with its point attempt to probe the dimple on his chin, to maturity, when she brightened his home with her cheery presence, and eased the sufferings of his last illness by her devoted care, she was the apple of his eye, the joy of his declining years, and he lavished upon her a wealth of paternal love. She was a most engaging child, who won all hearts by her beauty and gentleness. Idolized by her parents, and all but worshipped by her brothers, she would have been vertiably spoiled had not her innate modesty and amiability prevented. Even at an early age her disposition was marked by docility, patience and self-denial to a degree rarely found in an only daughter, the youngest of her family, brought up

under conditions so favorable to the development of less pleasing qualities.

As I recall the plan of the upper stories of our house in Seventh Street, there were, on both the second and third floors, a large bedroom in front, and a corresponding chamber at the rear, with a narrower apartment at each end of the hall. The large rooms, being above the parlors, were, of course, at the east side of the building. On the second floor the room in front was reserved for the use of guests, my parents occupied the one at the rear, and the front hall-room was assigned to Maria when she grew old enough to sleep alone. On the third story Ambrose and Smith slept in the back room, while William and I shared the chamber in front; the hall-room adjoining ours being allotted to the housemaid. The top floor, reached by a steep flight of steps, was a dark and mysterious attic, in which I cannot seem to remember a hallway, and I do not think that it was divided into rooms.

William, whose fondness for horses was fully equal to my delight in books, decorated our apartment with a large and handsome colored engraving of the winners of the Derby in 1847. The picture, one of Ackermann's series, represented three magnificent racers: the winner, "Cossack," the property of T. H. Pedley, standing in the centre, with E. Bouverie's "War Eagle," holder of the second prize, on the left, and Lord Eglinton's "Van Tromp," which finished third, on the right; while the grand stand, flanked by smaller structures, was shown in the background. So ardent was my brother's love of horseflesh that he was inclined at times to ride his hobby even in his dreams, and I awoke one night to find him reaching forward over the footboard of the bed in the belief that it was the dasher of a carriage, and that he was driving a spirited team, which he was noisily urging to a rapid pace. William's nocturnal visions, in fact, were often so vivid that when suddenly awakened he had difficulty in distinguishing them from actual events; I was once aroused to find him with the poker in his hand thrusting and knocking about in the fireplace; and in response to my startled demand for an explanation, he declared that he had discovered a burglar in the room, who had escaped by way of the chimney.

Our Seventh Street home, although in a quiet thoroughfare populated by householders of moderate means, was only a short distance from the centre of wealth and fashion; for Second Avenue, a block and a half away, was then the most exclusive and elegant residential street in the city—much as Park Avenue is now, save that in those days the representatives of New York's aristocracy owned spacious and imposing mansions, instead of dwelling in flats. Seventh Street was very inviting at the time of which



VARIOUS STAGES IN THE GROWTH OF THE SEVENTH STREET M. E. CHURCH

I write. The houses on our block, while far more modest than the mansions of Second Avenue, were by no means lacking in architectural taste, the sidewalks were adorned with occasional trees which cast a grateful shade in the summer season, and the proximity of Tompkins Square, then a very pretty park, added materially to the attractiveness of the neighborhood.

On the south side of the way there were only two buildings east of our residence on the block. The house adjoining ours (No. 94, old style), was the home of Thomas Rigney, a Broad Street

commission merchant, and next to him lived Thomas B. Stillman, the proprietor of an iron foundry at the foot of West Twelfth Street. Our next door neighbor on the west was N. B. Carney, a broker of 4 Hanover Square. His first name is given as "Nathaniel" in the city directories of the period, which are doubtless accurate, although I was always under the impression when we lived beside him that he was a namesake of Napoleon Bonaparte. His sign, bearing his name but not his business, was a conspicuous object between the second story windows of the office-building on the southwest corner of Hanover Street and Hanover Square, and I often noticed it from the neighboring elevated station; for it remained long after his death, and I think for fully twenty years after our stay in Seventh Street had drawn to a close. David T. Valentine, clerk of the Common Council, lived in 96 (new number), on our side of Seventh Street toward First Avenue, and when passing his house I often saw him writing at his desk in the west window of the basement. My love of books was fully developed even at that early age, and I was always pleased to catch a passing glimpse of his well-filled bookcase, which stood close to the window on the east side of the room. He was the compiler of the celebrated "Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York," a comprehensive civil list, issued annually for many years at the expense of the public, containing the names of all office-holders under the municipal government, and illustrated with pictures of notable buildings. These books were given in great quantities to the aldermen and other city officials for free distribution; but at the present time it is not easy to obtain a perfect copy in auctions of rare books, for some of the illustrations are very apt to be missing. I have a set of six volumes, presented to my brother Smith during the six years when he was a member of the Board of Supervisors, which are handsomely bound in red and gilt morocco, with his name in gilt letters on the cover, and it is my wish that these books should be preserved as a family heirloom.

The north side of the street was built up more fully than our own, the houses extending farther toward the east, but these opposite buildings were not uniform in design like the row in

which we lived. Isaac T. Smith, secretary of the Mariners' Savings Institution, at the corner of Third Avenue and Ninth Street, lived directly opposite us, his house, after the numbers had been changed, being 113. He married a sister of George P. Putnam, the publisher, and had a daughter who was one of Maria's classmates in a school on First Avenue between Sixth Street and Seventh. The last house on the north side in the direction of Avenue A was the home of Theodore Moss, the treasurer of Lester Wallach's theatre, a man who, financially, was more successful than Wallach himself, inasmuch as he saved his money, and at his death left a goodly estate, while the actor spent his income as fast as it was received, and was able to bequeath but little to his widow. Westward from our house, toward First Avenue, there were no vacant spaces on the north side except two adjoining lots, bought a few years after our arrival by Samuel Reeve, a tailor of 88 Division Street, who built upon one of them a handsome dwelling in which he resided; though whether or not he similarly improved the other I cannot positively say. Mr. Reeve, whom I remember as a small man of conciliatory manner, supplied me with my first custom-made suit, and was sometimes patronized by my brothers as well. I have a distinct recollection of his shop in Division Street, for I had frequent occasion to pass it when going down town.

Our cousins Benjamin and William Watson, who lived at 32 Stanton Street while we were in Second, moved up to Seventh Street about 1857, and resided in No. 65, near the middle of the block west of us—a handsomer block than ours—between First and Second Avenues. The Watson brothers married sisters, Susan and Nancy Teed of Livingston, N. J., and each had two sons and two daughters, with whom Maria used to play. The traffic in the street being very light in those days, the children could amuse themselves in the roadway, as well as on the sidewalks, without risk of accident. Playing in the street, however, was a practice which my mother did not wholly approve.

At the time of my father's purchase in Seventh Street there was a vast extent of vacant land in that vicinity. As I said above, there were only two houses east of us on our side of the way; the

rest of the block, at the east end, was vacant through to Sixth Street, and so remained as long as we lived there. Avenue A was not improved on either side from Sixth Street to Seventh, except at the southeast corner of the latter, where there was a frame road-house, one story and a half in height, with a back yard extending along Seventh Street, in which some of the neighborhood characters used to play quoits—a game that I often watched with interest by peering between the palings of the fence. The north side of Sixth Street was unoccupied from Avenue A westward to the lot in the rear of our house, although it was solidly built up from that point to First Avenue. There was also a big open space in the middle of the block east of ours, between Avenues A and B, opposite Tompkins Square.

Not very long after our arrival in Seventh Street a stable was built in the rear of our property on the north side of Sixth. Its proprietor, an excentric individual who probably lived on the premises, once called at our house and complained to my mother that I had been throwing stones over our rear fence into his yard, although I have no recollection of such amusement. My favorite playground was not at home, but in Tompkins Square, on the other side of Avenue A. This little park was quite picturesque at that time, but the authorities afterward destroyed its beauty by cutting down the trees and removing the grass-plots to form a cavalry parade ground. I was glad to find, however, when I revisited the square in recent years, that it is now shaded by a second growth of trees fully as large and luxuriant as those which ornamented it in the days of long ago.

CHAPTER XI

Farewell, awhile, the city's hum
Where busy footsteps fall,
And welcome to my weary eye
The planter's friendly hall.

MRS. GILMAN.

MISS LYDIA SAYRE, a seamstress and tailoress employed by my mother from time to time, spent many busy hours in our home, both in Second Street and in Seventh. She came whenever her services were needed, being with us so much that she seemed like a member of the household; and as she possessed a charming personality, the children grew very fond of her. We sometimes employed another seamstress, Miss Susan Sharot, who was also a friend of the family, but Miss Sayre had charge of most of our sewing; making, among other things, shirts and trousers for my brothers and myself—trousers which were buttoned on each side, instead of in front, according to the prevailing fashion, and were composed of some rough and harsh material resembling haircloth to the touch, which my mother purchased because of its durability, although it was extremely irritating to the skin. Miss Sayre's professional visits to our home continued even after I had grown up, when our place of residence had been changed to Twenty-third Street, as I shall record in a subsequent chapter.

Her chief employment consisted of sewing at her home for some of the great clothing houses of the city; for in those days the clothiers were accustomed to send to tailoresses of their respective neighborhoods garments which had been cut out and were ready to be made up. At one time she met with an accident, resulting in a broken leg, and I remember going with my father to pay her a call of sympathy (it was on Thanksgiving Day, I believe), and finding her confined to bed in her home, No. 139 Lewis Street.

Although Miss Sayre was a resident of New York at the time

to which I refer, her early home was in Hanover, N. J., and I have no doubt that my mother made her acquaintance in Hanover Church. Her name appears on page 149 of Banta's Sayre Genealogy, as born January 16, 1791, and died April 4, 1884; together with the record of her sister, Mrs. Burroughs, who lived on Myrtle Avenue, Boonton, diagonally opposite the later home of Uncle Doctor Gaines. During my childhood there was a bakery in Stanton Street, near the east end of the block between Clinton and Attorney Streets, kept by a man named Bonsall, a relative, I understood, of the family of that name in Morristown, N. J., and a connection of Miss Sayre, who frequently spoke of going to Stanton Street to visit his household. I have often thought it strange that my parents did not deal with him on account of this relationship, instead of buying our bread at Price's bakery, which was situated on the same block.

Miss Sayre was a connection by marriage of Dr. Stephen Pierson, a well-known physician of Morristown, being an aunt of the doctor's stepmother, and she spent her closing years at his home, near the corner of South and Pine Streets. I attended her funeral in that house, and Dr. Pierson, on learning my identity, requested me to express to my brother Ambrose (who was unable to be present) his gratitude and that of his family for all that Ambrose had done to make Miss Sayre's old age comfortable and happy. She was interred in the Sayre plot in the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church of Morristown, where her name may be seen, inscribed on the family monument.

My sister, when six or seven years of age, suffered a severe attack of scarlet fever, and Miss Sayre volunteered to act as her nurse; for in those days trained nurses were unknown, and services such as they now perform were rendered by a member of the patient's family, or some other person whom the attending physician knew to be skilful in caring for the sick. Maria's illness was very alarming, for she had a serious relapse, and we firmly believed that her life was saved by the unremitting attention of Miss Sayre. On her recovery from the fever the little sufferer was afflicted with some of the other ailments which often follow in the train of that disease, such as rheumatism, impaired

LYDIA SAYRE

eyesight and defective hearing; and was sent to recuperate at the home of Uncle Doctor Gaines in Lower Montville, where she remained for nine months, receiving from the doctor such treatment as she required (by which means her health was completely restored), and being under the especial care of his daughter Sarah, who became warmly attached to her. This sojourn in the country was not only beneficial, but most enjoyable, for no effort was spared to insure the little girl's comfort, and to gratify her every wish, in order to keep her contented and to guard against homesickness; with such success that, although her parents paid her frequent visits, she never appeared dissatisfied, or expressed a desire to go home with them. To add to her happiness, Cousin Louisa Beach often allowed her children to go down to Uncle Doctor's house and spend a day with her. She was always delighted to have them come, but at the same time appeared somewhat jealous of any attention shown them by the Gaines family, and she was never willing to have them remain overnight. Consequently, when the day drew toward its close, Cousin Louisa had to be sent for, to take her little ones home.

I have always been extremely fond of the country, particularly in my childhood, but aside from my visit to Lower Montville in the summer of 1844, I had little opportunity in my younger days to enjoy the pleasures of suburban life. At that period, however, the great stretches of vacant land in the residential section of New York gave to that part of the city a semi-rural character, and to spend the summer within its precincts was not considered a hardship. Out-of-town vacations for people of moderate means were not common, and in the case of our family they were limited to two weeks in the latter part of August of each year, ending in season to permit my return to school at the opening of the fall term on the first Monday in September. The first week of our outing was spent at the home of Grandfather Kitchell on Hanover Neck, and the second, with Uncle Doctor Gaines in Lower Montville. The chief purpose of these excursions was to visit our country relatives, and the change of air and scene, which is nowadays considered so essential, was then a matter of secondary consideration.

The party consisted of my parents, my little sister and myself. My elder brothers, Ambrose and Smith, did not participate in these vacations, for they were young men in business, and could not readily leave their occupation in New York. Nor do I recall that William, as a rule, accompanied us; his annual visits to the country, if any, probably occurred earlier in the season.

The start, I believe, was ordinarily made on Saturday, so that we might spend the following Sabbath at the Homestead in Livingston. Cortlandt Street Ferry was reached by a cab of a type which at the present time would be considered rather peculiar, being a closed carriage, which had windows on the sides, and a door with a step below it at the rear, and contained two longitudinal seats, each accommodating two persons, while the driver perched upon an elevated box in front. The vehicle, in short, resembled a small omnibus, save that it was mounted upon two wheels only, and was drawn by a single horse. Needless to say, the passengers experienced a good deal of horse-motion, which, however, seemed to me not unlike that of a rocking-chair.

Crossing the ferry to Jersey City, we proceeded to Newark by the cars of the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company, of which corporation Dr. John S. Darcy, originally of Hanover Neck and later of Newark, was president for thirty years. This line was afterward absorbed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Although my brother William did not ordinarily join our party, I remember that he accompanied us on one occasion, when, being older and larger than I, he was permitted to stand upon the platform of the car and converse with the conductor. This I considered a great honor, and I regarded William with envy, longing for the time when I would be large enough to share his privileges.

A railroad conductor in those days was a far more exalted and awe-inspiring personage, in my estimation at least, than his present-day successor; giving the impression of an official who held a much higher position in the trust and confidence of the company, and appearing, with his swaggering gait and pompous air of authority, like the superintendent of the line rather than a mere employee in charge of a single train. He wore no uniform,

which distinctive dress was then confined to the army (for a civilian a uniform would have been considered a degrading badge of servitude, and the compulsory wearing of such garb, an infringement of the rights secured to him by the successful outcome of the Revolutionary War), but he invariably dressed in the extreme of fashion, and bore himself with a dignity worthy of his rank. As tickets were not then issued, except in the most important stations, the conductor collected the fares, and was prepared to furnish change in any reasonable amount; consequently his left hand was always filled with banknotes of various denominations, folded lengthwise and protruding between his fingers, while his pockets jingled with coin; giving him an appearance of opulence and importance which is totally lacking in his counterpart of today. Owing to the absence of tickets, the company could not check up the number of fares collected, and was obliged to rely solely upon the integrity of the conductor to account for the money he received. Unfortunately all conductors were not worthy of this trust, and the remark was often made, partly in fun and partly in earnest,—for the statement was not without a foundation of fact,—that a man need not hold that position many years to be able to retire on a handsome competency.

An object in plain view from the car window which strongly attracted my attention was Snake Hill on the Hackensack Meadows. This peculiar geologic formation never failed to excite my childish interest because its name suggested that it swarmed with venomous reptiles, and caused me to contemplate it with shudders of abhorrence—a sensation which, when experienced at a safe distance, was not altogether unpleasant. I considered the elevation by far the most striking feature of the somewhat monotonous landscape between Jersey City and Newark, and was always on the watch to catch the first glimpse of it as soon as our train emerged from the Bergen cut.

The station at Newark did not occupy the site of the present Market Street depot, but was situated nearer the river. My father, leaving us in the waiting room, would go to hire a horse and a two-seat carriage from a liveryman of his acquaintance named Morrison, whose stable was in Mechanic Street, and with

this equipage we would drive to the Homestead. The household in Livingston consisted of Grandmother Ely (then a widow), Uncle John, her only unmarried son, and a middle-aged German maid-of-all-work called "Jinny"; the latter a singular individual, who, once seen, was not likely to be forgotten. Her eyes were noticeably of different color, she was very hard of hearing, and had so great an impediment in her speech that she could be understood only by those who were familiar with her utterance, while to others she was obliged to express her meaning almost entirely by signs or gestures. She was always delighted to see us, her pleasure, I imagine, being principally due to some small gratuity which my father was accustomed to give her; and as she was very fond of children, she never failed to extend a hearty welcome to my sister and to me. It must be confessed, however, that poor Jinny's advances met with slight encouragement, for I could not but be repelled by her unprepossessing presence, while Maria regarded her with a species of horror because of her uncouth gesticulations and inarticulate mumblings. She worked for some other family in the neighborhood after Grandmother's death, and I never knew what eventually became of her.

My grandmother had totally lost her eyesight, owing to cataracts which the surgeons of that period had not learned to remove, but she was able to find her way about the house at Livingston without hesitation or apparent difficulty. On our arrival, it was her invariable practice, as soon as the greetings were over, to produce some harvest apples or other dainties for Maria and me from a cupboard which stood in the northwest corner of her bedroom. This apartment was the rear half of the present parlor; her bedstead stood at the south side, behind the door, near the partition which was removed when the parlor was enlarged to its present dimensions, and the corner cupboard of which I speak was on the opposite side of the doorway. It was a huge affair of triangular shape, over seven feet in height, built of white oak and painted a robin's egg blue; and it appeared to me spacious enough to be a veritable storehouse of the delicacies so dear to the heart of childhood.

At Livingston we would remain over Sunday, occupying the

REBECCA COOK ELY

THE AUTHOR'S GRANDMOTHER.

guest room, which was the southern half of the present library, and on Monday morning, proceed to Hanover Neck, where my father left the party and returned alone to New York; this brief visit to Livingston and Hanover Neck being the only vacation which he permitted himself to enjoy during the entire year. At the close of the week Uncle Joseph Kitchell would convey us to the Gaines home in Lower Montville; and when our second week was ended, Uncle Doctor Gaines, or some member of his family, would take us back to Hanover Neck, whence we returned in Uncle Joseph's carriage to Newark, and there took the train for New York. Occasionally, when work on the farm was slack, and he had the time to spare, Uncle Joseph came to Montville for us when our vacation was drawing to a close, and drove with us to Newark by way of Swinefield Bridge; but I have no recollection of journeying from Montville to Newark by the stage.

Grandfather Kitchell was still living at the time of which I write, but he was growing old, and his son Joseph had re-

lieved him of the care and toil of the farm. His wife had died many years before. Uncle Joseph and Aunt Maria had four sons, Henry, Edward, Ambrose and George, two of whom, Edward and George, grew up to be farmers at the homestead, while Henry and Ambrose became merchants in New York. Edward had an impediment in his speech, and consequently was not always intelligible. When a young man he fell in love with a girl named Winans, who lived on the farm adjoining Grandfather's on the south, but his parents disapproved his choice, considering the Winans family socially inferior to their own; although they afterward regretted their opposition. Edward died one night

in his sleep, though seemingly in his usual good health the day before, and I never learned the cause of his sudden demise.

Grandfather Kitchell's house, though an imposing mansion in outside appearance, was only one story and attic in height. Prior to the alterations mentioned in a previous chapter, which included the construction of a second story, the present dining room was used as the kitchen, and Grandfather's bedroom was in a small extension communicating with it at the rear, which was demolished when the present kitchen was built. The front room on the south side of the hall was the sleeping chamber of Uncle Joseph and Aunt Maria, while the guest room, which was occupied by my mother and her children, was on the north side at the rear. This latter apartment, when not in use, was always darkened by tightly closed window-blinds, the daylight being carefully excluded to prevent the fading of the carpet; and its atmosphere, in consequence, was tinged with dampness and tainted with an odor of mould. Maria and I slept on the floor when the weather was oppressively hot, for the bedstead was furnished with an old-fashioned feather tick, the warmth of which in summer was almost intolerable; and we necessarily suffered some annoyance from mosquitoes, since nets and screens were not then in common use. The upper story of the house was a barn-like garret, in each corner of which a room had been partitioned off, and these rather cheerless sleeping-quarters were assigned to the four boys. The partitions did not extend up to the roof, but terminated in a low ceiling, on the top of which I sometimes concealed myself when playing hide-and-seek with my cousins.

My visits to the Kitchell homestead must have commenced when I was very young—perhaps about the year 1840. I remember, among my earliest experiences, that one day when my mother was gathering blackberries in a large patch of bushes at the southeastern extremity of the farm, near Perry Pond, and I was playing near her, I was greatly terrified by a lady-bug which alighted upon my hand; that, at another time, I climbed to the top of the pig-pen to see the pigs, and, losing my balance, fell into the sty; and that, on still another occasion, when I was paddling a boat on the Whippany River with Uncle Ambrose Kitchell's son Billy, I

contrived in some way to fall overboard, where the water was fully up to my neck; although, to be sure, my neck, at that time, was not very high. In later years I often enjoyed a swim near the scene of this mishap. The Kitchells had spanned the Whippany at this point with a great log, on the upper side of which a flat surface had been hewn, forming a means of reaching a part of their farm which lay across the river in the Troy Meadows; for they had a wood-lot on the west side of the stream, with a mowing-field beyond. The situation of the latter was very inconvenient owing to the lack of a bridge, for the hay mown upon it could be hauled to the barn only by way of the lower end of the Neck—a distance of at least a mile and a half.

When I grew older, I used to save the firecrackers given me on the Fourth of July, and take them to Hanover Neck, where I set them off with the assistance of the Kitchell boys, upon a large, flat rock which in those days projected from the face of the bank on the roadside opposite the residence; finding greater enjoyment in discharging them when in the company of my cousins than when playing alone in New York. This long postponement of the pleasure usually sought on Independence Day must have required considerable restraint and resolution for so young a boy, but I think it not unlikely that my father encouraged my self-denial, fearing that I might do harm by playing with fireworks in the narrow confines of our yard, and being perhaps less solicitous respecting any annoyance or uneasiness which I might cause the adult members of the Kitchell family. I discharged the firecrackers, one at a time, beneath an inverted can (such, for example, as an empty tomato can), in the side of which I had previously punched a small hole for the projection of the fuse, and was often surprised as well as delighted to observe how high the vessel would be thrown by the force of the explosion. This contrivance, I believe, was an invention of my own, for I have no recollection of seeing it employed by any of my playmates. In those remote days there was not much variety in fireworks. I remember that my brother William used to have small pinwheels, which I considered a great wonder, but my own pyrotechnical outfit was limited to firecrackers and torpedoes.

One summer while I was at Hanover Neck the village school was in session, though I cannot now remember why it was kept in August, and I attended it with the younger Kitchell boys during the entire week of my stay. In my mother's childhood the district school was situated at a distance from Grandfather's house, toward the lower end of the Neck, on the east side of Ridgedale Avenue, just beyond a small brook which crosses the highway at the foot of the hill, and in former years widened into a little pond, west of the road, upon which the scholars used to skate and slide (the pond, however, disappeared before my day); but at the time of my early visits, a more modern building had been erected on the west side of the road between the Kitchell homestead and the farm of William Mulford, which schoolhouse remained in use until replaced by the present academy a few years ago. My teacher was a man named Walker, who built a dwelling at the extreme lower end of the Neck, where his family still resides, and I remember that "Sade" (Sarah Ann) Kitchell, a daughter of Uncle Joseph's cousin John, was one of the scholars. I do not recollect any of the books that we studied except the reader, which was a story-book entitled "The Adventures of Jack Hilliard."

In the course of these outings at Hanover Neck my mother always embraced the opportunity to visit her relations in the neighborhood, generally taking me with her. On one day during the week she dined with the family of John Kitchell, and on another at the home of Calvin Dixon; and she also took dinner occasionally, though not every year, with Timothy Kitchell's people and with the wife and daughters of James Cory. All these relatives lived beyond Grandfather Kitchell's house, nearer the lower end of the Neck: Timothy Kitchell on the east side of the road, opposite the Mulford property (when I grew up he moved to Morehousetown, and occupied the dwelling owned many years before by Uncle Bill Ely's son Calvin, on the north side of the Old Road west of the road to Squiertown, where my mother and I used to call when I was a young man), and John Kitchell also on the east side of the way, north of the site of the former schoolhouse. The home of Calvin and "Tildy" (Matilda) Dixon was at

the mouth of the cross-road which leads to Mutton Lane, while the Cory residence was the first house on the left side of the Troy road beyond the corner where Nathaniel Douglas kept his store; in after years it became the home of an Irish family named McGuire. Tildy Dixon and Susan Cory were the daughters of Timothy Mulford, my grandmother's brother, who married Susan Kitchell, my grandfather's sister, and consequently they were "double" cousins to my mother. Of James Cory himself I seem to retain no recollection. Uncle Doctor Gaines's sister Polly married William Dixon, and lived on Rockaway Neck, on the road to Troy Hills, west of the meadows; and I have an indistinct recollection of going to that house also to call.

My mother did not confine her social activities to the village of Hanover Neck: before the week was up she would arrange to drive to Whippany and visit the McFarlans, and to Malapardis, where she dined with the family of Ephraim Fairchild, who was related to the Kitchells by marriage. If a favorable opportunity offered, she would also take dinner at the home of "Donny" (Jonathan) Dixon of Rockaway Neck, a son of Aunt Polly Dixon; although this pleasure was sometimes postponed until the second week of our vacation, while we were at Montville, in which case Aunt Phebe Gaines usually accompanied us.

A curious heirloom of the Kitchell family—an unfailing source of interest to me—was a flint-lock gun called "Old Hagar," which used to stand in the corner of the hall behind the back door. It had belonged to Senator Aaron Kitchell during or soon after the Revolutionary War, and was carried by his son, my grandfather, in the Whisky Rebellion of 1794; for Grandfather was then a private of the Morris County Militia, and his regiment, with others, was ordered to Pennsylvania to suppress the insurrection. "Old Hagar" was the type of gun which, at the time of its manufacture, was the best that skill and ingenuity could produce for accurate shooting—the weapon with which the marksmen of the Revolution, and the pioneers of the West, were accustomed to bring down squirrels from the topmost branches of the tallest trees. Its slender, tapering barrel, five feet three inches in length, upon which five sights were welded at intervals

of about a foot, was much longer than that of the regulation army musket, from which it also differed in its lack of a bayonet. My childish strength was insufficient to keep the muzzle stationary when I raised the gun perpendicularly in the air, and I found that to take aim with it, in anything approaching a horizontal position, was wholly beyond my power. Grandfather once proposed to give "Old Hagar" to his son-in-law, Uncle Doctor Gaines, who was a famous sportsman, but as the latter's interest in firearms was confined to shotguns, suitable for small game, the offer was declined. This valuable relic of a bygone age was accidentally destroyed by Uncle Ambrose Kitchell, who took it one day to shoot crows in the cornfield and loaded it so heavily that its discharge tore a wide cleft in the barrel at the breach. All that now remains of "Old Hagar" is the barrel, which, being its most striking feature, is a very appropriate memento, but it is greatly to be regretted that the gun could not have been preserved in its entirety.

"Old Hagar" was the weapon with which Senator Kitchell proposed to try a shot at the Morristown ghost, as narrated in the Kitchell and Ely genealogies—a suggestion which recalls a very romantic chapter of Morris County history. The famous "ghost" owed its origin to the inventive genius of Ransford Rogers, a school-teacher from Connecticut, who came to Morristown in 1788, and persuaded several reputable citizens that he possessed a mysterious control over the powers of darkness, enabling him to summon disembodied spirits, and compel them to indicate the resting place of an enormous treasure which, by tradition of many years' standing, was buried in Schooley's Mountains. So plausible were his representations, and so gullible the people in those days of ignorance and superstition, that he succeeded in recruiting a large number of followers, among whom were some of the most influential residents of the town. He informed them that divers sums of money would have to be contributed, with which to propitiate the demons who were supposed to guard the treasure, and actually collected from time to time amounts aggregating $1,300, which his adherents cheerfully paid, in the expectation of an early reimbursement when opportunity

should be given to divide the buried hoard. Many nocturnal *séances* were held, some in lonely buildings and some in solitary places in the woods, where Rogers, by means of his knowledge of chemistry, produced various startling phenomena, and, with the aid of a confederate who impersonated a ghost, called up, and conversed with, a "departed spirit"; which proceedings amazed and terrified his victims, and confirmed their belief in his supernatural powers. The duplicity of the wily schoolmaster was finally exposed by his indiscretion in attempting to represent a ghost while under the influence of liquor; his strange conduct aroused suspicion, and caused investigation to be made, with the result that he was arrested and lodged in jail, but having been released on the recognizance of a sympathizing friend who still believed in his honesty, he forfeited his bail, and was seen in Morristown no more.

The chief sufferer from this nefarious scheme (as I was informed many years ago by a member of the Kitchell family whose identity I have forgotten) was Benjamin Lindsley, a substantial farmer of Morristown, who lived on the south side of Morris Street a short distance east of Washington's Headquarters. He married a sister of Aaron Kitchell, and I have little doubt that it was his invitation, or that of his wife, to join the company of Rogers and share in the distribution of the treasure, which drew from the senator the remark attributed to him by the genealogist, namely: that while he had no faith in apparitions in general, he would accept the Morristown ghost as genuine if allowed a single shot at him with "Old Hagar" anywhere within ten rods.

I have mentioned the annual visits which my mother and I used to pay, during my childhood, to the home of Ephraim Fairchild, who lived in Malapardis on the east side of the road to Parsippany. I remember an old building, then used as a storehouse, standing on the Fairchild property in the rear of the residence, in which, as I was told by the family, some of the *séances* of Ransford Rogers and his dupes had been held.

The story of this ludicrous imposture was given to the public a few years after its occurrence in a 16mo. pamphlet entitled "The

Morristown Ghost; An Account of the Roguery, Transactions and Discovery of Ransford Rogers, who seduced many by pretended Hobgoblins and Apparitions, and thereby extorted Money from their Pockets. In the County of Morris and State of New Jersey, in the Year 1788. Printed for every purchaser, 1792." The publication of this booklet seems to have been attended with more or less secrecy, for not only was its author anonymous, but even the name of the printer was withheld. The latter's identity, however, has been determined, for a comparison of the type, scrolls and general style of work with that of other books of the period has convinced experts in such matters that the printing was done by John Woods of Newark. This treatise is so extremely rare that to obtain a perfect copy, complete with title page, false title and preface, is practically impossible; and it is believed that the victims of the delusion attempted to buy up and destroy the entire edition. A few defective copies are known to exist, for Woods had a limited number left, which, after removing the title page, he bound with two or three other pamphlets to produce a small volume entitled "Miscellanies." The brochure in this form is not very highly prized, for, although genuine, its lack of a title page renders it incomplete.

In 1826 David Young, the teacher of the district school of Hanover Neck, desiring to rescue the story from oblivion, issued a second edition of "The Morristown Ghost," which was printed by Benjamin Olds. Although it had a somewhat different title, it was a fairly accurate reproduction of the original work, the publication of which was erroneously attributed by Young to a printer of Elizabeth. This second edition, though now rare, is by no means as scarce as the first, and a copy of it is offered at long intervals in auctions of old books. A third edition was issued by the Morristown *Banner* in 1876. Through the efforts of the late Edmund D. Halsey, that enterprising newspaper secured two imperfect copies of the original pamphlet, and was thus enabled to publish a reprint.

When Rev. Andrew M. Sherman of Morristown was gathering material for his history of that place, he exhausted every effort to locate an original copy of "The Morristown Ghost," but

although he was told by many of his acquaintances of various private libraries believed to contain the object of his search, the publication referred to proved in every instance to be the edition of David Young. Hearing of his repeated disappointments, I showed Mr. Sherman my copy of the pamphlet; and to assist him in his work, gave him some historical data that I had unearthed relating to the machinations of Ransford Rogers, which he gracefully acknowledged in one of the closing chapters of his book.

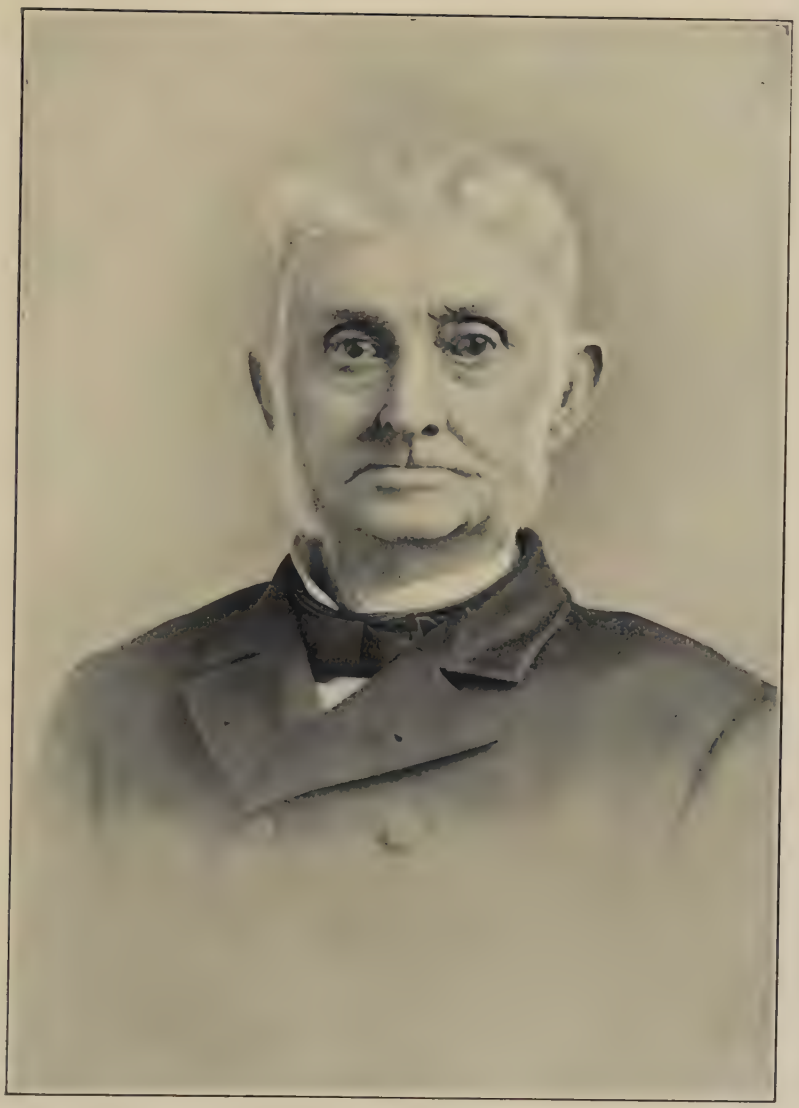
Uncle Joseph Kitchell was a man of benevolent disposition and sterling character, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was always genial in manner, courteous to his inferiors and cordial with his equals; but despite a keen sense of humor and a great fondness for fun, he was never lacking in personal dignity. My cousin Moses Ely, a lawyer of New York, once observed, when commenting upon his gentlemanly deportment, that Joseph Kitchell was always prepared to greet a visitor, whether an acquaintance or a stranger, with perfect composure and true courtesy, even when dressed in his rough working clothes, and toiling upon his farm. As an illustration of his love of children, I mention a frolic in which he engaged with my sister (then a very little girl) in what is now the sitting room, one day when we were preparing to leave for Montville. In the course of the romp he suddenly caught Maria up and placed her in a standing position upon the mantelpiece, exclaiming, "Going a-visiting! Going a-visiting!" She, of course, was greatly pleased, as well with his playfulness as with the prospect of a carriage ride.

The Kitchells were always thrifty, and they managed their housekeeping and farming to the best advantage. In the spring of each year it was their custom to go to the market in Newark and purchase one or two barrels of shad, at ten cents per fish, which they salted for future use; and in the olden time they even did their own slaughtering, and corned the beef. My mother told me that once when she and Aunt Phebe were quite small, they were playing upon the haymow in the old barn down the lane, while Grandfather and his hired man prepared to slaughter a cow on the barn floor. The blow which was designed to

administer the *coup de grace* was misdirected, and, instead of killing the animal, rendered her frantic; whereupon she created a great commotion in the barn, and even made an attempt to scramble up on the haymow, to the extreme terror of the children. Uncle Joseph used to realize about a hundred dollars every autumn merely from the sale of quinces, which grew on some bushes in a low and fertile spot near the gate of the Tompkins place; and I remember that when he came to New York to dispose of the fruit at Washington Market, he always reserved a choice basket as a present for my mother. I cannot recollect that he remained at our house overnight at such times, but I think he must have done so; for he could hardly have driven his team to the city, transacted his business there, and returned home on the same day.

Among his other activities, my uncle was accustomed to buy some cattle every spring, and fatten them through the summer for the fall market. In those days great herds were driven from Pennsylvania to New York, and one or another of the drovers whom he knew would detour by way of Hanover Neck in order to make a deal, which generally resulted in his purchase of eight or ten young steers. He would turn these animals out to pasture in the field on the south side of the road, opposite his residence, there to remain all summer; and as they were very wild, and apparently ferocious, Maria and I were much afraid of them. At that time there were two rows of apple trees extending across the middle of the lot, from the road to the woods, with a fence between them, dividing the meadow into two sections, in each of which the cattle were alternately pastured. The fifth or sixth tree from the highway bore apples of a particularly choice variety (called Augustines, I believe), which I was always eager to obtain, and it was most aggravating to be prevented, by the presence of these savage beasts, from entering the enclosure. In the autumn, when the steers had materially increased in size and weight, they were sold to the butchers of Madison or Morristown, one of whom—the only one I now recall—was a man named Muchmore, residing in the former place.

Uncle Joseph was a staunch supporter of the Presbyterian



JOSEPH KITCHELL

Church of Hanover, serving for many years as an elder, and taking an active interest in church work. The pastor was accustomed to hold a prayer meeting one evening in each week in the schoolhouse of Hanover Neck, which, as I have said, stood just north of the Kitchell homestead. One very stormy evening, Uncle Joseph and his cousin John Kitchell met at the schoolhouse, and found that the minister and congregation had failed to appear, owing to the inclemency of the weather; so they held the service alone, one reading the Scriptures, and the other offering prayer.

Although my uncle was the leading citizen of his community, I never heard of his having held public office, other than that of Chosen Freeholder. He once ran for the General Assembly on the Whig ticket, and would doubtless have been elected, if the Democrats had not insured his defeat by persuading the Prohibition Party (then a recent organization which was regarded by most of the voters with great disfavor) to indorse him—a political stratagem which he imputed to James Albright, a prominent Democrat of Madison. Uncle Joseph was, in point of fact, a strong advocate of temperance, but he maintained a discreet silence upon the subject during the campaign, and was considerably taken aback by the unsolicited and undesired indorsement of the Prohibitionists.

One day while I was at Hanover Neck, we received a call from Uncle Baxter Sayre, who had married Aunt Betsy Kitchell, the most prepossessing and intellectual of my grandfather's sisters. The Sayres, at an earlier period, lived in New York, but at the time to which I now refer they were residents of New Jersey, having bought the house at present owned by Lloyd Smith on Ridgedale Avenue between Madison and Florham Park. Uncle Baxter was an Abolitionist of the most ardent type, and his house on Ridgedale Avenue was believed to be a station of the "Underground Railroad."* In every conversation in which he

* "The Underground Railroad" was a name applied to the system whereby the Abolitionists aided the escape of runaway slaves from the southern States to Canada. The fugitives were concealed by day in some convenient hiding-place in the house or out-buildings of their protector, who, in the hours of darkness, conveyed them to the home of the next sympathizer on their line of travel. The word "underground" had reference to the extreme secrecy with which the operation was necessarily conducted.

took part he embraced the first opportunity to introduce the slavery question, which he always discussed with great heat and in stentorian tones, frequently pacing the floor in his excitement, and when seated, emphasizing his assertions and driving home his arguments with many extravagant gestures, and a vigorous stamping of the feet; as a result of which it sometimes happened, in the excitement of the debate, that his old-fashioned beaver hat, which he placed on the floor beside his chair, would receive an inadvertent but powerful kick, and would be sent spinning across the room. He could hardly be considered an interesting conversationalist, for he seldom cared to talk on other subjects, and his sentiments regarding slavery were so extreme that they were not always approved by his auditors. When he visited the homes of his relatives and friends, the ladies of the household often felt it necessary to privately caution their husbands not to argue with him, or combat his views, but to pretend to acquiesce in all his utterances, whatever their own opinions might be; for the slightest opposition would goad him into such a frenzy of rage as to expose him to the risk of serious injury.

On the day I mention, the visitor and his host took their seats in the hall, and before the conversation had continued many moments, Mr. Sayre broached the subject in which he was so deeply interested. Uncle Joseph also favored abolition, but his views were not sufficiently radical to suit his guest, who, in an effort to arouse him to a realizing sense of the evils of slavery, filled the house with deafening vociferations. I was extremely terrified, supposing the visitor to be quarreling with my uncle, and I peered into the hall through the crack of the dining room door in great trepidation, wondering what the cause of the altercation could be. I have never forgotten one of Uncle Baxter's phrases, which he thundered at the top of his great voice until the building rang again: "Joseph, you might as well attempt to dam up the waters of the falls of Niagara as to stop the course of truth and justice."

The places of concealment were called "stations." Another station in northern New Jersey was reputed to be the home of Dr. John Grimes of Boonton, who, in addition to practising medicine in that city, published an anti-slavery newspaper entitled *The New Jersey Freeman*.

Uncle Joseph lived almost to the age of ninety, and was very well preserved, although he became totally deaf in his old age. He, however, bore the affliction patiently and even cheerfully, often expressing gratitude to Divine Providence that the faculty he had lost was his hearing and not his eyesight. During his last years he spent most of his time in his favorite chair in the sitting room, absently tapping the floor with his cane, and occasionally thumping so vigorously as to interrupt the conversation of others in the apartment, he himself being unaware of the noise. For a few months he was prevented by his decrepitude from leaving his room (above the front parlor) to descend the staircase, and when I last saw him, which was only a short time before his decease, he was confined to his bed. His last words to me were: "I'm trusting in the Lord."

CHAPTER XII

Out on the city's hum!
My spirit would flee from the haunts of men
To where the woodland and leafy glen
Are eloquently dumb.

WINSLOW.

ONE of the great pleasures of my boyhood, of which particular mention should be made, was an occasional trip with my mother from our home in New York to visit our relatives the Bertholfs, in what was then a rural district lying far north of the city.

Abraham Garrison Bertholf, who married my mother's younger sister Eliza, was descended from an ancient family of Holland, his ancestors having emigrated to America soon after the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam was founded. The name was originally spelled Bartholf, but Bertholf is the form which modern usage has sanctioned. The first stated pastor of the Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown, N. Y., was Rev. William Bartholf (1679 to 1715), and I have always assumed that he was one of Uncle Abram's forefathers. The Bertholfs were among the many families of the old Dutch stock who, when the population of New York gradually spread into northern New Jersey during the early Colonial period, established homes in the counties of Bergen and Passaic; afterward penetrating still farther into the wilderness, and, in the vicinity of Pompton, Pompton Lakes and Pompton Plains founding the first settlement in the present county of Morris. In that region the Bertholf family has been represented for generations, but Uncle Abram himself was born in New York, his natal day being the 3d of November, 1809. Part of his childhood was spent in Parsippany, where his father, Henry Bertholf, purchased the Doremus farm, consisting of about 110 acres lying between the Parsippany

Brook and the road to Morris Plains, west of the property of Dr. Stephen Fairchild; and while residing in that village Uncle Abram made the acquaintance of Aunt Eliza Kitchell of Hanover Neck, whom he married on January 22, 1829.

After the return of the family to New York, Uncle Abram became a carman or teamster, as his father had been before him. He lived in the district which, in early years, was a hamlet named Greenwich, and, though long since merged in the growing city, is still called, partly in jest and partly for convenience, "Greenwich Village"; but he frequently moved from one part of the "village" to another, residing successively in Leonard Street, King Street, Perry Street, Carmine Street, Greenwich Lane (now Greenwich Avenue), Christopher Street and Henry Street; and I clearly remember visiting his family in some of those thoroughfares. To my mind the most interesting object in that part of town was the fine old mansion of Admiral Sir Peter Warren, dating from 1744, which stood in well-kept grounds, shaded by lofty trees, on the north side of Bleeker Street near the corner of Perry. The house long remained a well-known landmark, but I learned in 1922 that it was about to be demolished to make way for modern improvements. Sir Peter owned almost the entire village of Greenwich, a large tract of land extending from Christopher Street to Fourteenth, and from Sixth Avenue to the river, having been presented to him by the government in recognition of his services in the siege of Louisburg. His eldest daughter married the Earl of Abingdon, in whose honor Abingdon Square, at the intersection of Bleeker and Hudson Streets, received its name.

Uncle Abram and Aunt Eliza had five children, of whom only the eldest and the youngest, Charles and Anna, lived to maturity. Charlie Bertholf, who was older than I, being a contemporary of my brother William, was a most ingenious fellow, who, even when a boy, originated various mechanical contrivances which filled his playmates with astonishment; but, like many other inventors, he was rather visionary, designing his novelties for his own use, or for the mere pleasure of exercising his ingenuity and skill, while giving little heed to the more prac-

tical subject of pecuniary profit; and although, after reaching manhood, he produced inventions of commercial value, apparently capable of yielding handsome royalties, I doubt very much if he caused any of them to be patented.

I was particularly fond of Uncle Abram's second son, Alonzo, who was about two years my junior, and my impression is that I was more intimate with him than with any other playmate except my cousins in Hanover Neck and Montville. Alonzo was a handsome little chap, having dark eyes and hair, and his manner was always pleasing, even when a child, for he was quite precocious, and bore himself with a manly dignity rarely encountered in one so young. He was the most promising of the Bertholf children, and his death of scarlet fever, at the age of sixteen, was a crushing blow to his parents.

Very soon after Alonzo's death, his sister Anna was stricken with the same disease, and for a time her life was despaired of. As Aunt Eliza was completely worn out by anxiety and sorrow, Aunt Phebe Gaines undertook, at Uncle Abram's request, to relieve her of the care of the patient; but found, after the lapse of two weeks, that she could endure the strain no longer, and her place was taken by Miss Lydia Sayre, who had nursed my sister Maria through a similar illness. Anna Bertholf was an exceptionally pretty girl, whose charm was augmented by a very sweet and lovable disposition. She and my sister were bosom friends, although there was considerable difference in their ages, Maria being several years younger. I remember that Anna was once invited to a party given by one of her aunts, which, though designed for the entertainment of children, was quite a formal and elaborate affair, and that I was chosen to act as her escort, although I was rather young to make my social *début*.

About the time of our removal from Second Street to Seventh, Uncle Abram decided to leave New York, and establish a country home in Bloomingdale, his new place of residence, described with reference to the present streets, being the west side of Broadway near the southern corner of Eightieth Street. The name Bloomingdale was not confined to a definite locality, like Greenwich and Chelsea, but was somewhat loosely applied to a

large district embracing the western part of the present city, which lies, roughly speaking, between Forty-second Street and Manhattan Street. Broadway above Madison Square was called the Bloomingdale Road, and was a country lane, covered with a thick layer of dust, or an equally deep strata of mud, according to the season of the year. I do not mean, however, that Broadway corresponds exactly with the Bloomingdale Road; it represents the previous highway, and maintains the same general direction, but it is a great deal wider, more level and much more straight. At some places its course is practically the same,—in Uncle Abram's neighborhood, I believe, there is not much difference,—but in other localities the divergence is very great, as, for example, near Columbia University, where the former thoroughfare was much nearer to Riverside Drive than to Broadway.

The Bloomingdale Road was lined with farms and beautiful country estates, many of which belonged to families whose names are prominent in the history of New York. Perhaps the most distinguished resident of Uncle Abram's neighborhood was Fernando Wood, a political leader in the city, and a friend of my brother Smith, whose house was built, as the streets now run, near the corner of Broadway and Seventy-seventh street. Wood was elected mayor of New York in the late fifties, and although he was generally regarded as a somewhat unscrupulous politician, his administration, on the whole, was a good one. Upon a rocky eminence not far from the present corner of Broadway and Eighty-fourth Street stood the house of Mrs. Mary Brennan, in which Edgar Allan Poe boarded for a time, and in which he is said to have composed his famous poem "The Raven." The Bertholfs were, of course, well acquainted with this household, and Anna attended a neighboring school with the Brennan boys.

The vicinity of the Bertholf home was a purely rural section, containing a boundless expanse of hills and valleys. What is now Central Park was largely a wilderness, and I believe that the authorities, in deciding to reserve it for a public recreation ground, were in a measure influenced by a desire to avoid the

enormous expense of opening streets through such a hilly and rocky district. Although the greater part of Manhattan Island was surveyed and mapped in streets and avenues at an early date, the work of constructing the thoroughfares far uptown was not actually commenced before 1860, nor entirely completed until forty or fifty years later. It was a stupendous undertaking. In many places the proposed highways had to be blasted through broad and lofty ridges of solid rock, while in others it was necessary to raise the roadbeds to a much higher grade than the natural level. In the latter case, the manholes for the sewers were first constructed (built of brick in a round and slightly tapering form), to the height of the proposed street-level as determined by the surveyors; and thirty or forty years ago, before Harlem became the city that it is now, the passengers on the elevated railroad, looking from the car windows, could trace the course of its future streets by the rows of manholes, resembling chimneys, rising from the ground. But this was to come at a much later date than the period to which I now refer. No such work had been undertaken in Bloomingdale at the time of my visits to Uncle Abram's home, although the line of Eightieth Street was sufficiently marked to enable me to identify the place where he and his family lived. My recollection is that the authorities had constructed the corners of Eightieth Street, and possibly its curb-lines; but that it was the only cross-street so indicated in the immediate neighborhood.

At the time of my visits to Bloomingdale, as I was informed by my relatives, the only public highway leading from their vicinity eastward across the island was a lane which left the Bloomingdale Road not far from the present corner of Eighty-sixth Street, and led toward Third Avenue, pursuing a devious course among the hills. I think it not unlikely that the drive which now enters Central Park at Eighty-fifth Street on the west side corresponds, for a short distance, with this old road. By this route the residents of Bloomingdale who owned trotting horses reached Harlem Lane (now represented in part by St. Nicholas Avenue), which in former days was a famous rendezvous of horsy people from all parts of the city, and was the con-

stant scene of impromptu races. My brother William, who, in his early years, kept a horse of his own while residing in New York, resorted to Harlem Lane at every opportunity, and there engaged in many a "brush" with other drivers.

The maps of Manhattan Island which illustrate the military operations of the Revolutionary War disclose another byway, called the New Bloomingdale Cross-Road, which, starting on the East Side in the general neighborhood of Ninety-sixth Street, traversed the territory now known as Central Park, from which it emerged on the west near Ninety-first Street, and, continuing westward, intersected the Bloomingdale Road north of the Apthorp farm. The site of the Apthorp mansion is near the corner of Ninety-first Street and Columbus Avenue, but the farm extended some distance toward the north. It is possible, however, that this cross-road had been abandoned before my visits to Bloomingdale began, for the Bertholfs did not mention it to me, and until I commenced the study of local history I knew nothing of its existence. It was the route followed by the Hessian mercenaries when, after their victory on Long Island, they marched to Harlem Heights and there participated in another battle. When they formed in Bloomingdale in anticipation of the latter engagement, their left wing rested upon the property of Nicholas Jones, which bordered the Hudson in the vicinity of One Hundred and Sixth Street; and in a comparatively recent auction of Revolutionary manuscripts I saw a list, in Jones's handwriting, of articles stolen or destroyed by them during their occupancy of his premises, which inventory he had prepared to support a claim for official reimbursement after the restoration of peace.

My mother and I traveled to Bloomingdale by a line of Broadway omnibuses which originally ran down town as far as the Battery; but the southern terminus of the route was gradually moved farther and farther northward along Broadway, keeping pace with the northward growth of the city, and the starting-point was at Eighth Street at the time referred to. The local stages were drawn by two horses, but the one of which I speak was provided

with four, since the Bloomingdale Road traversed a hilly country, and in some places presented rather steep grades.

While my mother was conversing with Aunt Eliza, I was accustomed to play along the shore of the river, and upon the track of the Hudson River Railroad, which had been built only a few years before. I did not, as a rule, go directly from the Bertholf house to the Hudson, which course would have led me through some fertile and well cultivated fields, but preferred to walk down to the grounds of Burnham's hotel, on the west side of Broadway between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth Streets, and then turn toward the stream.. Burnham's was an imposing mansion, square in form, and surmounted with a cupola, which had been built about 1759 as the country home of the Vandenheuval family, and, after passing into other hands, was leased for hotel purposes, becoming a widely known hostelry called Burnham's Mansion House. In those days the Bloomingdale Road was the favorite drive of metropolitan wealth and fashion, and as Burnham's was the best hotel in that region, it was extensively patronized by the most aristocratic families of New York. It stood at a little distance from the road, and was approached by a carriage-drive which formed a circle in front of the house, embracing a large grass-plot. In my opinion the chief attraction of the place consisted of a few wild animals, such as foxes, raccoons or opossums, which had been captured in the woods near by, and were exhibited in small cages in the yard. The mansion, which was afterward bought by the Astor family, remained until 1905, when it was demolished to permit the erection of the Apthorp Hotel. I visited the old house a short time before its demolition. At that time the Astors had a row of small, two-story buildings on the front of the property, facing Broadway, but in the yard at the rear, to which I gained access by a gate in the fence on Seventy-eighth Street, I found the "Mansion House" looking just as it did in the days of my boyhood.

From Bloomingdale Uncle Abram and his family removed to Newmarket, which was a small hamlet on the line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, being the first station east of Bound Brook, and I remember going there with my mother at least once

ABRAHAM G. BERTHOLF

ELIZA KITCHELL BERTHOLF

to visit them. Their dwelling must have been somewhat isolated, for I cannot recollect that it was near any public road. My mother and I walked along the railroad a short distance westward from the station, then turned through a gateway in the fence beside the track, and crossed two fields to the shore of the Bound Brook (a tributary of the Raritan River), near which we found their residence—a quaint old house with beam ceilings. Charlie at that time had invented a railroad hand-car propelled by a system of levers, which was the first vehicle of the kind I had ever seen; and he demonstrated it with great success on the Central track, presumably without the knowledge of the railroad officials. Whether this was the type of hand-car which afterward came into general use throughout the country I do not know, but I think it very probable.

When approaching manhood, Charlie learned the art of carriage-building, which was then a lucrative occupation; but believing that better opportunities were offered in other parts of the country, he left his home, and became a farmer in the Middle West, where he married and brought up a numerous family.

In 1850 or 1851 Uncle Abram returned to New York, and purchased of Isaac Adriance a lot on the east side of Second Avenue in Harlem, upon which he erected a small cottage of frame, containing two stories and basement, with two rooms on each floor. It was distinguished by the number 2292 Second Avenue, and was the second house south of One Hundred and Eighteenth Street. In April, 1857, he was appointed a patrolman of the New York police force, assigned to the 12th Precinct, of which the station house was in One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street between Third and Fourth Avenues; and my impression is that he held this position until his death, which occurred on April 14, 1880.

After her parents' decease, Anna established a select private school in her residence on Second Avenue, and taught it with a good deal of success, assisted by her brother's daughter Minnie. She also conducted a class in painting, for she studied art in Cooper Institute, and developed considerable talent, working both in water colors and oils. She sold the property on Second Avenue about 1887, and with the proceeds of the sale, purchased a house

in Brooklyn (No. 139 Madison Street), which she made her permanent home; although she also has a very attractive summer residence at Mount Tabor, N. J.

The mention of my boyhood's trips to the home of the Bertholfs in Bloomingdale reminds me of a somewhat similar suburban journey which my mother permitted me to occasionally enjoy, at the same period or a little later, to visit our cousins the Ingersolls in Morrisania. Lorin Ingersoll, who married Rebecca Halsey, a daughter of Aunt Sally, amassed considerable wealth as a chair manufacturer; living, when my recollection begins, at No. 71 Bowery, with his factory in the rear of his dwelling, facing Chrystie Street. His house was ornamented with a second-story balcony overlooking the Bowery, and once, when some event of public interest was celebrated with a parade which passed his residence, he invited us to occupy seats on his balcony to view the procession. About 1849 or 1850 he left New York, and for several years resided in Morrisania, then a small village which has since been included in the city limits, and is now a thickly populated section of the Borough of the Bronx. The occasional visits which my mother and I paid to his new home involved what we considered a long journey into the country, but now that the rapid transit lines of the metropolis have practically annihilated distance, the situation does not seem nearly as remote.

In those days Morrisania was a suburban way-station of the New York & Harlem Railroad. The terminal of this line occupied the block bounded by Fourth and Madison Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, where it remained until the erection of the Grand Central Depot in the early seventies; after which the former station was converted into a place of amusement called Madison Square Garden. According to some of the old residents of the city, the depot at Twenty-sixth Street was used for the cars only, the locomotives being kept in a yard on the east side of Fourth Avenue between Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, where the barn of the horse-car line was afterward built; but that is a detail which has escaped my memory, for the probable reason that I seldom had occasion to visit the neighborhood of Thirty-second Street in those early days.

The tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street had been blasted through the rocky hill in the roughest possible manner, and it was not improved with brickwork until many years had passed away.

We reached the railroad station by the horse-cars that ran up the Bowery and Fourth Avenue, which line was built by the Harlem Railroad Company, and called the "city line" to distinguish it from the part of the road operated by steam; it being the first, and for many years the only, street railway in New York I remember the days when some of the horse-cars completed their southbound trips at the old Commercial Hotel, which still stands on the corner of the Bowery and Broome Street; although the track extended by way of Centre Street to Tryon Row (Chambers Street), and later down Park Row to Broadway. The street-cars were drawn by two horses, but from time to time one of the passenger cars of the Harlem Railroad, to which four were attached, was sent down town.

The northern termination of the "city line" was originally at Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, but the route was extended to Thirty-second Street in 1864, to Madison Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street in 1871, and to the Harlem River in 1887; an extra charge being made, during the first few years of operation, for a ride to the upper parts of the city. The conductor was required to punch a trip-slip for each fare collected, the color of the slips varying according to the amount received, and a notice conspicuously posted in the car emphasized his duty to punch it in the passenger's presence; this rule suggesting the words of a song written by Samuel L. Clemens, better known by his *nome de plume* of Mark Twain, which ran as follows:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare;
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
Chorus:
Punch, brothers, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

This song was a great favorite with the boys and young men of the city, although, in my opinion, it was hardly worthy of publica-

tion among Mark Twain's other writings. So rapid is the flight of time that it does not seem very long since the ditty was at the height of its popularity, and was heard on every hand.

The Harlem Railroad Company had a freight depot in Centre Street a short distance north of the Tombs prison, and for a number of years after the time to which I refer (until the early eighties, in fact), an occasional railroad car containing merchandise was drawn by four horses up or down Fourth Avenue, between the Centre Street freight station and the Grand Central Terminal; entering the railroad yard at Forty-fifth Street by way of an alley, later called Depew Place, on the east side of the latter building. Many of them were baggage cars from the passenger trains, which resembled the type now in use, save that the roof was without ventilators, but freight cars were also driven through the city at irregular intervals. Of these the company owned a limited number which differed from ordinary box cars in having an uncovered platform at each end, upon which it was convenient for the driver to stand; and as many of the dwellers along the route welcomed the chance to enjoy a free ride, some rough-looking fellows could always be seen standing upon the rear platform, and sitting or reclining upon the roof. My brother-in-law used to say that once, when he was down town and lacked change to pay his fare, he availed himself of the opportunity afforded by one of these freight cars to ride home without charge; but this form of economy never appealed to my brothers or myself; we would have considered such a proceeding wholly beneath our dignity.

Lorin Ingersoll owned about ten acres of land in Morrisania. His residence was prominently situated on a hill, a few minutes' walk south of the station, and overlooked a country road running north and south which is now called Railroad Avenue. In later years a cross-street was opened on each side of the house—First Street on the south side and Second Street on the north, now called respectively One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street and One Hundred and Sixty-fifth—but at the time of my visits, as far as I now recall, there were no cross-roads in the immediate neighborhood, nor anything to show that the surrounding farms would one day be

checkered with the streets and squares of a populous city. The dwelling, a big square structure of brick, was so large and pretentious that, in my boyish opinion, it resembled a palace rather than the home of a private citizen. Its architectural feature that made the deepest impression on my mind was a spacious and elegant foyer hall, paved with marble, being a large square compartment which extended to the roof of the building, and was encircled on each of the two upper stories by the corridors, resembling balconies, with the staircase at one side. I considered it a rare privilege even to visit such a splendid mansion, and often wondered if it would ever be my lot to dwell amid such magnificence.

CHAPTER XIII

Hear the holy Sabbath bells,
Sacred bells!
Oh, what a world of peaceful rest
Their melody protests!
How sweetly at the dawning
Of a pleasant Sabbath morning,
Sounds the rhyming,
And the chiming
Of the bells!

NOLEN.

BEFORE proceeding farther with my narrative I will enumerate the churches and describe the schools in which I received spiritual and temporal instruction.

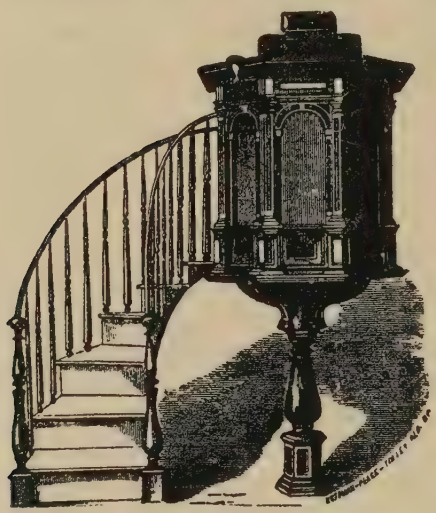
I believe I have stated in the foregoing pages that Captain William Ely and his family, on their removal from Lyme to Livingston, allied themselves to the Presbyterian Church of Hanover; and that, at a later date, my grandparents were led to embrace the Baptist faith, presumably through the influence of Rev. Dr. Hezekiah Smith. Grandfather Ely's children were brought up in the latter sect—some of Uncle Benjamin's descendants who reside in the Middle West are very prominent in Baptist circles—but my father, not long after his marriage into the Kitchell family, the members of which were devoted supporters of the church in Hanover, imbibed a strong partiality for the doctrines they professed; and, though retaining for several years some of the sectarian tenets inculcated in his early training, at length united with the Presbyterian communion, and encouraged his children to do the same; believing this creed to be equally othodox, and in some respects more acceptable. Aunt Sally, however, was less tolerant. She was a good deal exercised about her brother's apostasy, and more than once took occasion, in conversation with my sister, to deplore our defection, and to express grave anxiety respecting Maria's spiritual welfare.

I do not know what church my parents first attended when

they became residents of New York, but I have been told that at the time of their purchase of a home in Rivington Street, in 1826, they formed a connection with the Seventh Presbyterian, the situation of which, at the northeast corner of Broome and Ridge Streets, was quite convenient. This organization was a large and wealthy one, and besides its principal house of worship, it maintained a chapel on what was called in those days "Manhattan Island," being a piece of high ground between Houston, Lewis and Third Streets, which, before those thoroughfares were graded and opened to the public, was surrounded at high tide by the waters of the East River, and was reached by a bridge at the foot of Houston. About 1835 the pastor, Rev. Dr. Elihu Baldwin, was elected president of Wabash College in Indiana, and was succeeded in the Seventh Presbyterian pulpit by Rev. Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, who remained for twenty years. Dr. Hatfield was at one time the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, N. J., and was the author of a scholarly and exhaustive history of that city. He also compiled a history of the Seventh Church. My mother united with the latter society in 1832, and my father joined it eleven years later; the long interval suggesting a reluctance to definitely sever his connection with the sect in which he had been brought up. (There were a few Baptist tenets which he never relinquished; none of his children was baptized in infancy, for he held that this rite should be deferred until the candidate was able to comprehend its full significance.) My brother Ambrose was received into full membership of the Seventh Church in 1842, and was followed by Smith, who joined during the ensuing year, about the time that my father was enrolled as a communicant.

The Seventh Presbyterian Church—the first house of worship I ever attended—is a red brick building, two stories in height, having a ridged roof unadorned with cupola or spire, and is so extremely plain in outside appearance as to bear some resemblance to an old-time schoolhouse. Its exterior has remained unaltered since the period when my recollection begins, the main entrance on Broome Street being approached by the identical flight of stone steps up which I laboriously climbed in the days when I was so

short of limb that I needed my mother's help to accomplish the ascent. In recent years some inside improvements have been made, notably at the north end of the auditorium where the pulpit stands, although in other respects the interior is practically unchanged. Our pew, which was at the east side, opposite the second window from the rear, was distinguished in those days by the number 19, and is No. 17 at present. There are two pews directly in front of this window, ours being the one near the south side of the aperture. The seat before us, also lighted by the window, was occupied by Obadiah Newcomb, and the one behind us by James H. White; while the first or second pew in the rear of his was reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Cook, of whom I have spoken in a previous chapter. Mr. White, a clerk of William N. Seymour & Company, hardware dealers of No. 4 Chatham Square, was at one time an elder of the church; and I recall two other members of the session: Charles Merrill, also a dealer in hardware, whose place of business was at 556 Grand Street, and Hiram B. Littell, a flour merchant of No. 10 James Slip. Stephen Haff, a deacon in the early days, was a brother of our milkman who made his deliveries in a two-wheeled cart containing a couple of milk-cans in front, and a seat for the driver at the extreme rear. This form of vehicle was the type ordinarily used by milk dealers at that period, but was considered by me rather unsafe, for in case of the breaking of an essential part of the harness, such as the belly-band, the driver and his milk-cans would have been precipitated from the rear of the conveyance as the load is removed from a



OLD-TIME PULPIT

dump-cart.* Among the other members of the congregation were Uncle Ambrose and Aunt Ann Kitchell, and the latter's sister Amanda Mulford; Miss Lydia Sayre and Miss Susan Sharot, whom I have mentioned elsewhere; and Mrs. Rachel (Ransom) Ingersoll, mother of Lorin Ingersoll who married my cousin Rebecca Halsey. This was also the church-home of the Ogilvie family who were related to the Halseys by marriage.

The hall reserved for the Sunday school was then, as now, in the basement beneath the auditory, but while it is at present a single apartment, it was divided in those days into two, or possibly three; the room nearest Ridge Street containing the class in which I was enrolled. The main entrance is on Ridge Street not far from the corner of Broome, and from it a flight of four or five steps ascends to the sidewalk; but my recollection is that when I was one of the scholars, I entered by a door on Broome Street west of the front stoop. Ambrose and Smith, during their childhood, were classmates in this Sunday school, their teacher being John Hutchins, who distinguished them as "Ely, 1" and "Ely, 2." Hutchins was engaged in the grocery business at the corner of Suffolk and Delancey Streets, but about 1860 he removed to South Norwalk, Conn., and there spent the remainder of his life, dying in his ninetieth year. Ambrose himself became a teacher in the Sabbath school when he grew up, and although he was very regular in his attendance at all the services of the church, I never saw him in the auditorium, for he was accustomed, at morning worship, to sit with his pupils, whom he conducted to the gallery directly above our pew. I remember expressing surprise and disapprobation in my childish way that he should, as I supposed, habitually absent himself from divine service, whereupon someone explained to me that he was not absent, but was worshipping in another part of the building.

*A mishap of this nature once occurred within my personal observation, for conveyances with two wheels were used quite extensively when I was a boy. A large cart laden with boxes and barrels of merchandise, and covered with a high canvas top, was passing down Chatham Street (now Park Row), when the harness suddenly parted, allowing the vehicle to tip backward until its long, curving shafts pointed toward the zenith; while the driver performed an involuntary back somersault, and disappeared within the folds of canvas among the crates and barrels with which his cart was filled. The horse, evidently a gentle animal, took no notice of the accident; and despite his release from the vehicle, continued his steady jog until caught by someone who ran from the sidewalk.

If I am not mistaken, the Seventh Church was the scene of my sister's first attendance at public worship, to which she was conducted when her parents believed that she had sufficiently increased in years and understanding to sit still during the service. Maria, in fact, behaved with exemplary decorum, and attempted no irregularity, until the congregation rendered the first hymn. The little girl was too young to comprehend the sacred character of the music, and supposing that she was expected to imitate the people about her by lifting her voice in song, she lustily joined in the general chorus with Stephen Foster's plantation melody, "Oh, Susannah!" to the consternation of her mother, who peremptorily checked her efforts as soon as her growing enthusiasm made the air and words of her selection distinguishable.

Dr. Hatfield's church was endowed by the late Elliott F. Shepard, whose parents were interred in what was formerly the church-yard—a small cemetery in the rear of the edifice on the east side of Ridge Street. The graves in the enclosure were removed, largely, I think, at Mr. Shepard's expense, to permit the erection of the present apartment house, which he built at a cost of approximately $20,000, and presented to the church. Prior to the enactment of the prohibition laws, the building contained a beer saloon on the ground floor, which was dignified by the somewhat incongruous name of Hotel Hatfield. The rents collected from this structure form the chief income of the society, which, in the absence of its endowment, would nowadays be scarcely capable of self-support. The character of the neighborhood having altered when the old-time aristocracy was crowded out by foreigners, a similar change has occurred in the personnel of the congregation, which is now composed almost entirely of Germans. I doubt, however, if many of the present communicants live in the immediate vicinity of the church, for that section of the city is part of the Jewish quarter.

Our connection with this society was concluded one or two years after our change of residence from Second Street to Seventh, when, owing to the inconvenience of attending services at so great a distance from our new home, we commenced worshipping in the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church instead. The latter was an

offshoot of the Central Presbyterian in Broome Street, and for a short time after its separation from the parent body, was called the Second Avenue Presbyterian Church in reference to its temporary location; but a permanent site having been secured on the south side of Sixth Street between First and Second Avenues, the title "Sixth Street Presbyterian Church" was formally adopted. The block front where this edifice stood was largely vacant, although it contained two or three houses in the direction of Second Avenue; but if my recollection is accurate, the opposite side of the way was quite solidly built up. William E. Dodge of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company, who made a fortune in metals, was prominently connected with this church, and was doubtless its richest member. The minister was Rev. Horace Eaton, a *protégé* of the Dodge family, but I have no personal recollection of him, for we did not attend his services very long.

About 1850, or perhaps a little later, Mr. Eaton having resigned his charge, the Sixth Street Church merged with the Brainard Presbyterian in Rivington Street, of which Rev. Dr. Asa D. Smith was the pastor; and a new and larger edifice was built on the southwest corner of Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street—then the heart of the fashionable residential district—the society being reorganized under the corporate name of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church. This merger formed a very large congregation which included many old and distinguished families, and the new auditorium was so well filled that we could not obtain a choice pew, but had to content ourselves with one near the door on the north side of the north aisle. Its number was 68, and I believe that my father engaged it in 1854. Owing, perhaps, to the undesirable location of our seat, or possibly to the discomfort of worshipping in so crowded a building, I seem to retain no feeling of attachment to the Fourteenth Street Church, although I still have a sentimental regard for the old Seventh Presbyterian, and cherish the memory of the days when as a little child I attended its services.

Our new pastor, Dr. Smith, who lived at No. 120 Second Street, afterward became the president of Dartmouth College in Hanover, N. H. My teacher in the Sabbath school was a young

man named Porter, a nephew of William E. Dodge; but I am not positive whether his class was in the Sixth Street Church or in the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian—possibly he taught in both. The Sixth Street Sunday school convened in the basement; the other, in a rear room at the west end of the building having its entrance on Fourteenth Street. The latter church, which, owing to the deterioration of the neighborhood, has lost the aristocratic tone of former days (although its denomination remains unchanged), is now called the Labor Temple, and is performing a most excellent service in evangelizing the foreign-born residents of the vicinity. Its house of worship was demolished in the spring or early summer of 1924 to permit the erection of a modern building better suited to the needs of the present congregation.

After our removal from Seventh Street to a new residence in Twenty-third, to which I shall refer more particularly in the chapters which follow, we went for two or three years to the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church at the northwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. The preaching, however, was not wholly to our taste, for the minister, Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, was an adherent of the Old School, while our former pastors had been New School men, and his doctrinal interpretations seemed to us to savor of old fogyism.* We therefore transferred our allegiance to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, then worshipping in a comparatively new building on the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, facing the park from which it derived its name.

The Madison Square Church was incorporated by some of the members of the Central Presbyterian of Broome Street, who seceded and formed a separate organization in 1850; holding their services in Hope Chapel, on the east side of Broadway a short distance south of Eighth Street, pending the erection of the edifice on Madison Square, which was completed some five years

*The controversy between the Old School and the New was similar in some respects to the present dissension of the Fundamentalists and the Modernists. By it the church was split into two distinct branches of nearly equal numerical strength, which remained separate and independent communions for thirty years, but were happily reunited in 1869. Each faction professed to be thoroughly Calvinistic, and each claimed to be the true Presbyterian Church, refusing to recognize the other as such; but while the Old School emphasized the doctrine of foreordination, the New School laid greater stress upon free will, at the same time advocating a general relaxation of doctrinal strictness, to which the opposite body would not consent.

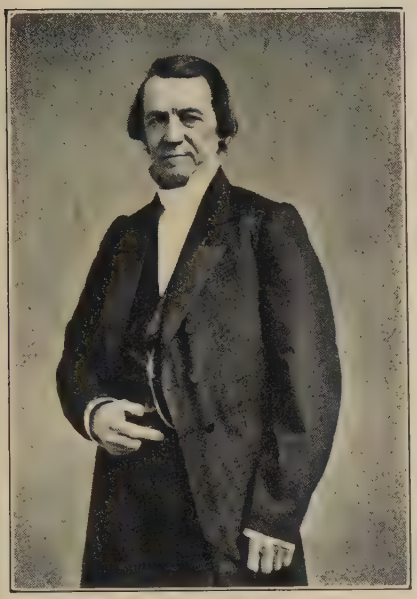
later. The new society flourished and prospered almost from the beginning, its services being very largely attended as long as the vicinity of Madison Square remained a residential section. Its congregation, which was said to include a greater number of prominent citizens than could be found in any other house of worship in the city, was considered the most fashionable in the metropôlis and the most wealthy in the country. For thirty or thirty-five years this was the strongest church, numerically and financially, in the New York Presbytery; but commencing in the late nineties it began to suffer a loss of prestige, its attendance slowly but steadily diminishing, owing to the northward drift of the neighboring population. In 1906, when the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which had improved the adjoining lots on Madison Avenue with a large building, expressed a wish to buy the property of the church in order to control the entire block front, and offered so high a price that the trustees of the society could not conscientiously refuse it, the suggestion was made that a new site be selected in the uptown district to which most of the members had removed; but so great a change of location was precluded by the terms of an endowment which the church had previously received, and a new edifice was accordingly built on the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, directly opposite the old one. Despite the erection of this new and elegant house of worship, the congregation continued to decrease; and in 1918 the society, or what was left of it, merged with the First Presbyterian at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, thus terminating its separate and independent existence.

Rev. Dr. William Adams, who had previously occupied the Central Presbyterian pulpit for a period of about fifteen years, became the first minister of the Madison Square Church, which he served from its incorporation in 1850 until 1874; residing on the south side of Twenty-fourth Street in the rear of the church edifice. He was a preacher of unusual ability, energy and power, whose reputation extended throughout the country, and he was generally recognized as the foremost clergyman of the Presbyterian faith in the United States. He was, moreover, a man of fine personal appearance, tall, dignified and courtly; and

although somewhat reserved in manner, he possessed a warm heart and a kindly disposition which endeared him to his parishioners, and influenced all others with whom he came in contact. But while the more enthusiastic of his admirers considered him a great pulpit orator, he never so impressed me, for his delivery was calm, quiet and unimpassioned, and his sermons, though forcible and convincing, were written as a rule in a plain, unvarnished style. The rapid growth of the Madison Square Church during the early years of its existence was largely due to his activity in all work pertaining to the denomination; and when, in 1874, he resigned his charge to accept the presidency of Union Theological Seminary, it was feared by many that the severance of the pastoral relation would jeopardize the society's continued success. Dr. Adams died in the summer of 1880 at his country home in St. Cloud, among the Orange Mountains of New Jersey, and was interred in Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge.

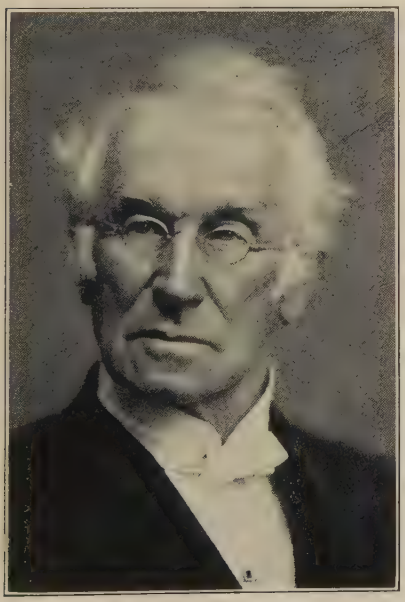
After the resignation of Dr. Adams, his pulpit remained vacant until 1876, when a call was extended to Rev. Dr. William J. Tucker, who preached here until 1879, and thereafter succeeded Dr. Asa D. Smith as president of Dartmouth College. Dr. Tucker was a clergyman of broad scholarship and earnest purpose, yet his pastoral efforts proved a little disappointing to the congregation, for in following so gifted and popular a minister as Dr. Adams he had attempted a most difficult task. The third and last pastor, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, was installed in 1880, and occupied the pulpit until the merger with the First Presbyterian in 1918.

Dr. Parkhurst's pastorate was distinguished by a determined attack, commenced in the early nineties, upon the corruption of the city government, in which he laid bare a partnership between the police and the criminal classes, and proved that the holders of municipal offices who were responsible for the enforcement of law were in many cases lawbreakers themselves. His friends were at first inclined to dissuade him from a course so unusual for a clergyman, doubting the possibility of success; he was vilified by the politicians, ridiculed by the newspapers and burlesqued on the vaudeville stage; yet he continued his



REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, D.D.

REV. ASA D. SMITH, D.D.



REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D.

REV. CHAS. H. PARKHURST, D.D.

crusade without a moment's hesitation until the desired result was accomplished. His exposures led to reforms so sweeping in their scope as to alter the political complexion of the city government, reorganize the police department, and effect many changes in the criminal laws. I am inclined to think that the world-wide fame which Dr. Parkhurst gained as a successful leader of political reform obscured his reputation as a talented preacher of the Gospel. In the latter field he had few equals among the ablest divines of the metropolis; he possessed an exceptional command of language, and his utterances were marked by an originality of expression which never failed to give to his sermons a peculiar freshness and vigor.

Our affiliation with the Madison Square Church was formed when the society was approaching the period of its greatest prosperity, and its attendance was so large that the supply of pews was hardly equal to the demand. The only seat which my father could obtain was the fourth from the door on the left (north) side of the centre aisle (No. 54), and we all felt slightly dissatisfied because a more advantageous position was not available. After the marriage of my brother William, Ambrose was offered, and promptly secured, an additional pew in the middle of the auditory, on the south side of the centre aisle, which was regularly occupied thereafter by Smith, William and the latter's family. Its number was 86, which, by a singular coincidence, was also the number of our house in East Twenty-third Street. Smith, who was very nearsighted, and experienced difficulty in finding the seat in the semi-obscurity of the church, caused his hymn-book to be bound in law sheep, which rendered the volume so conspicuous in the rack that the pew could be very easily identified.

Ambrose, Smith and Maria united with the Madison Square Church on Easter Sunday, April 5, 1863; the two former by letter from the Seventh Presbyterian, and Maria by profession of faith. I myself joined by profession a year later—April 3, 1864.

Smith, when advanced in life, became convinced that, owing to his increasing infirmities and failing eyesight, too great a risk was involved in the rather long trip to Madison Square from the upper part of the city in which we then lived; and he and I ac-

cordingly united with the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, because of its proximity to our home. We occupied a pew near the pulpit not far from a side door communicating with Fifty-fifth Street, and worshipped there until the year of Smith's death; but the other members of the family remained in the congregation of the Madison Square Church: Ambrose and William as long as they lived, and William's people until its merger with the First Presbyterian.

Many years ago Ambrose and a friend of his named Duncan founded a Sabbath school in a building owned by my brother in First Street—an old, abandoned schoolhouse which he bought of the city at a reasonable price. He afterward presented the property to the New York City Mission Society (of which he was for many years a trustee), under the auspices of which the Olivet Memorial Church in Second Street is maintained, and by this church the Sunday school established so long ago is still continued. Ambrose taught his class in that school for at least two generations, giving it up only when his further attendance was precluded by advancing age and his removal to a more distant part of the city. Olivet Church stands in part upon two lots which he bought and presented to the society in order to provide a broader frontage on Second Street.

The Baptist Church of Livingston, N. J., an offshoot of the society at Northfield, dates from 1851. The members of the Ely family who then resided in Livingston were deeply interested in the founding of this church, and I believe that its existence as an independent organization was very largely due to their activities. Uncle John was one of its incorporators, being the chairman of the meeting held March 31, 1851, for the purpose of organizing the new society; was one of the first trustees, who undertook the task of raising funds for the erection of a church building, and, if I am not mistaken, served as a deacon for several years; while his sister, Aunt Sally Halsey, is said to have contributed a large sum toward the cost of the edifice. I was frequently told in my younger days that my uncle presented the land whereon the meeting-house and parsonage were built, but this I understand

to mean that he donated the funds with which the site was purchased; for although the church-lot, together with the surrounding property, belonged to him at one time, he sold it before the society was incorporated. This church is so near the parent body in Northfield that for many years it was possible for a single clergyman to supply both pulpits, but the recent growth of the congregation at Livingston has necessitated a separate pastorate.

CHAPTER XIV

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams!

ROGERS.

THE initial step in the interest of public education at Livingston was taken in 1804, when a meeting of leading citizens was called at the house of William Ely, Jr. (referred to in a previous chapter as "Uncle Bill"), for the purpose of organizing a local school society, of which my grandfather, Moses Ely, senior, was elected one of the first trustees. I reproduce the certificate of incorporation, which I found at the Homestead, among some other papers, in an old trunk of my grandfather's. It was recorded in the Essex County Clerk's office in Liber A of Miscellanies, page 51:

This Certifies that the Inhabitants have met at the House of William Ely Agreeably to Public Notice Set up ten days previous, and after assembled did then and there by plurallity of votes Incorporate themselves into a School Society agreeable to an act of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey—And did then and there Choose us the Subscribers Trustees of Said Corporation, and that we have taken and assumed the name of Trustees of Collumbia Village School Society.

Witness our hands and seals this 27th day of October, 1804.

MOSES ELY.
E. C. COLLINS.
PETER COOK.

The choice of "Columbia Village" as the corporate title is explained by the fact that Livingston at that time had no distinctive name; for the early designation, "Canoe Brook," was not applied exclusively to this settlement, but was shared by the neighboring hamlet of Northfield.

The original schoolhouse of Livingston Village, in which my father and his brothers and sisters received instruction, stood on the north side of the old road from Newark to Hanover, some distance east of the present avenue to Roseland; but in 1835, after the Mount Pleasant Turnpike had become the main artery of travel, a new schoolhouse was built, directly south of the earlier structure, between the old road and the turnpike, facing the latter. This second building was followed by a larger edifice standing a little farther from the street in the same enclosure, which in turn was superseded in 1914 by the present academy on the road to Northfield; whereupon the schoolhouse on the turnpike was purchased for a public library.

During my childhood and youth, and, in fact, before I was born, some of our relatives in the country were accustomed to send their children to pass the winters at our home in New York in order to attend the metropolitan schools. Uncle Doctor Gaines's daughter Louisa went to school from our house in Rivington Street, and her younger sister Sarah, at a later date, from our Second Street residence; and in after years, when Louisa was the wife of Henry Beach, she made a similar arrangement for her daughters as they successively arrived at the proper age. Each child remained more than one winter in order to complete the course, and my recollection is that one or another of the Beach girls was a member of our household during the school term of practically every year of my boyhood.

My brothers Ambrose and Smith were pupils of Mrs. Nancy Dodd, who taught a private school in her residence, No. 39 Columbia Street, assisted by her two daughters. I am under the impression that this was the only school which Ambrose attended, and that he left it at the early age of thirteen to accept a clerkship in his father's office. The principal was the widow of Daniel Dodd, who, I understood, was related to the senior partner of the well-known publishing firm, Dodd, Mead & Company, and who lost his fortune in the Vanderbilt-Gibbons steamboat litigation, in which he was associated with the defeated suitor, Governor Ogden of New Jersey. His daughter Susan, an assistant teacher in the school, afterward married Abraham Suydam, who became

the president of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of New Brunswick, N. J., and was the victim of a sensational crime; being murdered on December 3, 1840, by Peter Robinson, whose note the bank held. I have in my library a pamphlet containing an account of the homicide, with a report of the trial and conviction of the murderer, compiled by Daniel Dodd, Jr., whom I take to be Susan's brother. Once while talking with Smith about my collection of rare books, and showing him some of the volumes, I handed him this brochure, the value of which lies in its scarcity rather than in its contents,—not supposing that he had any knowledge of the crime,—and he was much surprised and interested to find that I had such a publication, telling me that the wife of the murdered man was his former school-teacher.

In 1908, when Smith was advanced in life, though retaining much of his erstwhile vigor, he was requested by the editor of the *Medico-Legal Journal* to write for publication an article on the subject of longevity. His essay appeared in the October number of the periodical, and contained, among other things, the following paragraph, which is of interest in connection with my brief account of his school-days:

> I have already alluded to my inordinate appetite for sweet things. This inclination in one instance was abnormally aroused. Daniel Dod, a civil engineer, started the first steamboat for traffic on New York Bay about a century ago. The enterprise proved unprofitable, and his widow started a primary school in Columbia Street, which I attended before I was five years of age. She was sometimes assisted by her daughter Mary, who taught me to spell in two syllables. She was a very pretty girl, about 14 years old, with ringlets and red cheeks, and I was greatly enamored. In my childish imagination I dreamt of cooking her in a great kettle, transforming her into a sort of pot roast and eating her with currant jelly. I maintained a correspondence with her until the time of her death, which occurred a few months ago, at Princeton, N. J., at the age of 93. Her sister Susan was the wife of David Brown, of the famous shipbuilding firm of Brown & Bell, and she reached the age of 96.

After leaving Mrs. Dodd's, Smith was sent to a school conducted by Horace Covell on the north side of East Broadway, two or three doors west of the home of our family physician, Dr. Alfred Freeman, who lived on the corner of Clinton Street; and a few years later my brother William also entered this academy. Covell, I believe, failed to win the affection of his pupils, for he

was a very strict disciplinarian, and was not favored with an agreeable personality. One of his instructors was a man named Ephraim H. Jenny, who was much more considerate and kindly in his dealings with the scholars; and they rejoiced when Covell retired, about 1842, and Jenny succeeded to the office of principal.

My own education was undertaken at the early age of five. My mother placed me in an infant class, such as would now be called a kindergarten, which was taught in a basement, one or two steps below the level of the sidewalk, on the south side of Second Street east of Avenue B—a convenient situation, only one block east of our residence. I was naturally a timid child, and this being my first experience alone among strangers, I felt a good deal terrified; still, relying upon my mother's assurances, I watched her departure with apparent fortitude, and finding as time went on that nothing occurred to justify my alarm, I gradually regained my self-possession. But happening to glance out of the window, and seeing my mother walking homeward on her return from market (probably Union Market, at the junction of Houston and Second Streets), the horror of being left behind struck me with redoubled force, causing me to utter piercing screams, and rush out of the house to join her. She led me home, and endeavored to divert my mind by giving me some grapes from the vines which grew on the back piazza of our Second Street residence.

This fiasco convinced my mother that I was too young to go to school, and she allowed the matter to rest until the following year, when she installed me in a primary class taught by a niece of Rev. Dr. Asa D. Smith in the basement of his house, No. 120 Second Street, one block west of our home, on the opposite side of the way. I attended that school for about two years.

After my return from Montville, where I spent the summer of 1844, I entered the academy of Ephraim H. Jenny,—"The New York Institute," he called it,—then situated on the northeast corner of East Broadway and Clinton Street. Its distance from our house was rather long, and as I was considered too young to traverse the streets unattended, William, who was in one of the upper classes, acted as my guide and protector; and I still recall the mental anguish I endured whenever he en-

gaged in a combat with other boys of his age whom we encountered on the way, leaving me to hold his books and cry. On one occasion I suffered even greater terror. In a certain part of Clinton Street, not far from the school, we always noticed a number of pigeons flying about, or gathering in the roadway, which were doubtless owned by the proprietor of some neighboring stable; and one day when William, in a spirit of mischief, threw a stone at the birds, and unintentionally killed one, I fled homeward at the top of my speed, momentarily expecting to feel the ponderous hand of a policeman upon my collar. Soon after my enrollment in the New York Institute, Jenny moved his school to a new location, No. 230 East Broadway, which was a short distance eastward on the same side of the avenue, there being only five or six houses between the two sites. The scholars helped him move by carrying many of his goods and chattels, and were generously rewarded with a feast of cake and pie.

In the new building Jenny lived on the ground floor, had the girls' school on the second story, the boys' department on the third, and the primary grade, to which I belonged, on the fourth. I have a small picture of the New York Institute, evidently published by Jenny as an advertisement, which, strangely enough, turned up some years ago at an auction of rare books, prints and engravings. The houses in that row, about six in number, are still standing, and Jenny's can be easily identified by the fact that it is the only one with a second-story balcony. Its entrance is ornamented with a Grecian portico of brown stone, which, though worn by time and defaced by ill-usage, retains much of its former elegance. I am inclined to think that this row of houses is owned by the Rutgers estate, the representatives of which seldom alter their investments, since this would account for its long preservation in a neighborhood which has undergone as great a change as any in that part of the metropolis. My supposition is strengthened by the fact that an adjoining building was sold not long ago by the Crosbys, who are closely related to the Rutgers family, and inherited much of the Rutgers property.

On the south side of East Broadway, nearly opposite Jenny's institute, there was a boarding stable displaying the sign HOTEL

DE HORSE, which struck me as so curious that I have never forgotten it. Such establishments, however, were rare in that locality, for East Broadway, at the time referred to, was a select residential thoroughfare, a broad, sunny avenue, beautified by handsome brick mansions, most of which were three stories in height. It was far more aristocratic than the somewhat dingy street in which we lived, and in the general deterioration of more recent years retained its high character much longer; for several old and wealthy families, who had long resided there, remained until a comparatively late period, and maintained its respectability. Even now, when lined with Jewish tenements, East Broadway is rather attractive, or if that is too good a word, it is at any rate much less unattractive than any other street in its vicinity; and one who is endowed with a reasonably vivid imagination can easly picture it as it appeared in bygone days, when it numbered many of the first families among its residents.

Our cousins, William and Emma Kitchell, children of Uncle Ambrose and Aunt Ann, were pupils of Jenny's school, but as they were older than I, they were not in my department. "Billy" Kitchell, though not a large boy, was quite enterprising and venturesome; and in warm weather he and some of his classmates were accustomed to improve the hour's recess which was allowed at noon by going down to the foot of Clinton Street and swimming in the East River. I often accompanied them to the water front, although I was too small to join in their aquatic sport.

One day Jenny's scholars were thrown into a state of intense excitement by the announcement in the newspapers that some Indian warriors from one of the western tribes were visiting New York as a party of personally conducted tourists, and that on the following morning, while going from one point of interest to another, they planned to travel down town by the East Broadway stage line, which would carry them directly past the school. I well remember the eagerness with which we crowded to the windows when the time arrived, and our exclamations of wonder and delight on beholding two or three passing omnibuses filled with fierce-looking red men in their picturesque native costume. They were

probably coming from Grand Street Ferry, and going down to view the City Hall.

At that period the omnibus was employed more extensively than any other public conveyance, for horse-cars had not yet come into general use. The only car line which I now remember was that of the Harlem Railroad Company in the Bowery and Fourth Avenue; but about twenty-five stage lines were operated, by which all the principal streets of the city were traversed. The buses that passed Jenny's school were owned by Macrell & Simpson, whose route commenced at their stable on the corner of Tenth Street and Avenue C, ran through Tenth Street to Avenue D, and thence by way of Lewis Street, Grand Street, East Broadway, Chatham Street (now Park Row), Broadway and Whitehall, to South Ferry.

After Jenny retired from the field of education he was employed for about three years by Horace Greeley as a bill-collector for the *New York Tribune*. He seemed to me much like Greeley as regards his physical traits—not that he resembled the noted journalist except in a very general way, but he was a man of similar type, having a large figure with smooth face and rather long hair. When my brother Smith was a member of the New York State Senate, Jenny often called on him in his office down town, being very proud of the fact that one of his former pupils had risen so high in public life.

My connection with Jenny's institute was concluded, I think, about 1846, when I became a pupil of George Browne, whom I remember as a portly man of sedate mien and clerical appearance. His school was taught in a hall on the second floor of No. 2 Second Street, at the northeast corner of the Bowery; which hall was also used for religious services, the Sixth Street Presbyterian Society holding Sabbath worship and midweek prayer-meetings in it prior to the erection of their church-edifice. Not long after my enrollment, Browne moved his academy to a house which he bought or leased on the south side of Bond Street (No. 57), adjoining the Bowery corner; but as Second Street, which runs eastward from the Bowery, and Bond Street, which leads westward from it, are practically the same thoroughfare, the new

situation was only a few steps from the old. Both buildings in which the school was housed are still standing, with little, if any, change in outside appearance, as is also the structure on the southwest corner of the Bowery and Bond street. The latter was then occupied by Stephen Albro's grocery, beside which, on the Bond Street sidewalk, I enjoyed many a game of marbles during the noon recess. Browne devoted a large part of his house to school purposes, having the boys' department on the first floor, and that of the girls on the second. The situation was very convenient, for we were then living in Second Street, and the school was only a few minutes' walk from our house. At that time I was large enough to go alone, and I often walked, for sake of variety, on the opposite (north) side of the street, passing the Marble Cemetery, a large enclosure in the heart of the block between First and Second Avenues, which retains to this day much of its former beauty—a sort of oasis in the desert of sordid masonry which surrounds it. I regarded the burying ground with a good deal of interest because it contained the grave of President James Monroe (his body was thence removed to Virginia), who died July 4, 1831, in the house of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, on the northwest corner of Prince and Lafayette Streets.

This house, which was built in 1823 by Gouverneur, then postmaster of New York, was a dwelling of medium size, containing two stories and attic, with two dormer windows in the roof facing Prince Street, and having a kitchen extension and side entrance on Lafayette. Monroe came from his home in Virginia to live with the Gouverneurs when his fortune ebbed, and spent the last year of his life in their family circle. In those days that part of the city was an aristocratic residential district, but it is now devoted wholly to commerce. The house passed out of the family after the president's death, changing hands repeatedly in the years which followed, and his connection with it was largely forgotten until 1905, when a bronze

tablet was affixed to its front wall by the Women's Auxiliary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, to mark the place of his death. An organization called the James Monroe Memorial Association, recently formed for the purpose of preserving the house, attempted in 1924 to raise $300,000 by popular subscription for its purchase, but the efforts of the society were unsuccessful, because of the magnitude of the sum required, and the fact that Monroe's occupation of the building was merely casual; and I read in the daily papers during May, 1925, that, the project having failed, the house was soon to be demolished to make way for a commercial skyscraper. The old dwelling, when I last saw it, was in an advanced stage of dilapidation, the cellar and basement being a ragpickers' mart, with a carpenter shop on the floor above; and as most of the interior woodwork had been removed or destroyed, the structure was reduced to a mere shell.

When I was a young man in business, the Cunningham-Burdell murder was committed in a Bond Street residence only a short distance from Browne's house, and it created a great sensation, for crime in those days was far less rampant than at present, and homicide was by no means the matter of daily recurrence that it has since become. Newspapers throughout the country rang with the affair, and, in some cases, families were divided upon the probable guilt or innocence of the suspected slayer. Dr. Harvey Burdell, a wealthy and popular dentist, the owner of the house No. 31 Bond Street, which he occupied in part as his residence and office, was assassinated in his consulting room on the evening of January 30, 1857. His housekeeper, a widow named Emma Augusta Cunningham, who was permitted by the doctor to keep a few boarders, was generally believed to be the author of the crime, but although implicated by a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, she was acquitted at the trial because of insufficiency of proof. The name of my brother Smith was brought into the case because an employee of his, a young fellow named John J. Eckel, was one of Mrs. Cunningham's boarders, and was arrested on the charge of having been her accomplice, although the State failed to convict him.

Smith at that time was a leather merchant in Ferry Street, and

he had a hide-house at the foot of Forty-fifth Street, East River, in which district the butchers had their headquarters, where he bought green hides from the butchers and salted them for the tannery; Eckel being his manager or superintendent. The latter was directed to call at the office in Ferry Street every day, or at least every other day, to get money to pay for the hides and to pay the men; but on the day of the murder he did not come as expected, and in the evening Smith went to the house No. 31 Bond Street to give him instructions and money. Not finding Eckel at home, he left a package for him at the door. When news of the murder was published, Smith remarked that Dr. Burdell was probably dead at the time of his call, though the crime had not then been discovered.

My impression is that Eckel was related in some degree to Mahlon Mattison, who, a few years before, had been Smith's partner in the leather business, and that my brother made his acquaintance in that way. He discharged Eckel, however, on learning of his alleged connection with the crime, and employed in his stead our cousin Henry Kitchell, to whom he sold the business in Forty-fifth Street in 1869.

In after life Smith became well acquainted with a journalist named "Joe" Howard, who, in the nineties, wrote for the *New York Recorder,* a daily paper now defunct; publishing in each issue, as a special feature, an article entitled "Howard's Column," in which he commented upon, or briefly reviewed, matters of current interest. A reference to the Burdell murder was contained in Howard's Column of August 11, 1896, and read as follows:

> Of all our ex-Mayors, Smith Ely changes least in physical appearance. Jimmy O'Brien seems to think that Ely and Platt resemble each other, and that each looks smart enough to whip the devil around the stump of expediency in a fair hand-to-hand tussle. I met Mr. Ely on the [ferry] boat yesterday, looking precisely as he did when, with cheery face, merry jest and buoyant step, he entered the Mayor's office years and years ago. It has always been thought that Oakey Hall, when District-Attorney, failed to convict Mrs. Cunningham of the Burdell murder in Bond street because he assumed and sought to prove that the assassination was done at 11 o'clock at night. Testimony developed the fact that at that hour the house was filled, all the boarders being in their rooms, while at 7.30 everybody belonging about the premises had in some way been ingeniously gotten rid of. Mr. Ely called at the house between 7.30 and 8—about the time the

deed was probably done—and, oddly enough, the door was opened by Mrs. Cunningham in person. The probable theory is that the doctor was assaulted suddenly in his room, and that in the desperate fight which ensued he was stabbed, as no man would be apt to stab a victim, some eleven times with the carving knife which presumably did duty at the breakfast table the following morning. Strange how the sight of a man brings up memories long since passed away!

CHAPTER XV

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LAMB.

FROM the spring of 1848 until the autumn of 1849 I attended a boarding-school in Bloomfield, N. J., founded by Rev. Ebenezer Seymour, a former pastor of the local Presbyterian Church. Mr. Seymour, on resigning his pulpit, decided to retire from the ministry, and devote himself to the education of the young; establishing, in 1847, the "Bloomfield Institute" for the instruction of children of both sexes, some of the boys being received as boarders; and he conducted the school very successfully for twelve or thirteen years.

Mrs. Seymour was Mary Hoe, eldest child of Robert Hoe, the inventor and manufacturer of the famous Lightning printing press, whose factory, the proportions of which seemed very impressive to me (for it filled an entire block), was situated in Grand Street, New York. Her sister Emmeline married Giles S. Ely, and is mentioned in The Ely Ancestry. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour had three sons and two daughters, two of the former being a little older than I, and the other children younger. The boys, when they grew up, engaged in business in New York: Henry as a clerk in Rose Street, and Edward as a reporter, and later a sub-editor, of the *New York Times;* while George, who was a baby when I was a member of his father's household, and lived, I believe, to be the last survivor of the latter's family circle, held for many years a position of responsibility in the employ of the New York Edison Company. In 1921 I hunted him up at the company's offices in Irving Place, introduced myself to him, and had a very interesting talk about old times. It seemed strange indeed to converse with an elderly man, preparing to retire from

business on account of age, whom I had last seen as an infant in arms.

Bloomfield, in my boyhood, was always called "East Bloomfield," while "West Bloomfield" distinguished what is now Montclair. For a small town, Bloomfield was quite an educational centre in those days, containing, besides Mr. Seymour's institute, three other boarding and day schools, two principally for boys, and one exclusively for girls; but although these institutions were widely known and justly celebrated for their excellent standing, I understood that Seymour's enjoyed the highest rating of them all. The schools for boys were taught by James H. Rundell and Charles M. Davis. The old Bloomfield Academy, dating from 1810, which was originally maintained at the public expense, had passed into private hands, and was taught by Rundell, who afterward sold the property (a big brick building which stood—and still stands—on the east side of the village green) to the trustees of the German Theological Seminary, renamed at the time of the World War the Bloomfield Theological Seminary; while Davis conducted the "Bloomfield Classical School," a rival institution, on the west side of the park, diagonally opposite. The "Bloomfield Female Seminary" also faced the park on the west side, and was presided over by Mrs. Harriet B. Cooke, who made her home with her son and daughter-in-law. Her school was pervaded by a distinctly religious atmosphere, for Madame Cooke, as she was generally called, was a very pious woman, and she imparted to her pupils so much of her interest in the conversion of the heathen that many of her graduates became missionaries in the foreign field. My cousin Julia Gaines entered this academy as a boarding pupil about six years after my departure from Seymour's. It was conveniently reached from her home in Lower Montville, for both villages were on the route of the Boonton and Newark stage-coach, which followed the Parsippany Turnpike, one of Bloomfield's principal streets.

On Sundays the four schools assembled for the morning service in the gallery of the Presbyterian Church, in which building the subsequent years have wrought but few changes. The Seymour and Davis boys gathered on the west side, the latter nearer the

pulpit, with Madame Cooke's pupils sitting opposite, and Rundell's at the end of the auditorium facing the preacher.

About five years ago I revisited Bloomfield to observe the improvements which the passage of time has brought about, and to ascertain if the Seymour family is still represented there. Before my departure I walked through the cemetery, and located Mr. Seymour's plot, in which I found the graves of all the members of the family I used to know except one son and one daughter. I was somewhat surprised to notice that the plot contains the tomb of James H. Rundell, from which fact I inferred that he was a relative, although a relationship was never hinted at in my school days. There was, in fact, a distinct rivalry between his academy and ours, which extended to positive hostility on the part of the boys. His scholars always referred to us as "Seymour's Apes," while we, not to be outdone in vilification, dubbed them "Rundell's Rats."

I remember a fifth institution of learning, taught by a man named David A. Frame, about half way up the hill between Bloomfield and Montclair on the south side of the main road. I knew little about it during my sojourn at Seymour's, and had no acquaintance with any of its scholars; but at a later date it was attended by my cousin Walter Beach, with whom I once spent a night in the dormitories in order to be present in due season next morning at the commencement exercises, in which he took a prominent part. This, however, occurred some years after my own graduation, for Walter, being younger than I, was not as far advanced in his studies.

The Seymour school was situated at first near the corner of Beach and Spruce Streets, but was moved after a short time to a more desirable location, its principal having bought a valuable property on the north side of Belleville Avenue just west of the Morris Canal, in what was then a rural district lying beyond the built-up section of the town. I was one of the first boarding scholars enrolled after this change was made. Mr. Seymour's purchase included a spacious house, together with a large field extending from the canal toward the village; and as he made no use of the land other than cultivating a small section of it as a garden,

it formed an excellent playground for his pupils. Several years later a portion of the property was acquired for the construction of the New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad, now part of the Erie system, and the track was built in close proximity to the northeast corner of the Seymour residence, the house itself being converted into a station.

The Morris Canal extended from Phillipsburg to Jersey City, forming a connecting link between the Delaware and the Hudson, and it pursued a devious course, one hundred miles in length, in order to reach the principal manufacturing centres. It was formerly a very important means of transporting merchandise across the State, and in its early years was traveled by fifteen or twenty boats a day, bringing coal, iron and country produce to the cities, and returning with raw materials for the factories situated along the route. There were no lines of packets for passenger traffic, such as were maintained on some of the larger canals of the country, although at one time a packet drawn by three horses was run merely as an excursion-boat between Newark and Passaic. But the economic value of the canal was destroyed by the development of the railroads, for a barge laden with 70 tons of coal, and (owing to delays at the locks) requiring five days for the trip from Phillipsburg to Jersey City, could not compete with a train conveying 2,000 tons between the same points in five hours; and for this reason the operation of the waterway gradually ceased. It has long been owned by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, which sent a boat over it once a year to prevent a forfeiture of the charter; but for many years it was not otherwise traversed, save by the canoes of summer visitors who, during the vacation season, encamped in certain localities along its banks. Repeated applications were made to the Legislature to authorize its abandonment, but it remained without material change of form or appearance until 1924, when the draining off of its water ended its existence; its channel being purchased by the several municipalities through which it ran. The business of the canal had diminished to a great extent prior to my enrollment in Seymour's school, although I used to see at least one boat pass every day, and sometimes two or three; there being, no doubt, others which I failed to notice.

The channel rose to a higher level in Bloomfield by means of a lock near the mill-pond, in plain view from Belleville Avenue; and I was always interested in the process of locking the boats up and down.

Mr. Seymour's institute, the site of which is now in a thickly populated part of Bloomfield, was situated in the open country, there being no residence other than his on the north side of the road between the canal and the village, except an old farm-house near the church. I remember no buildings on the opposite side of the way between the canal and the rear of the houses which faced the park, nor can I recall any street leading southward from Belleville Avenue in that vicinity. The neighborhood has been completely changed. The fields in which the boys used to play, having been divided into building lots, are now filled with houses, and a dense wood on the west side of the canal which extended from Belleville Avenue as far as the station of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad has yielded to the march of improvement. The bridge which spanned the canal has been replaced with a wider structure, but prior to the draining of the channel in 1924, the canal itself, on the north side of the road, looked precisely as it did in the days of long ago. A man named David Oakes, who lived in a farm-house near the east side of the canal, north of the road, owned a neighboring woolen mill standing on the shore of the pond, which was reached by a private lane; and a certain Mr. Doty, whose daughter Mary was one of Seymour's day-scholars, owned another mill, on the opposite side of the pond, where goods of a different kind were manufactured. Mr. Oakes had a son Thomas, whose acquaintance I made at the time of my recent visit to Bloomfield, who entered Seymour's academy the year after I left, and of course knew many of my schoolmates. He inherited his father's property, but resided in a new house situated farther from the canal and from Belleville Avenue, and he replaced the old mill with a four-story brick factory a hundred feet in length. He died June 13, 1924, at the age of eighty-six, having been for many years a leading citizen of Bloomfield, and undoubtedly one of its wealthiest residents.

Our preceptor in the Bloomfield Institute was Dr. Pierson of

Orange, for Mr. Seymour himself was rarely seen except at meals. Pierson, I am positive, was not a doctor of divinity, but he may have been a doctor of philosophy, or possibly a physician. My room-mate during the first term (thereafter I roomed alone) was Clinton G. Reynolds, in later years a successful lawyer, practising in New York and residing in Orange, who, about 1889, was assassinated in his office, No. 59 Wall Street, by a deranged client whose case he had lost. Another scholar was De Witt Clinton Blair, my senior by two or three years, under whose instruction I learned to swim in the Morris Canal on the north side of Belleville Avenue. (Bathing in the canal was a popular amusement in summer, the sport being enjoyed on both sides of the bridge, although the north side was considered preferable.) Blair, who became a banker in Wall Street, spending his winters in New York and his summers at his country home in Belvidere, N. J., died a few years ago, leaving an estate which, according to the newspapers, amounted to $20,000,000. He was a son of John I. Blair, a prominent citizen of western New Jersey, in whose honor the city of Blairstown was named. The elder Blair amassed the bulk of his fortune when realty values in his vicinity were suddenly enhanced by the construction of the Lackawanna Railroad, and I believe he was interested in profitable contracts for building certain parts of the line. He was a village storekeeper, and, like other country merchants of the period, was accustomed to send a large, four-horse wagon to the city at regular intervals, carrying produce to market, and returning the next day, or the day after, with manufactured goods to replenish the stock in his store. His son's tuition at Mr. Seymour's was partly paid in merchandise, and at certain times the great wagon would stop in front of the door, and the driver would unload one or two barrels of flour brought from his employer's grist mill, or similar supplies for the household.

One of the pupils, whose name I cannot recollect, caused much surprise and amusement among his classmates by shaving off his eyebrows, thus making a startling change in his appearance; but the humor of the prank did not appeal to the principal, and he was promptly subjected to some sort of punishment.

There were two New York boys in the school besides myself:

Benjamin Gurney, whose father, Jeremiah Gurney, had a daguerreotype studio at 349 Broadway, and resided at 17 Cottage Place (an alley long since closed and obliterated which ran from Houston Street to Bleecker, west of Broadway); and Clarence Hunter, living in Fourth Street between the Bowery and Second Avenue, whose grandfather, Francis W. Edmunds, was the cashier of the Mechanics' Bank at 33 Wall Street. I remember a scholar named Ashurst whose home was in Philadelphia, another from Paterson named Sprague, and a relative of the latter, Nehemiah Perry, Jr., of Newark, whose father, Nehemiah, Sr., was elected mayor of that city some twenty or twenty-five years later. I lost sight of my schoolmates after I left Seymour's, and so many years have elapsed since my departure that I doubt very much if any of my companions of those far-off days are still in the land of the living.

I have always retained a very favorable impression of Mr. Seymour, of his household and his school. He seemed to feel a personal interest in his pupils, and often planned some little treat to give them pleasure. It may have been his benevolence, or perhaps a realization of his inability to restrain their marauding propensities, which impelled him to pay a few dollars each year to the farmer who lived between the school and the church for permitting the boys to climb the latter's cherry trees and help themselves to the fruit. He once hired an omnibus and gave a large number of his scholars a delightful ride to Paterson, and I recall a similar trip to Eagle Rock. I occasionally enjoyed an excursion to Belleville on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon; but this recreation was not attributable to Seymour's generosity, since I went on foot, and probably alone, for I have no recollection of any companions. On one occasion, however, he aroused my resentment by a proceeding which I could not but regard as the height of injustice. One of the scholars committed some act of mischief the nature of which I forget, and Mr. Seymour, despite a rigid investigation, was unable to ascertain the culprit's identity. Exasperated by his failure to extort a confession from the perpetrator of the deed or to compel his chums to expose him, the master determined to insure his correction by penalizing all the boys in the school. Although I have entirely

forgotten the form and extent of the punishment, I clearly remember my indignation at what I felt to be an unwarrantable abuse of authority—unwarrantable because, in the nature of the case, most of the pupils could not have known who was to blame, and Mr. Seymour must have been aware that the majority of the boys thus disciplined were wholly innocent of wrong-doing.

After my return from Bloomfield, at which time my parents were residing in Seventh Street, they sent me to a school taught by a Quaker named Richard Cornell, whose institute was doubtless chosen because of its proximity to our home, being around the corner, at No. 112 First Avenue, on the east side of the way, between Sixth Street and Seventh. His house, a handsome brick structure, was probably of recent erection, for that section of First Avenue was not extensively built up, the block below Sixth Street being vacant on the west side, and, I think, on the east side also. Cornell's daughter assisted him by teaching the primary department, and, if I remember correctly, my sister Maria was one of her pupils during the second year of my attendance. The Quaker himself was very arbitrary and rather harsh in his treatment of his scholars, and my remembrance of him is by no means agreeable; for although he never subjected me to the humiliation of corporal punishment, I used to feel that his conduct in general was inconsistent with the religious principles which he professed.

On my way to school I had to pass a slaughter house on First Avenue just south of Seventh Street, of which I retain a most unpleasant recollection; for the slaughtering, which was conducted in full view from the sidewalk, filled me with horror, and caused me to pass the place with hastened steps and averted eyes.

My education was completed in the academy of Henry Frye, situated at first on the second floor of No. 15 Third Avenue, two or three doors below Eighth Street, and later at No. 39 Sixth Street, in the building which had previously been the home of the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church; the classes occupying the room in the basement which had been designed for the Sunday school. While numbered among Frye's scholars I took a prize, consisting of a plain gold ring, for spelling and elocution. A similar reward was offered for each subject, but as I won both, the principal

EDWIN A. ELY

AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN

MARIA LOUISE ELY

AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN

economized by giving me a single ring only, which, however, he represented to be heavier and more valuable than either of the separate trophies. The prize for elocution I considered fairly gained, but in spelling I suspected that my teacher, Miss Van Tuyl, being well disposed toward me, favored me with words which she knew would cause me no difficulty; for I was not a good speller, and, for that matter, I never have been. In fact, I was in no sense a brilliant scholar, and failed as a rule to excel my companions, even in history, which was my favorite subject. At recitation I always preferred the second place in the several classes, for when at the head, I was constantly tormented by the fear of missing the answer to a question, and so losing the coveted position; while if second in the row, my mind was relieved of anxiety, and yet I was sufficiently near the top to fully satisfy my parents with my diligence and progress. The winning of a prize by so mediocre a student was both unexpected and gratifying, yet I hesitated to wear the ring, considering the display of jewelry rather foppish, and accordingly laid it away in a bureau drawer; but my mother found it there, and was so proud of the honor conferred upon me that she wore it herself.

The ring was stolen a few years later by burglars who entered our house in Seventh Street one summer while we were absent in the country. They purloined various articles of comparatively little cost: one, for example, an embroidered vest belonging to my brother William, which was afterward found in a pawn shop and recovered. My ring was the only object of value which the criminals obtained, and in their disappointment they committed many acts of wanton mischief, such as defacing and breaking furniture and bric-à-brac, and tearing and cutting books and pictures. Such vandalism by burglars was quite uncommon in those days. One of the books they mutilated was an elegant copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," which my brother Ambrose had presented to my mother; and this volume, together with an oil painting similarly defaced, is now in the possession of my nephew, who prizes these objects as an interesting, though somewhat distressing, memento of an event which caused much excitement in our quiet family life. The picture, a landscape painted by my cousin Charlie

Thompson, is a view at Green Pond in Morris County, New Jersey. It shows in the foreground a road which crosses a bridge, where a fisherman is standing, and disappears in the woods, while a portion of the lake is represented at the right. The canvas has been skilfully mended, but in a certain light the observer can still detect the cuts and scratches of the vandal's knife.

The crime was discovered by William, who had occasion to visit the house soon after its commission, and he immediately notified the police, through whose activities the miscreants were apprehended and sent to prison. William was one of the witnesses against them, and on the day of the trial a rough-looking fellow called at his office, and told him that his presence in court would not be required that morning, as the case had been adjourned. Fortunately he disregarded the statement, and found on arriving at court that the trial had not been postponed; the stranger's assertion being a mere subterfuge to prevent his appearance.

My enumeration of the various schools I attended would not be complete without some mention of the famous Crosby Street Gymnasium, to which I resorted in my early manhood for a course of instruction in physical culture. This celebrated institution, among the patrons of which many wealthy and aristocratic families were represented, was conducted by Charles F. Ottignon at 159 Crosby Street. My enthusiasm, unfortunately, outweighed my discretion; and in my eagerness to acquire a magnificent development in the shortest possible time, I used the apparatus so vigorously as to cause a muscular strain in the upper part of my left arm, which troubled me for many years, and not only prevented me from finishing the course, but considerably diminished my interest in the subject of athletics.

Charlie Ottignon was a very genial man, an American of French parentage. He was an excellent gymnast and a noted acrobatic performer in his early years, and remained a prominent figure in athletic circles during the greater part of his life. As a boxer he was especially gifted, and one might almost say that he originated the art of glove-fighting in this country, for he was the first to demonstrate the scientific use of the padded gloves. In the contests which he occasionally staged, he astonished the

sporting public by meeting, without intermission, three formidable opponents in succession; giving a marvelous exhibition of endurance and stamina. He was always in condition at that period of his life, and made little preparation for these encounters beyond eating very sparingly during the preceding half-day.

With the passing of the years, Charlie increased so enormously in avoirdupois, the result, I believe, of some disease, that his normal weight of 160 or 170 pounds gradually rose to 320. His obesity incapacitated him from giving personal demonstrations when teaching his pupils the use of the apparatus in the gymnasium, but did not preclude him from continuing his instruction in boxing; since in those days it was customary for the combatants to remain in almost the same spot during the round, relying upon guarding the blows rather than avoiding them, and the agile foot-work of modern times, by which the contest is carried to all parts of the ring, was practically unknown, and would have been regarded with disfavor.

Ottignon closed his gymnasium about 1860 or 1861, and perceiving that the outbreak of the Civil War had greatly stimulated public interest in the use of firearms, he established a shooting-gallery at 600 Broadway. During the last year of the Rebellion John Wilkes Booth began to frequent the place for pistol practice, which he continued until a satisfactory degree of proficiency was acquired. After a time Ottignon learned from other patrons, or from his employees, that Booth, when visiting the gallery, was using a photograph of President Lincoln as a target; he accordingly made a point of being present the next time that gentleman was expected, and when the latter set up a picture of Lincoln and prepared to fire at it, Charlie quietly but firmly took the pistol from his hand, declaring that such proceeding would not be tolerated. To this assertion Booth made no reply; he cast a most malignant glance at Ottignon, and immediately left the premises, never to return.

My sister's school days commenced when she was about five years old, with an experience somewhat similar to my own. Her mother conducted her to the school (that of Richard Cornell, if I mistake not), and left her apparently settled in the primary class;

but Maria was very loath to remain, and, watching her opportunity, she darted out of the building, and by taking a more direct route, arrived at home before her mother.

From January, 1856, to May, 1857, and perhaps for a longer time, Maria pursued her studies in the school of Mrs. Mary Ann Wheaton, a widow, at 104 Second Avenue, on the northeast corner of Sixth Street; and later entered the seminary of Madame Heloise Chegaray, No. 70 Madison Avenue, on the southwest corner of Twenty-eighth. As the name was not a common one, I have little doubt that the principal of this seminary was related to a certain Fulgence Chegaray, who, in the early forties, conducted an academy for boys in Madison, N. J., situated on Park Avenue at the corner of Punch Bowl Road; the property being afterward acquired by the Convent of St. Elizabeth. Maria's education was completed in the early years of the Civil War at the institute of Rev. Dr. D. C. Van Norman, of Nos. 3 and 5 West Thirty-eighth Street. Her favorite classmate in this school was Mary Hatch, daughter of Charles B. Hatch, a Broadway merchant, who lived at 35 East Twenty-third Street; and the acquaintance ripened into a lifelong friendship. The two girls were inseparable at that period, and Miss Hatch was a frequent visitor at our house. After their graduation my brother Smith often escorted them to social functions, concerts and other entertainments, and in summer he took them to various popular resorts, such as Long Branch, West Point, and Saratoga. Miss Hatch subsequently married Henry R. Durfee, an eminent lawyer of Palmyra, N. Y.

While Maria was pursuing her studies under the tutelage of Dr. Van Norman, New York was visited by the famous pianist Louis Gothschalk, a native of New Orleans of French parentage, who was touring the country engaged in operatic production. He was indebted to Smith for various little courtesies and favors, and to discharge the obligation he consented to give Maria a finishing course in piano instruction. He explained that it was contrary to his principles to give lessons, but was willing to superintend her practice, which virtually amounted to the same thing. Maria and Miss Hatch used to go together to his studio in Ninth Street, where they not only derived great benefit from his guid-

ance, but had the somewhat unusual privilege of witnessing the rehearsals and coaching of numerous operatic celebrities.

Maria had a decided talent for music, though her instructors complained that she would not devote herself to practice as assiduously as she should; but she was greatly handicapped by defective vision, being so near-sighted as to experience difficulty in reading the notes. She was advised not to wear eye-glasses, however, until she had reached middle age, for it was believed that the lenses, to be of any avail, would have to be so powerful as to cause serious eye strain. That both Smith and Maria suffered from myopia seemed very strange to me, for, as far as I am aware, none of our ancestors or immediate relatives among the Elys or Kitchells was similarly afflicted.

CHAPTER XVI

How strange are those scenes, when so far back they're view'd,
Which, with joy or with grief we've pass'd through;
Though fancy might tell us, they're naught but a dream,
Yet memory says they're all true.

SHIPPEY.

A MEMORABLE event of the year 1849 was the so-called Macready riot in Astor Place, during which my brother William had a narrow escape from death. This deplorable affair was the most serious disturbance of the kind that New York, up to that time, had ever known; its tragic outcome being due to the irresolution of the authorities, who, owing to lack of experience in such crises, showed a disposition to temporize with the rioters instead of dispersing them before their numbers had increased to dangerous proportions. It seems hardly credible that consequences so appalling could have resulted from so trivial a cause; the affray was the outgrowth of a mere spirit of rivalry between two members of the theatrical profession—Edwin Forrest, a talented and popular American actor, and William Macready, who had achieved equal success on the English stage—which, in its inception at least, was a purely personal matter. Forrest, a few years before, visited England, where he was received with marked disfavor; and it was believed that the animosity of the English public had been aroused, or at any rate augmented, by Macready. Consequently, when the latter came to New York in the spring of 1849 to fill a four weeks' engagement at the Astor Place Opera House,* the friends of Forrest prepared to retaliate by preventing his appearance.

The first outbreak occurred on the evening of Monday, May 7th, when Macready was driven from the stage by a hostile audience. He thereupon expressed a wish to cancel his engagement,

*This theatre was built upon the block of triangular shape which is bounded by Astor Place, Broadway and Eighth Street, but it occupied only the east end of the block, and was separated from Broadway by other buildings.

WILLIAM H. ELY

but was persuaded by a number of leading citizens to appear again, on the following Thursday, the 10th, in a presentation of *Macbeth*. This the lawless element determined to prevent; endeavoring, by the use of inflamatory placards displayed throughout the city, and by other unwarrantable means, to increase the popular resentment, and create an anti-British sentiment. Trouble at the theatre was fully expected on Thursday evening, although the newspapers predicted that if the roughs should attempt to interrupt the performance, they would not succeed, and would be severely dealt with. The building was protected by a force of 900 police officers and 1,000 special constables, most of whom were posted in the adjacent streets, although a large number was stationed in the auditorium.

In the early evening my brother William, then a young fellow of twenty, started for Astor Place to witness the anticipated disturbance, and as he left the house, he encountered one of the neighbors, George W. Gedney, descending the stoop of his residence, No. 82 Seventh Street,—the fifth door from our own,—with the same object in view. I do not think that William was intimately acquainted with Gedney, but we of course knew him by sight. A question and answer elicited the fact that both young men were bound for the same destination, and they walked away together.

Astor Place in front of the Opera House was found to be filled with an immense assemblage which had begun to gather as early as 6.30 o'clock; and all the streets leading to the theatre were also crowded, most of the people having been attracted by idle curiosity. In Broadway an excavation had been made for the construction of a sewer, and many observers were grouped upon the mounds of earth. Mrs. Dorothea Langdon, widow of Walter Langdon and daughter of John Jacob Astor, resided at the corner of Lafayette Place, her rear yard being protected by a high brick wall surmounted by a stone coping, which extended along Astor Place directly opposite the theatre; and William and Gedney, together with several others, climbed to the top of this wall to obtain an unobstructed view.

Inside the opera house, which was well filled though not

crowded, the enemies of Macready seemed to be in the minority; but they nevertheless created a pandemonium, greeting his appearance with groans, taunts and hisses, accompanied by a shower of missiles. He, however, took no notice of the commotion, the disorderly persons were placed under arrest, and the play proceeded to its close. While the performance continued, the crowd in the streets became more and more tumultuous, and although the sheriff repeatedly read the Riot Act, his voice was drowned in the uproar. The bolder spirits attempted to force an entrance to the theatre, and succeeded in breaking one or two of the doors. The building was bombarded with stones obtained from the nearby sewer excavation, some of which penetrated the auditorium; for although the windows had been boarded up in anticipation of such an attack, many of the boards were driven in by the missiles almost as fast as the policemen within the theatre could replace them.

The officers in the street, being unable to control the situation, were reinforced about 9 P. M. by a detachment of 2,000 militia, composed of portions of the 4th, 7th, 10th and 12th regiments of infantry, two companies of hussars belonging to the 5th regiment, and a company of artillery called the Yates Battery. The first to arrive was a troop of horse, popularly known as the "Dutch Grocers," in reference to the nationality and vocation of many of its men, who, instead of charging the crowd, attempted to clear Astor Place by advancing slowly from Broadway toward Fourth Avenue; but the rioters pelted the horses with stones, deriving great amusement from the discomfiture of the troopers, and as the animals soon became unmanageable, the cavalry was forced to retire.

The infantry then advanced from Broadway in an effort to reach the opera house, but were so fiercely attacked by the rioters, whose assault they were not permitted to effectually repulse, that their ranks were broken, and they fell back in confusion. They rallied in Broadway, however, and their second attempt to reach the theatre was successful. Many of them were knocked down by stones, and painfully, though not seriously injured, one of those rendered *hors de combat* being the commanding officer; whereupon the second in command informed the sheriff that if he

did not receive immediate orders to fire upon the mob, he would withdraw his men from the scene of the disturbance.

Shortly after the troops reached the doors of the theatre, my brother perceived that the situation had become critical in the extreme, that the mob was growing momentarily more riotous, that the soldiers would soon be obliged to shoot in self defense, and that if they did so, the spectators upon the Langdon wall would be directly in the line of fire. He pointed out to Gedney the imminent danger of their position, and urged him to come away, but Gedney refused to move, believing that, as a non-combatant, he had nothing to fear; and William alone sprang down from the wall, and started homeward. Scarcely had he left when the troops opened fire, but being still loath to resort to extreme measures, they discharged the first volley over the heads of the rioters, hoping to intimidate them; and Gedney, owing to his elevated position, was shot and instantly killed. William always affirmed, when describing the adventure in after years, that if he had delayed his departure only a few moments longer, he would undoubtedly have met a similar fate.

The rioters soon recovered from the alarm of the first discharge, and, believing the troops to be supplied with blank cartridges only, prepared to renew the attack, whereupon the soldiers fired directly into the mob with fatal effect; but the multitude, which by this time numbered from ten to fifteen thousand (of whom perhaps 500 participated in the actual rioting) could not be entirely dispersed until near midnight, after repeated volleys had been discharged at longer or shorter intervals, the firing at times being almost continuous.

The most conservative estimates placed the casualties among the rioters and spectators at 17 killed and 25 wounded, but according to many journalists and historians the number was much greater. Over 140 soldiers were disabled by stones. The dead and wounded were carried to neighboring stores, police stations and hospitals or dispensaries, the body of Gedney being removed to the station house of the Fifteenth Patrol District, at the corner of Mercer and Amity (now Third) Streets. His death was thus mentioned in the list of casualties published in the newspaper next

day: "George W. Gedney, aged 30 years, broker, 18 Wall Street, left wife and child, shot through head"; and was referred to as follows in the general report of the riot contained in the *New York Herald:*

> Learning that several bodies had been removed to the Fifteenth ward station house, we went thither, and there we beheld a frightful and ghastly spectacle. Six fine looking young men laid there in death—one with his brains protruding from a wound in the skull, another shot through the hip, another through the heart, and the remainder pierced in different parts by musket balls. This scene was tragical in the extreme. On a bench at the end of the room lay the dead body of a tall genteel looking man, whose name we ascertained to be George W. Gedney, brother to a broker in Wall Street. He had been shot through the brain in the manner we have already described.

The same paper, in its account of the coroner's inquest, said:

> George W. Gedney, 34 years, born in New York, a broker, resided at No. 82 7th Street. The deceased received a musket ball directly through the brain. It appears that on the evening of the riot Mr. Gedney told his wife he was going out a little way, and would be back soon; but, unfortunately, like many others, he went up to the theatre to see the fun, as some termed it, and met his death, as above stated.

Macready, at the close of the play, left the theatre in disguise, mingling with the departing audience; and soon afterward made his way to Boston, where he took ship for England, vowing that he would visit the United States no more.

Edwin Forrest, whose hostility was the indirect cause of these disturbances, was one of the most celebrated tragedians of the American stage; but I was inclined to consider him overrated, for I did not admire his style, and generally found his interpretations a little disappointing. He was a very large and powerful man, and his acting was too forceful to suit my taste. Totally lacking the polish which is now deemed indispensable to histrionic success, his manner impressed me as unpleasantly coarse, and his declamation unnecessarily boisterous; yet his vitality and vigor possessed a certain charm, and I have always attributed his popularity quite as much to his physique as to his talent. He married Catherine Sinclair, a very superior woman, who, in 1852, obtained a divorce in an action which was quite sensational, owing to the gravity of the charges and countercharges of the contending parties. My impression is that at his death he left all his property to the Actors' Home in Philadelphia.

I have a vivid recollection of this noted player in his favorite rôle of "Sparticus" in a thrilling melodrama entitled *The Gladiator,* which I probably saw in the old Broadway Theatre. The death of the hero was the big scene of this play, and was regarded as a masterpiece by the young men of my acquaintance. On receiving a mortal wound in the arena, "Sparticus" would fall to the ground, not only writhing, but actually bounding about in the mimic throes of death, and (his costume including sandals instead of shoes, which left his feet bare) increasing the realism of the agony he portrayed by dexterously wriggling his toes, thus evidencing an attention to details which many other actors would have overlooked. His contortions, in fact, were so violent and long-continued that some considered the representation overdrawn, and were inclined to make it the subject of jest.

The Astor Place Opera House was built in 1847, and was quite a pretentious theatre for those days, containing 1800 seats in its parquet, dress circle, family circle and gallery, with the stage at the east end. It flourished only a few years, however, for it could not survive the odium of the Macready riot; and in 1854 the house was remodeled for the Mercantile Library, and was thereafter known as Clinton Hall, though the present building of that name, which occupies the same site, is of more recent erection.

The Mercantile Library was founded about 1820 to afford educational advantages to young men employed as clerks in the mercantile district, and its building has always been called Clinton Hall in honor of Governor De Witt Clinton, who presented the first volume. The original Clinton Hall stood in Beekman Street at the southwest corner of Nassau, and was sold to the Nassau Bank when the library moved to Astor Place. During the early years of my clerkship in the business section I was a member of the Mercantile Library, both in Beekman Street and in Astor Place; but I resigned when an increase of salary enabled me to purchase books of my own.

I have always had a fondness for music, though lacking time and opportunity to study the art, and as a young man I attended the opera as often as my slender finances would permit; hearing most of the famous singers of the period. I used to pay a dollar,—

the price of general admission,—and stand during the first act; then, if I saw an unoccupied seat, I would quietly appropriate it just before the beginning of the second, and was seldom disturbed by the usher. I believe the first opera house in the city was opened in 1844, by Signor Ferdinand Palmo, at 39 and 41 Chambers Street (where the office of the American News Company was afterward situated), opposite City Hall Park; but the enterprise proved a failure, and lasted only a few months. After passing through several hands, the building was taken over by William E. Burton, under whose management it had a somewhat brief period of success as Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, noted for its minstrel shows and similar entertainments. I spent many delightful evenings in the Astor Place Opera House, and afterward found equal pleasure in the Academy of Music, the later home of the opera, at the northeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place; which magnificent theatre is still standing, though sadly fallen from its high estate, being now devoted to vaudeville or moving pictures, and, according to the newspapers, is soon to be torn down. In the Academy I heard Edward Everett speak in favor of the purchase, by popular subscription, of the home of Washington at Mount Vernon, when the auditorium was so crowded that I was obliged, for the only time, to occupy a seat in the top gallery. This was in 1856 or 1857, when Everett, at the solicitation of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, was visiting the principal cities of the Union to deliver his famous speech, which was pronounced one of the most eloquent and masterful orations ever written in any language. Robert Bonner, who owned the *New York Ledger*, gave him $10,000 to write the address for publication in the periodical, and Everett donated this money to the association. The speech was later published in a volume entitled "Mount Vernon Papers."

It is a great pleasure to recall some of the opera-singers whose performances I was privileged to enjoy in the far-off days of my youth. I remember Madame Guilia Grisi, a talented soprano, whose voice extended over two full octaves, and her husband, Count Mario, a noted tenor, who, incidentally, was said to be the handsomest man on the stage. Their company, if I am not mis-

taken, gave the initial performance in the Academy of Music when it was opened to the public in 1854. The American *début* of the popular soprano, Mlle. Piccolomini, is still fresh in my memory, although I did not consider her the equal of Madame Euphrosine Parepa-Rosa, a native of Scotland, who was endowed with a soprano voice of the finest quality, for which she was justly famous. She married Carl Rosa, who came to this country as a violin soloist, and after his marriage conducted the orchestra of his wife's company. The Hungarian soprano Etelka Gerster was another prima donna who sang most delightfully in the Academy of Music. Many years afterward (1890), while visiting Europe, I listened to Madame Gerster in a seventy-five-cent concert at Aix-la-Chapelle, when her voice was almost gone, owing to advanced age, and presented such a contrast to the full, rich tones I remembered that the effect was positively shocking. In enumerating my favorite "stars" of the opera, I must not fail to mention Herr Wachtel, a tenor celebrated for a very high note which few others could render; Signor Brignoli, also a tenor, who was quite as renowned in his day as was Caruso in later years; and the incomparable Caruso himself, to whom I often listened before his matchless voice brought him to the forefront of the profession. When Adelina Patti and Sofia Scalchi filled a joint engagement at the Academy of Music in March, 1883, I heard them render, as an encore, "Home, Sweet Home," and considered it the most beautiful duet I had ever enjoyed.

This was my favorite diversion in my younger days, so great was my love of music. I had a good ear, and could whistle portions of the operas I heard with an accuracy which surprised the household, and caused my sister to regret that my natural taste for music had not been developed by education. In this respect I differed from my brother Smith, who, though endowed with rare literary talent, had no conception of melody, and when attempting to whistle even so simple a tune as "Wait for the Wagon" was generally obliged to give up in despair. Ambrose's capabilities in this direction were not known, for, as he once remarked in his old age, he had never even tried to whistle an air; but I know that he was a good singer, though reserving this gift for hymns in

church and Sunday school. None of my brothers was particularly fond of music, although William, when a boy, played the accordion with what I considered consummate skill. He had an instruction book by which the mastery of the instrument was simplified, the keys being designated by numbers; and the young musician, by following the directions to "pull 1," "push 2," etc., was able to render "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" with great facility.

My parents and my brothers Ambrose and Smith cared little for the theatre or opera, and I do not recollect that my father or mother ever attended such places of amusement. I recall, however, that on a certain holiday (probably a Thanksgiving Day) about 1849 or 1850, Ambrose treated me to a performance of the Ravel Brothers at Niblo's Garden. The Ravels were acrobats of wonderful agility, whose home was in Toulouse, or some neighoring city, in France. They were supported by a strong company, and gave a marvelous entertainment, entirely in pantomime, in which all sorts of astonishing and mystifying features were introduced. Two of their specialties, which are particularly distinct in my memory, will serve to illustrate the character of the show. In the first case some heavy object fell upon one of the actors, hurling him to the ground and crushing him to such extent that his body appeared to the audience no thicker than a plank; whereupon the other players inflated him by means of a huge bellows until his natural rotundity was regained. In the second instance an actor of ordinary stature was crossing the stage when the chimney of a house fell upon him, and instantly reduced him to the proportions of a dwarf. His companions then extended him at full length upon a table, and passed a large roller back and forth over his body, as piecrust is spread with a rolling-pin; by which means they not only restored his proper height, but by continuing the process too long, made him considerably taller than he had originally been. The burden of the play was principally sustained by three leading characters, "Columbine," "Harlequin" and "Pantaloon." The Ravel family consisted of four brothers: Gabriel, the eldest, who sometimes played the clown, although that was not his specialty; Antoine, generally the clown; Francois, representing

"Harlequin"; and Jerome, the last survivor of the troupe, who died in 1890 when eighty years of age, ordinarily taking a dignified part such as the king.

I attended many subsequent appearances of the Ravel Brothers when they visited New York from time to time in later years (their last American tour was in 1866), and never failed to derive much amusement and pleasure from their various productions. Their success, I believe, was unequalled by their competitors in similar spectacles. They were followed by George L. Fox, a very pleasing actor, who created the part of "Humpty Dumpty" in a pantomime which had a long run, and in some respects was an imitation of the Ravel show. His untimely death was attributed to poisons thought to have been absorbed by his system through the daily practice of painting his face as a clown. Many years afterward came the Hanlon Brothers (George, William, Edward, Alfred and Frederick), a family of English acrobats, who produced French pantomimes of the same general character as the exhibitions of the Ravels, their two greatest successes being *Le Voyage en Suisse* and *Superba;* but while their acrobatic feats were unsurpassed, the illusions and mysteries they introduced did not seem quite as amusing, ingenious and incomprehensible as those which excited my wonder and admiration in the Ravel play. I have often regretted that the book of the latter is not available for reproduction in moving pictures, for I should suppose that such a performance, if cleverly rendered, would lend itself admirably to presentation upon the screen.

This visit with Ambrose to Niblo's Garden was my first experience at a regular play, although I was familiar with the circus, and with the variety performances—"vaudeville turns" we would call them nowadays—in Barnum's Museum. The destruction of the latter establishment by fire on the morning of July 13, 1865, is still fresh in my memory. I was in my brother's office at the corner of Gold and Frankfort Streets when word was received that Barnum's Museum was burning, and I left immediately to witness the spectacle. I viewed the conflagration from the southern end of City Hall Park, where the General Post Office was

afterward built, and even at that distance the heat of the flames was clearly perceptible.

During my youth or early manhood I developed a great fondness for the theatre, which the sudden increase of income resulting from my entry into business enabled me to frequently indulge; for the drama was less expensive than the opera, and at certain seasons of the year I visited the playhouses as often as twice a week. My home in Seventh Street was conveniently situated for the purpose, since it was not far from the theatrical district, and in stormy weather the omnibuses which traversed Eighth Street between Tompkins Square and Broadway formed a comfortable means of transit.* My favorite theatres were Wallach's, on the west side of Broadway south of Broome Street, and Burton's, on Broadway nearly opposite Bond Street, in the rear of the Lafarge Hotel, now called the Broadway Central, through which I passed to reach the auditorium. (This hotel was the scene of the shooting of James Fisk by Edward S. Stokes on the 6th of January, 1872.) The old Bowery Theatre, which had previously been one of the leading houses of the city, impressed me at that time as more common, both as regards the quality of its productions and the class of its patrons, and I was seldom if ever a member of its audience. So frequent, indeed, was my attendance at the drama that I gradually wearied of it, and on reaching the age of thirty or thereabout, turned to other forms of diversion. Still, I have never entirely lost my appreciation of a good play.

Among the actors who flourished in the days of which I write was a certain tragedian who became very popular by unintentionally impressing the public as a buffoon. This was George Jones, an Englishman by birth, who, in addition to his theatrical achievements, met with some success as a member of the bar. Having been installed Count of Sertorii of the Holy Roman Empire, he assumed the name of Count Johannes, and was generally known by that title. He really possessed considerable ability, and as long as he was content to support other members of the profession, his acting was quite acceptable; but when

*This was the omnibus line of James Murphy, the route of which was as follows: from East Fourteenth Street to Avenue B, to Tenth Street, to Avenue A, to Eighth Street, to Astor Place, to Broadway, to Whitehall, and South Ferry.

he organized a company of his own, and attempted to star in Shakespearean rôles, his audiences refused to take him seriously, and went to his productions simply for the fun of jeering him. Their ridicule was initiated by unfavorable comments of the press, and fostered by the weakness of his support; for his lack of means compelled him to engage players of inferior grade, by whom the drama was often perverted into a farce. The spectators considered him excruciatingly funny, though without any valid reason, since his individual efforts were above criticism, however lacking in proficiency his company may have been; and one of the favorite amusements of the younger set was to attend his show and endeavor to confuse and embarrass the actors. Consequently he played to well-filled houses, but his performance was always conducted amid a tumult of uproarious laughter, derisive shouts and ironic applause.

One of the most successful comedians of the period was Frank S. Chanfrau, whose great specialty was a representation of an East Side rowdy, and who made a tremendous hit in the very comical rôle of "Mose, the Volunteer Fireman." He was extremely popular with the gallery "gods," but to my mind his interpretation, despite his undoubted talent, was not altogether pleasing, for in representing a typical Bowery boy, his acting was necessarily unrefined. He lived for several years in Long Branch, N. J., where his wife published a local newspaper.

George Chrystie's minstrel show on Broadway was a favorite source of amusement with the boys of the period, most of whom considered it the best entertainment in town. Negro minstrelsy, in fact, was regarded with great approval not only by children but by adult theatre-goers as well, and for many years was a regular feature of New York's theatrical season. A large number of actors won fame, if not fortune, in this branch of the profession; their troupes toured the country from end to end, and were the principal means of introducing the songs—sentimental, comic and serio-comic—which constituted the popular music of those days. So great was the demand for this form of entertainment that at one time the burnt cork artists were obliged to give extra concerts in morning hours.

In my younger days the missionary societies of the various churches in New York and in neighboring parts of the country were accustomed every year to convene in this city during their "Anniversary Week" in the month of May, the convention being held in the Broadway Tabernacle, on the east side of Broadway between Worth Street and Catherine Lane. Some of our country cousins, who were elected delegates, were thus given an opportunity to enjoy a few days' sojourn in New York, to which they eagerly looked forward throughout the preceding winter; and those who remained at our house during the week were treated by my parents to a performance of Chrystie's minstrels, my brother Ambrose at such times being usually called upon to act as their escort to the show.

I think my brother William derived more pleasure from the theatre than any other member of the family. He resorted to it frequently, especially in his old age, finding amusement not only in spoken plays but also in moving pictures. His preference was always for the old-fashioned melodrama, and the musical comedies of modern times, though especially designed for the diversion of the tired business man, never seemed to him equally satisfying.

CHAPTER XVII

A business with an income at its heels
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.
COWPER.

WHILE my parents were residing in Rivington Street, about the time that I was born, my father ceased driving a horse and dray, and became a dealer in hides and leather in the section of the city known as the New York Swamp. This district, extending from Fulton Street to Frankfort, and from Pearl Street to William, was in Colonial days a piece of marshy ground owned by the Beekman family, and denominated on the maps of the period Beekman's Swamp; and it has ever since been called "the Swamp," although it was drained and built upon at an early date. It was the great tanning centre of the country until the land became too valuable for tanyards, and for over two hundred years has been the New York home of the leather trade and allied industries.

About twenty years ago the late Frank W. Norcross, who had long been connected with *The Shoe and Leather Reporter,* compiled a history of the New York Swamp, which is an interesting and valuable work. It describes the development of the locality, traces the growth of the leather trade, outlines the lives of the leading "Swampers," as the merchants of the vicinity were called, and enumerates the firms and individual traders who successively occupied the various buildings in the streets which traverse the district. My brothers and I knew Norcross well, and esteemed him very highly. He used to call at Ambrose's office every Saturday to obtain the latter's views on the leather market, and similar items of local interest, for publication in the *Reporter;* and although he discontinued his weekly visits after Ambrose retired from the leather business, he applied to him quite frequently for reminiscences and historical data when gathering material for his history of the Swamp.

The leather industry in my father's time was very profitable, and most of the dealers amassed wealth. Many great fortunes were acquired in the New York Swamp—fortunes apparently made without arduous toil or close application. Visitors to the city used to note with surprise that while the drygoods merchants gave their entire time and undivided attention to the details of their business, and seemed to consider hard and constant work indispensable to success, the leather merchants, who became equally rich, had apparently nothing to do but lounge about and spin yarns in each other's counting rooms. This anomalous state of affairs is explained by the fact that a dealer in leather necessarily had a good deal of time to spare; for when he invested his available capital in a consignment of hides and sent them to the tannery, he would be obliged to wait about nine months for the tanning to be completed, and the finished product shipped to him for sale, during which interval there was little business that he could transact.

At the time of which I write, and for many years afterward, the New York Swamp was one of the most prosperous commercial sections of the city. The popular saying then current among business men that "there is nothing like leather" as a means to the acquisition of riches was based upon the rise of some half-dozen wholesale leather firms whose combined capital must have exceeded a hundred million dollars. But these merchant princes, notwithstanding their fabulous wealth, were almost always unassuming in their manner, simple in their tastes and unostentatious in their style of living; their rise to fortune bringing with it no fondness for display. As a man's occupation or profession often acts as a mould upon his personality, enabling us in many cases to distinguish certain well-known types, such as the clergyman, the actor, the physician, or the athlete, so it seemed to me that the wholesale leather dealers of days gone by could be recognized by a certain bearing which was unmistakable, though not easily described. Their quiet, unpretentious, modest mien was very possibly attributable to the fact that some of the leading Swampers were of Quaker origin, and most of them were country-bred, who, having been brought up in the simple, wholesome at-

mosphere of the old-fashioned rural home, could find little attraction in the luxury and extravagance of metropolitan society.

But the old-time Swamper has passed away. On the organization of the companies by which the leather industry is now controlled,—the Central Leather Company, the United States Leather Company and the American Hide and Leather Company,—the business of the individual merchants was absorbed by the corporations, of which many of the dealers promptly became stock- and bond-holders, and the great leather firms of former days are now a fading memory. Nevertheless, the business is still carried on in one form or another by individuals in the Swamp,—in fact, it appears to me, when I walk through the familiar streets, that I see the business-signs of a larger number of dealers than were ever before displayed,—but the character of the industry as thus conducted has totally changed. The merchants of early days, who confined themselves to the wholesale trade and dealt in sole leather only,—former leaders of industrial and social New York, whose families composed in part the aristocracy of the metropolis, and whose fortunes were numbered among those which have made the city famous,—have been succeeded by foreigners dealing at retail in various kinds of light leather, such as fancy leather, upper leather, patent leather, scrap leather, morocco, findings, skivers, buffing and splits,—in short, the odds and ends of the industry, which the magnates of former times would have considered unworthy of notice. The last of my mercantile contemporaries was George W. Garnar of 181 William Street, who, during his entire life, was closely identified with the Swamp, having been born within its precincts at No. 87 Gold Street, a building afterward owned for many years by my brother Smith. He lived to become a noted character of the district, and the *New York Tribune* of July 4, 1923, published a picture of him, representing "the Gold Street Septuagenarian" receiving in his office, on the preceding day, the felicitations of the neighboring merchants on attaining the age of seventy-seven while still in active business. Mr. Garnar died August 24, 1924, at his home in Maplewood, N. J.

I have been asked why there was not more competition in the

leather trade, since the business was so profitable. The reason is that not every business man could afford to tie up his working capital for such long periods of time. In the first place, the hides had to be fully paid for on delivery; secondly, several months were required for the tanning process, the tanner expecting a payment of about thirty-three per cent. on account when the work was partly done, and the balance on completion; and thirdly (prior to the Civil War), the finished product was customarily sold on six months' credit. Thus the dealer's money was so long invested before any return could be had that strangers were deterred from entering the field, for while the merchants regularly engaged in the leather trade recognized this system of long credits, and accepted it without question, the custom was not understood by outsiders, and was regarded by them with suspicion.

Another feature which tended to restrain competition was the fact that the dealer's profit was not always a certainty, for every tanning venture involved an element of risk. First, there was a possibility that the tanner might slight his work, and turn out leather of inferior quality, which could not be advantageously sold. A few of the largest leather firms had tanneries of their own in the country, and so could always depend upon careful workmanship and a first-class product, but most of the merchants dealt with independent tanners, and did not own the vats. Secondly, there was the hazard (although a more remote one) that the tanner might become involved in financial difficulties while the leather was in process of manufacture, and an attempt be made by his creditors to seize the hides in his possession; compelling the merchants to establish their ownership by costly and protracted litigation. There were few facilities for ascertaining a tanner's responsibility. As a rule, the merchant would not hesitate to intrust the hides to him if assured by the clerk of the county in which the tannery was built that its title was free and clear; for while there was a possibility that the tanner might sell or mortgage his property as soon as he got possession of the hides, that danger was considered unavoidable.

Occasionally a tanner would be found who, by producing better leather than his competitors, secured the bulk of the New York

trade; and such a man invariably amassed wealth. His success was simply due to a liberal supply of bark in the vats, for a tanner who tried to economize by using bark in small quantities could not turn out leather of a satisfactory grade.

In former days the largest and most important tanneries were situated in rural New York, but the exhaustion of the supply of bark in that region caused the scene of operations to be transferred to New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The New Jersey tanneries, however, were smaller; I do not recollect any large establishments in that State.

Hides are of two classes: wet or "slaughter" hides from local slaughter houses (these being considered the best), and dry hides, most of which are imported from South America. The latter are comparatively free from objectionable odor, but the slaughter hides, owing to their moisture, are decidedly offensive; and although the dealers soon grow accustomed to, and apparently thrive upon, the aroma of their wares, strangers passing through the Swamp find the effluvium emanating from the hide houses disagreeable in the extreme. Slaughter hides, when delivered, are folded separately into square bundles bound with a half-inch hempen rope, but dry hides are spread flat like sides of sole leather, and can be piled almost as readily. My father never handled slaughter hides in any quantity, but my brother Smith dealt in them quite extensively at one time. Some were not obtained from local slaughter houses, but were shipped from southern ports, and as these lost a good deal of their moisture in transit, the consignee was obliged to re-salt them. He would stack them in a square pile in his store, adding to each layer a quantity of salt and water, which not only helped to preserve them, but increased their weight to the extent of three or four pounds per hide; and as they were sold by the pound, this was a great advantage.

On the Brooklyn side of the East River were great storage warehouses,—long brick buildings,—where hides, wool, and similar imports were unloaded from the vessels and stored. I remember three of them, which received the bulk of the South American hides, standing in Furman Street along the water front, between the Fulton Street and Wall Street ferries; the first,

just south of Fulton Ferry, owned by F. L. DeForest; the second by Michael Trappall; and the third, still farther down the river, near the Wall Street Ferry, by a man whose name was Harbeck; the latter building, owing to its distance from Fulton Ferry, being quite inconveniently situated. All these warehousemen became rich. My impression is that one of the houses, either DeForest's or Trappall's,—the latter, I think,—on being sold at auction to close an estate, was bought by my brother Ambrose, who, before the purchase was fully consummated, turned it over to Colonel John Watson, his former partner, who expressed a wish to own it; but as I am speaking of a transaction which occurred many years ago, with which I had no occasion to charge my memory, some of these details may be incorrect. My brother William, when a clerk in the Swamp, was often sent to the warehouse to superintend the unloading of the vessels; for the hides had to be officially inspected before entering the building, and a representative of the owners was always present to see that the inspection was carefully and justly made.

These warehouses contained South American hides only. Small cargoes of twenty-five, fifty, or seventy-five hides from ports in the southern States were unloaded elsewhere.

My father dealt principally in dry hides imported from some South American port and from points on the Gulf, such as Mobile and Galveston. The best dry hides came from Buenos Ayres, the Argentine climate being so dry that these hides were not cured by salting, but were air-dried by hanging over a fence. Such hides were the most costly, but also the most profitable, for they tanned more readily than others, being of a texture which readily absorbed the fluid in the vats, and in the process, made a greater gain in weight; the leather weighing perhaps sixty per cent. more than the corresponding quantity of hides, while in other cases the gain averaged only from twenty to thirty per cent. Hides from California were considered almost as good, though they were not cured as carefully and scientifically, and seldom gained over fifty per cent. in tanning. Those imported from Jamaica, W. I., on the other hand, were then the poorest in the market, for the skin of the body (the most important part) was very thin. Such hides

were not worth more than half as much as the others, and were suitable only for leather of inferior grade.

The increase of heaviness in tanning was true of dry hides only. In the case of slaughter hides there was a decided loss, amounting to two-thirds of the original weight.

In my father's day there were two varieties of leather, namely, hemlock leather, for the manufacture of which the bark of the hemlock was used in the tan-vats, and oak leather, which was tanned with oak bark. Dry hides were used for hemlock leather, and slaughter hides for oak. The latter was the more expensive process, because oak bark was scarcer than hemlock, and the oak leather commanded a better price, for it was more durable, and more attractive in appearance, being almost white in color, while the hemlock leather was red. "Union leather," made by combining both barks in the vat, was introduced before the outbreak of the Civil War, and met with a ready sale, as it was found to be almost as durable as oak leather, while lower in price. When I was a young man employed as a clerk in my father's store, the discovery was made that the time required for tanning could be considerably shortened by employing acid in the vats, which swelled the hides and caused them to absorb the fluid more readily. I have been told that when tanning was commenced in this country, a full year was required for the production of leather; but subsequent discoveries and improvements have had a constant tendency to facilitate and shorten the process, and since the days of my clerkship the use of chemicals has reduced the period to a couple of months.

When leather from the tannery was received by the merchant, it had to be examined and weighed by a city inspector before being placed on sale. This official would determine whether each side of sole leather was perfectly sound or in any way defective, and, by feeling of each, he could estimate the quantity of water it contained, and would make a deduction from its weight to allow for the moisture; since, if the leather should remain in the store for several months awaiting sale, it would necessarily dry out and become somewhat lighter. The inspection finished, he would chalk upon each side of leather the weight as he determined it,

fixing it arbitrarily at a lower figure than the scales indicated, in order to allow for shrinkage. A merchant would sometimes test an inspector's accuracy by placing two or three sides near the stove in his office, and when they had become thoroughly dry, ascertaining how closely their actual weight agreed with the weight officially declared. In case of gross discrepancy he would call for a reinspection, but so expert did the officials become that material errors seldom occurred.

Leather was handled in lots of one hundred sides, for my father and brothers dealt only at wholesale, not caring to be troubled with the minutiæ of the retail trade. Each page of the weight-book was ruled into ten spaces for ten sides each, with an extra space which was seldom used. An order was sometimes received for fifty sides or less, but the sales ordinarily amounted to one hundred or a multiple of one hundred. The sides, when received at the store, were perfectly flat, convenient for piling, but when sold and shipped they were rolled in cylindrical form. A roll generally contained ten sides, and to form it the combined strength of two men was required. The sides were laid in line along the floor with each overlapping the one before it, leaving perhaps twelve inches of the preceding one uncovered. The rolling would commence with the first side in the row, and the cylinder, when complete, would be bound with a half-inch rope similar to that used for binding slaughter hides, which was bought for the purpose in the form of large balls. The roll, when marked with the name and address of the purchaser, would then be ready for shipping by rail or water.

My father seldom engaged in the handling of leather except as a commission merchant, but devoted his attention more particularly to hides. When apprised by the *Shipping and Commercial List* (a weekly paper issued, I think, on Saturdays) that a vessel laden with hides had arrived in port, he would go to the importers, whose offices were farther down town, and purchase part of the cargo; the shipping merchants being willing to deliver the hides in his store, and agree upon the price afterward, so great was their confidence in his honesty. A farmer who had tan-vats on his plantation, and added to his income by occasionally pro-

ducing leather, would often be unable to obtain the requisite number of hides from local butchers, and in such case he would come to the city and buy a consignment from my father or some other merchant in the Swamp; and the leather, when finished, he would send to New York to be sold on commission. I remember three tanners in northern New Jersey who dealt with my father for many years: one named Mattison, residing near Branchville; the second, George Walters of Snufftown, or Stockholm, as the place is now called; and the third, Martin Van Duyne of Montville. The latter lived about midway between the Beach homestead and the Change Bridge on the Morris Canal, and as he flourished before the railroad was built, the hides were doubtless brought from New York by canal boat, and unloaded at the point nearest his home. The Change Bridge was so called because the tow-path "changed" there from one side of the canal to the other—from the north side east of the bridge to the south side west of it. The structure, however, is now a thing of the past, for when the canal was drained and abandoned in 1924, the bridge was removed, and the channel filled up where the Montville road intersects it. A small stream crossing the road marks the place where Mr. Van Duyne used to live. He had a mill on this stream, some distance east of the highway, but the building has been demolished, I think, within the past fifteen or twenty years.

My father's dealings with the tanners were quite profitable, for at that period the prevailing rates of interest and commissions were fairly high. He would charge a tanner six per cent. for buying a consignment of hides for him, and five per cent. for selling his leather; and if, as was usually the case, the tanner had to borrow from my father the money needed to pay for the hides, his notes, which generally matured in six months, bore interest at the rate of seven per cent. The tanners almost always bought their hides with borrowed capital. The founding of a tannery involved a considerable outlay, for the proprietor required not only the land whereon the vats were located, but also a neighboring wood-lot whence his supply of bark could be obtained; and the tanner was deemed particularly fortunate who owned his plant free and clear

of encumbrances—he could hardly be expected to have additional funds with which to purchase hides.

In 1846 my father won a prize for leather exhibited in the American Institute Fair, then held in Castle Garden. A tanner in the country had sent him a consignment to be sold on commission, and as the leather was of excellent quality, some member of the family, probably my brother Smith, made the suggestion that it be exhibited. They accordingly selected three or four of the best sides and sent them to the fair; whereupon, to my father's astonishment, he received a handsomely engraved certificate, "Awarded to E. C. Ely & Sons, for second best oak tanned ladies' sole leather." The winning of the prize was regarded by us with amusement, since "E. C. Ely & Sons" were not the owners of the leather in question. The document bore the signature of Mahlon Dickerson, president of the Institute, who was at one time Governor of New Jersey, and the owner of a celebrated iron mine situated a few miles southwest of Dover—the oldest and deepest mine in the State—which was closed in 1891 after one hundred and seventy-five years of continuous operation.

Some of the largest leather firms kept teams of their own for transporting leather from their stores to the pier or freight depot. Jackson S. Schultz had very showy outfits,—giant horses, heavily ornamented harnesses and handsomely painted trucks,—the object of which was to advertise the business quite as much as to facilitate the handling of the goods; but the number of merchants who owned horses was very small, the great majority finding it cheaper to hire a public truckman when occasion required. I clearly recall a carman named Knapp, whose services were always in demand throughout the Swamp because of his reliability, though I do not recollect that he worked for us. The truckman whom we generally employed was William H. Ferris, who lived at No. 209 Allen Street (then a street of private residences), near the corner of Houston. I remember him as a stout, elderly man, who was assisted in business by his son.

My father did not hire a porter to assist the drivers in loading and unloading the trucks, for the old-time merchants, aside from a few of the largest firms, considered such an employee a super-

numerary, and preferred to take part themselves in the handling of their wares. In case of emergency, however, when an unusually large consignment of hides or leather was to be received or shipped, he would walk over to Peck Slip, the eastern extremity of Ferry Street, where he could always find 'longshoremen awaiting employment, and would hire one of them at the rate of thirty cents an hour to assist him in the store. Of course this "picked-up" help was not always satisfactory,—it was inevitable that a shirk would sometimes be found,—but as a rule the men thus hired fully answered his purpose. On one occasion, indeed, an individual was engaged who proved much too energetic. In his eagerness to impress his employer with his extraordinary efficiency, he darted about the store with feverish haste, flung the hides into a shapeless, tottering heap, instead of piling them neatly and firmly, and did all his work in such a hurried, bungling and utterly careless way that my father soon perceived the necessity of having it done over by a more deliberate and painstaking workman. Having finished the job, the stranger breathlessly exclaimed, "Now, boss, what'll I fly at next?" to which interrogatory my father dryly responded, "I think you had better fly out of the door"; and watched the man's departure with a feeling of relief.

It was about the year 1835 that my father commenced operations as a merchant of the New York Swamp. His means at that time were limited, and as he was habitually cautious, he decided to risk only half of his available capital in his new enterprise. He formed a partnership with his sister Elizabeth's eldest son, Moses Ring, under the firm name of Ring & Ely, and rented a store at No. 17 Ferry Street, which thoroughfare was so named because in Colonial days the first ferry to Brooklyn was established at its foot. The store was contained in a large five-story building, Nos. 15, 17 and 19, which still stands on the northwest corner of Jacob Street, and has not changed in outside appearance since the time when my recollecton begins. It was practically new when occupied by my father, having been erected by Benjamin Marsh of Brooklyn in 1834, and I greatly admired it in my childhood, for it was larger and more substantially built than many of its neighbors.

Mr. Marsh was himself a dealer in leather, and was regarded

as a leader of the industry in his day and generation, although his renown was totally overshadowed at a later period by the fame of such magnates at the Schultzes, Corses, Hoyts and Thornes; but while he thrived and prospered for many years, he failed in 1839, and was forced to make a general assignment for his creditors, naming my father and Moses Ring as his assignees. I have no personal recollection of Mr. Marsh, but once, when a boy, I met his son, a sailor, who happened to call at my father's office while I was there. It always amused my father to describe how young Marsh, in his childhood, attempted to avoid attendance at school one day by handing the teacher a letter, written by himself but purporting to come from his mother, requesting that her son be excused; and how the artifice was exposed by the writer's carelessness in adding both "Mr." and "Esq." to the instructor's name.

About 1840 the firm of Gerard, Betts & Company published a series of pictures of Ferry Street,—then the heart of the leather district,—and perhaps of some other streets in the Swamp, among which was a view of the block in which my father's store was situated, showing the sign RING & ELY above the door of No. 17; and four of these pictures, all views of Ferry Street, are reproduced in Norcross's history. They are slightly misleading, as giving the impression of a broad, sunny boulevard; while Ferry Street in point of fact is scarcely more than an alley, darkened by the buildings on either side, and so narrow that it would be impossible to obtain from any single point the view of an entire block front such as each of the pictures represents.

Gerard, Betts & Company were leather auctioneers, whose principal place of business was at the corner of Wall and Front Streets, though they had another in Burling Slip. When trade was dull the merchants would send them consignments of leather to be sold at auction in order to establish a price, these sales being largely attended by dealers from Boston and from the West. The pictures of Swamp streets were published by that company as an advertisement, and were distributed gratis among the merchants who dealt with them.

Ring & Ely, having but little capital, were obliged to trade in a small way, and to practice rigid economy. About 1840 the neces-

E. C. Ely,

EPAPHRAS C. ELY

FERRY STREET, NORTH SIDE, BETWEEN GOLD AND JACOB STREETS, 1840

FROM NORCROSS'S HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK SWAMP

sity of reducing their disbursements compelled them to move to less expensive quarters in an old, two-story building, No. 25 Ferry Street, just east of Jacob Street, which had previously been a retail grocery kept by a woman whose name I forget. They remodeled the interior for the handling of hides, fitting up an office which was lighted by one of the front windows on the east side of the door, the door itself being near the west side of the building; and my father transacted business there for approximately five years. In No. 17 they had had a full-sized store, but No. 25 was much smaller. I have a faint recollection of the latter building, for although I was then in school, I often went down town on Saturdays to visit my father's place of business, it being at that time my fondest ambition to become, like him, a merchant of the Swamp. My entry into commerce may be said to date from that period, for my first mercantile venture was undertaken at the time of these weekly visits. Observing that southern hides were delivered with the tails still attached, and having heard that the tails could be sold at three cents apiece to dealers in curled hair, I obtained my father's permission to cut off a large number, which I sold from time to time to Bader, Delany & Adamson, a Philadelphia firm having a New York agency at No. 225 Pearl Street. One day when I was confined to the house by a severe cold, I was extremely gratified to receive from William a crisp, new two-dollar bill which he had collected for me from Bader's firm, representing the first fruits of my business energy. I discovered in old newspapers an additional source of revenue, and made an occasional quarter of a dollar by selling a large bundle of them to Cyrus W. Field, who was then a paper manufacturer of 11 Cliff Street.

The career of Ring & Ely was brought to a close soon after the removal to No. 25 Ferry Street, my father withdrawing from the firm because of dissatisfaction with his partner's business methods. Moses Ring was an advocate of great commercial activity, embracing every opportunity to make a sale, sometimes without pausing to ascertain the financial responsibility of the buyer, or to make the calculations which would show whether the transaction was likely to result in gain or loss. Thus it some-

times happened that the balance was carried to the wrong side of the ledger, and my father, who was very conservative and cautious, regarded such dealings with disfavor. I remember hearing the matter discussed by my parents, but I was then so young that many of its details have escaped my memory. It is possible that a loss was not sustained more than once, and it probably did not exceed a few hundred dollars in any case, but it was nevertheless a staggering blow to a firm of such limited resources. Whatever the circumstances may have been, my father was greatly provoked, since the disaster resulted from a course which he considered imprudent, and which was followed in disregard of his protests. Declaring that he had had enough of partnership business, and would trade thereafter alone, he insisted upon a dissolution in 1842 or 1843; although Moses may have remained in the former grocery a little longer, for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the firm.

Owing to my father's prudence in investing only half of his capital in the partnership, he was not ruined by its failure, but had sufficient funds in reserve to start anew. Under his exclusive management the business steadily increased in volume, soon requiring a larger store; and in 1845 or thereabout he leased the first and second stories of No. 31 Ferry Street, on the north side of the way between Jacob and Cliff Streets, and not far from the latter. This building, together with Nos. 33 and 35, belonged to Mrs. Polk, a member of the Corse family of leather fame (probably a sister of Israel Corse), whose husband was a brother of President James K. Polk. No. 31 was separated from the others by a narrow alley or wagon-way leading from the street to a yard in the rear. These three buildings, each of which was four stories in height but not more than eighteen or twenty feet in width, remained without alteration until 1920, when, after standing for fully a hundred years, they were demolished to make way for the garage which now occupies the site. I often wondered that the antiquated houses so long withstood the march of improvement, but at length I was told that someone who had a life interest in the property was mentally incompetent, and that it could not be disposed of or improved until after that person's death.

The tenant of No. 33 was Colonel William Kumbel, a manufacturer of leather belting, who occupied not only its entire four stories, but also the third and fourth floors of my father's building, to which access was gained by a bridge spanning the intervening alley on a level with the third; while No. 35 was leased as a whole by Jeromus Johnson, a member of an old family of Brooklyn, who was a well-known dealer in morocco. No. 37, which stood on the northwest corner of Cliff Street, was owned by Jackson S. Schultz, one of the most prominent merchants in the Swamp, and was occupied by him and his partner, Edmund M. Young, trading as Young & Schultz. They employed as a clerk a fine looking young fellow named John C. Southwick, popularly known as "Spanish Jack" in reference to his swarthy complexion, and after the death of Mr. Young, a new partnership was formed with Southwick as a member; his father, I presume, having advanced sufficient money to insure his admission to the firm. He was a native of Massachusetts, and there was nothing Spanish about him except his appearance. Mr. Schultz lived in Twelfth Street for a time, and I remember that he once complained to the Common Council of the disturbance caused on Sunday mornings by the ringing of the neighboring church-bells.

Mrs. Polk's property was about 125 feet deep, but her stores on Ferry Street were comparatively shallow, so there was room behind the three houses for a large yard, which loaded teams could enter by means of a right of way through the Schultz property from Cliff Street. The Schultz building was much deeper than those adjoining it, extending some distance along Cliff Street, with a hoistway at the rear, and the passage for teams led through, or rather under, this hoistway from Cliff Street into Mrs. Polk's yard. The other alley, which I mentioned above, leading from the yard to Ferry Street between Nos. 31 and 33, was not used as a passage. It was protected at the Ferry Street end by large wooden gates, which, to the best of my recollection, were never opened.

My father imported great quantities of cod liver oil from Newfoundland, and sold it to the tanners for dressing and finishing leather, since it was not then used for medicinal purposes, and its value did not exceed about twenty dollars per barrel. He also

dealt in an inferior article called tanner's oil (a general name for the product of all other fish), for dressing leather of cheaper grade. Mrs. Polk allowed him to store his barrels of oil in the alley between No. 31 and No. 33, and this privilege, though not the only reason for hiring her premises, was probably the chief inducement. He became quite expert in testing oil by the sense of taste, having a long and slender rod containing a cavity near one end, which, when lowered into a barrel, would bring up a sufficient quantity of fluid in the cavity for the purpose of examination. The use of cod liver oil as a cure for human ills was introduced about that time. My father received from various physicians an occasional order for a barrel, which greatly puzzled him, since he could not imagine to what use the doctors intended to apply the oil in such quantity; but he was not long in learning that they were bottling and selling it as medicine at an enormous profit. As an excuse for the great advance in price, the physicians claimed that they refined the oil, but I always doubted if they did more than remove the sediment by straining.

Along the rear (north) side of the yard was a tannery operated by Colonel Kumbel, the occupant of No. 33, but as he was a maker of belting, his tannery was equipped for light work only, and not for sole leather. It was in charge of a foreman named John Ten Eyck, or "John Ike," as he was generally called. Colonel Kumbel, a kindly old gentleman whom everybody esteemed, was a pioneer in the manufacture of belting, having made, in 1836, the first leather belt produced in this country; and he monopolized its production for about ten years. He was very conservative, however, preferring old-fashioned methods, and deprecating innovations, so his business never expanded, and he failed to acquire wealth; while the Hoyts, by resorting to an up-to-date system in belt-making, built up a vast industry from a very humble beginning, and were numbered among the most successful merchants in New York. Colonel Kumbel employed his son Peter as a clerk in his store, and I believe that his staff also included a bookkeeper. Peter was an unsophisticated chap, who was often made the butt of jokes and witticisms by the neighbors.

At the west end of the yard, extending from the rear of my

father's store to the tannery, and facing east, was a two-story frame shed, built against the side wall of No. 29, which was much deeper than Mrs. Polk's houses. On the ground floor of this shed was my father's office, which was, of course, enclosed. It communicated with the store, though not with the yard, and was lighted by two windows commanding a view of the yard and the right of way into Cliff Street. The store was wider than the shed, so there was room for a rear window, and a back door leading into the yard, near the door of the office. My father kept a few chickens in the shed, beside and above the office, and when I was employed as his clerk it was my duty, among other things, to feed them, and to carry home the eggs; the fowls sometimes causing me a great deal of trouble by wandering away into Cliff Street. They served a useful purpose in devouring worms which in hot weather often bred in dry hides, and would have worked great havoc if undisturbed. At times my father had a small number of hides in the shed, but as a rule he kept them in the store itself, using the yard only for the handling of oil.

Before the railroad was built in the valley of the Hudson, and for a few years thereafter, hides were shipped by sailboat up the river to the tanneries, and in winter their transportation was seriously impeded by ice in the stream. Communication often ceased entirely in the midwinter months, and at such times the hides gradually accumulated in my father's store until all available space was completely filled. Under normal conditions, however, he kept a much smaller quantity on hand, making little use of the second floor of the building except for storage purposes.

My father, though of a very genial temperament, was a man of some reserve, and I never knew him to visit the stores of his acquaintances in the Swamp merely for social intercourse, as most of the leather dealers were accustomed to do; but he was always much pleased to have them call at his office for a friendly chat. One of the neighboring merchants, for whom we all had a high regard, was a German named August H. Brahe (pronounced Bray), a dealer in calf skins, and one of the earliest importers of French calf in America. He built Nos. 4 and 6 Jacob Street, and occupied them for several years, but shortly before

my entry into business, he moved to more desirable quarters in No. 27 Ferry Street, the second door from my father's building. He was very fond of children, and one day when he met my mother coming along the street leading my sister Maria by the hand, he kneeled down on the sidewalk, the better to talk with the little girl. In those days, when New Year calls were in fashion, he visited us regularly on the first of January in our Second Street home; and once when New Year's Day fell on Sunday (in 1843, I think), under which circumstances it was customary to postpone the calls until the day following, he disregarded the custom, and came as usual on January first; which conduct I comsidered shockingly reprehensible, so strictly had I been trained in Sabbath observance. Mr. Brahe subsequently returned to Germany, selling his business to a nephew whose name was Kaiser. Another nephew, Charles Brahe, who died a few years ago at his residence in Summit, N. J., was for a long time the New York manager of the Seth Thomas Clock Company.

In the early part of the last century there was a young clerk in Ferry Street named "Jim" Meinel (son of James Meinel, Sr., a commission merchant of No. 28), who was inordinately fond of practical jokes, and I often heard my father laugh over his capers. He was so ingenious in planning his tricks, and so successful in carrying them into effect, that he became a local celebrity, receiving particular mention, as follows, in Norcross's History of the New York Swamp:

> His son, James, Jr., was a practical joker, and some people were afraid to pass his store for fear of snow balls hurled from the roof, or "juicy bricks" set in the sidewalk. Of course, there were sharp clerks in Ferry Street who retaliated, and he got drenched more than once with pails of water emptied from overhead just as he was carrying out some of his plans for mischief.

One of Jim's pranks, which my father and his contemporaries used to discuss with great merriment was this: In former times the ashman did not call every day to remove the ashes, as is now the custom, but made his rounds at longer intervals, perhaps only once or twice a week. Jim's spirit of mischief led him to put a dead cat in the bottom of an ash-barrel, covering it with ashes, the warmth of which hastened the progress of decomposition.

Several days later the ashman made his appearance, and when the barrel was emptied into his cart, the remains of the cat came to view, emitting so intolerable and deadly a stench that the man could hardly approach his vehicle, and completed his rounds with the greatest inconvenience and discomfort.

Another of these escapades was thus described by my father: One day Jim entered the store of a Hebrew clothier in Chatham Street (now Park Row), expressed a wish to purchase clothes of exceptional quality, tried on one of the best suits in the establishment, and then pretended to be seized by an epileptic fit. Firmly grasping the cuff of each sleeve, and swinging his arms vigorously across his chest, he tore the sleeves from the shoulders; at the same time reeling and staggering about the store, knocking the chairs in all directions, and overturning the racks of clothing. Then throwing himself upon the floor, he squirmed, writhed and floundered about, soiling and tearing the garments he wore in a shocking manner, and so directing his spasmodic kicks as to smash the glass in the upright show-cases; so that when his strength was exhausted by the violence of his exertion, the salesroom presented a scene of utter ruin. The poor Israelite was frantic at the wholesale destruction of his property, yet he realized that it would be useless to have Jim arrested, well knowing that a charge against a sick man would not be entertained by any court.

In perpetrating his jokes Jim sometimes selected Mr. Brahe as a victim, for which rôle the latter's German stolidity and slow mental processes rendered him particularly fit. Seeing a lady coming along Ferry Street one day, accompanied by a small dog which was running at large, Jim improved the opportunity when her back was turned to pick up the dog, carry him through one of the stores on the north side of the way which abutted upon the rear of Mr. Brahe's property in Jacob Street, and stealthily drop him over the fence into the latter's back yard. Returning to the street, where he found the lady anxiously inquiring if anyone had seen her pet, Jim told her that a German named Brahe, of Jacob Street, had stolen the dog, and that the animal would doubtless be found on his premises. To those familiar with Mr. Brahe's personal dignity, scrupulous honesty and high commercial stand-

ing, such an accusation was ludicrous in the extreme. The lady, not doubting the truth of the statement, hastened around the corner to the store of Mr. Brahe, who of course denied the charge with righteous indignation; and just as he was vehemently assuring her that he had never seen her dog, and knew nothing whatever about the loss she had sustained, the canine revealed his presence in the back yard by barking loudly; thus confirming the owner's suspicions, and causing the honest Teuton the utmost consternation and embarrassment.

I did not know the Meinels, father and son, for they left the Swamp before my entry into business. The elder Meinel died in 1848, when I was a schoolboy, and I never heard what became of Jim.

Jacob Street, which is only one block long, was formerly devoted to tanning. Uncle Moses Ely operated a tannery there in his early manhood, and his property was afterward acquired by my brother Ambrose. I think the street-numbers were 9, 11 and 13. Ambrose had three narrow brick stores on the plot, which, owing to the fact that they were built upon marshy ground, gradually settled until their front walls were no longer perpendicular, but leaned toward the street; and although they would probably have stood for many years without danger, the city authorities considered them unsafe, and ordered their demolition. About that time my brother-in-law was building a residence at Chatham, N. J., and Ambrose gave him some of the bluestone window-sills and lintels from the old houses to be used in his new dwelling. Ambrose subsequently put up a one-story structure on the Jacob Street lots, and leased it to the United States Leather Company for the storage of hides.

At No. 8 Jacob Street there was formerly a spring known as "Jacob's Well." About the year 1820 someone noticed that the water had a mineral taste, and imagined that it possessed health-giving properties which could be used medicinally. A company was organized to develop the well, selling the water at sixpence a drink, and bottling it for the use of invalids. It is alleged that physicians prescribed it for certain diseases, and even that cures were effected. The owner of the property regarded it as the

source of unlimited wealth, and had visions of a "spa" which would rival Saratoga in public favor, but at length the discovery was made that the peculiar taste of the water was solely due to seepage from a neighboring tan-vat; the bubble burst, and the owner's prospective fortune disappeared overnight.

CHAPTER XVIII

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

JULIUS CAESAR.

MY father's four sons, Ambrose, Smith, William and myself, were successively employed by him as a clerk, bookkeeper and general assistant in his place of business, entering his service in regular order as we arrived in turn at the proper age.

My father commenced his mercantile career with limited capital, trading of necessity on a small scale; and as he felt that neither his means nor his business warranted the cost of a full-fledged bookkeeper, he decided to withdraw Ambrose from school and to install him in the office in charge of the accounts. Ambrose at that time was only thirteen, which seems an early age, judged by present-day standards, for his entry into commerce; but he was a very precocious boy, sober and studious beyond his years, whose thoughts seemed ever bent upon his future progress while his carefree companions were occupied with the childish sports and amusements of the hour. Even when a schoolboy he was noted for his industry and perseverance, to which traits the success which marked his after life was chiefly due; and he at once applied himself to the work of his father's counting room with a sense of responsibility and a degree of diligence which would have reflected credit upon many an older employee. As he increased in strength and stature he gradually began, in addition to his clerical service, to assist his father in handling the hides and leather in the store; and although this was laborious, disagreeable and rather dirty work, which, in case of inattention, was liable to result in injury to the clothing, he never shirked the duty, despite a careful regard for his dress and appearance. As long as I can remember, he was distinguished for personal neatness: dressing

AMBROSE K. ELY

WHEN A CLERK IN FERRY STREET.

AMBROSE K. ELY

AT THE AGE OF FORTY

immaculately, patronizing tailors or clothiers of the highest standing, and buying garments of the best materials and workmanship.

Among the merchants of the Swamp who occasionally called at the office for a social chat with my father was Israel Corse, Jr., of the great leather firm of Lapham, Corse & Company, trading at No. 18 Ferry Street—a jovial, fun-loving individual, who often twitted Ambrose about the latter's calm and quiet dignity, reflective air and close application, which seemed unnatural for so young a business man. He called Ambrose "the Deacon," and the nickname appeared so fitting that it was promptly adopted by our family and friends, and clung to my brother through life. But Mr. Corse, notwithstanding his apparent frivolity, was a thoughtful man and an excellent judge of character. While indulging in these good-natured witticisms, he was carefully observing Ambrose's conduct in the store and office, and was soon convinced by his diligence and his painstaking efforts to master the details of the industry that he was a young man of more than ordinary ambition, whose services were already of great value, and who would be certain, within a few years, to make his mark in the world of commerce. When Ambrose was eighteen or nineteen years of age, Mr. Corse urged him to leave my father's store and to enter the far larger establishment of Lapham, Corse & Company in the same capacity; promising, on behalf of his firm, an annual salary of $1,000, which was a much greater sum than my father could afford to pay. This was a very liberal offer, inasmuch as the leather dealers of that period ordinarily paid a young man nothing for the first year of his clerkship, claiming (very unjustly, it seemed to me) that he could be of no value until he had learned the business; nevertheless, Ambrose declined the proposition, considering his services to be worth $1,200 per annum; and after some hesitation, Mr. Corse agreed to give that amount, declaring that if his partners would not consent to the additional $200, he would pay it himself. My brother always had a particular regard for him because of his liberality in that transaction.

The contract was duly made, and Ambrose served the house of Lapham, Corse & Company for five or six years. He used to say that when he entered their employ, they informed him

that they would require his services on Sundays as well as during the week, and he learned with surprise that they were in the habit of doing a regular day's work upon the Sabbath. Whether they were in earnest, or, as seems much more probable, were merely making fun of him, knowing his rigid principles of Sabbath observance, is a question; but at any rate he told them that he had not been brought up to work on Sunday, and did not care to begin then.

It was soon apparent to Mr. Corse and his partners that they had made no mistake in employing my brother at a high salary as a clerk in their store. The experience which Ambrose had gained in his father's office, his natural aptitude, and the deep interest he took in the affairs of his new employers combined to render him of much greater assistance to the firm than the average clerk. He quickly familiarized himself with every detail of the business, and, as far as his other duties would permit, gave each transaction the benefit of his personal supervision. Among other things, he kept himself thoroughly informed respecting the fluctuations of the market: by noting the dates when cargoes of hides were due to arrive from the various southern ports, he could tell when the supply would be low, and when the market would be fully stocked; his knowledge enabling him to predict with accuracy the trend of values. This service, voluntarily performed by Ambrose, had not occurred to the other clerks, few of whom showed equal enterprise, or similar devotion to the welfare of the firm; and the information which he was able to furnish often proved invaluable to his employers. They relied upon him more and more with the passing of the years, and (according to the gossip of the Swamp which my father picked up from the neighboring merchants) whenever a customer entered the store of Lapham, Corse & Company to place an unusually large order, or any matter of doubt or perplexity arose, the partners would immediately cry, "Where's Ely? Where's Ely?" realizing that of all the *attachés* of the establishment Ambrose was best fitted to transact the business or straighten out the difficulty.

That a young man of such energy and ability would eventually be admitted to the partnership was practically certain, and the

efficient services which Ambrose rendered the firm of Lapham, Corse & Company were thus rewarded in 1847. Five years later the withdrawal of Anson Lapham led to the organization of a new firm: that of Thorne, Watson, Corse & Company, of 18 Ferry Street, consisting of Jonathan Thorne, John Watson and Israel Corse, Jr.; the "company" being Edwin Thorne (eldest son of Jonathan), and Ambrose K. Ely. This was the largest wholesale leather house in the United States, and it completely dominated the industry. Their principal tannery, I believe, was that of Barney Richmeyer, in Herkimer County. Ambrose remained in this firm until 1857, when he decided to retire; the business having proven so profitable that his partners were willing to buy out his interest for the sum of $300,000.

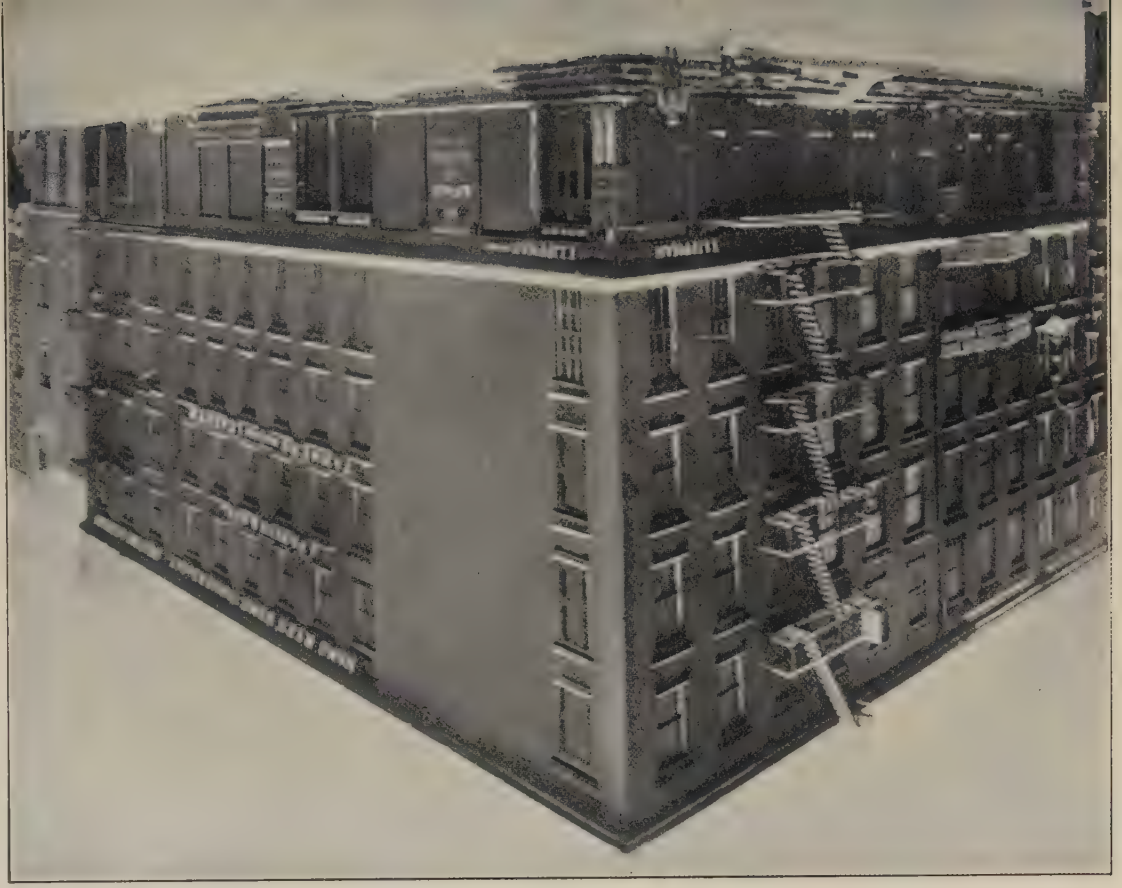
The year 1857 was marked by a serious financial depression culminating in one of the most alarming panics that our country has ever known. This great national calamity was the outcome of an almost incredible mania for speculation in western lands and railroads, which drained the industrial centres of the money that legitimate trade required. Many parts of the western States and Territories were covered with surveys of prospective cities having no existence save on the maps of the promoters, in which lots were sold to inexperienced and gullible investors in all parts of the country at prices equaling those which prevailed in the large municipalities. A prolonged period of wild speculation and extravagance naturally led to a tremendous commercial revulsion, the first warning of which was given by a steady decline of railroad stocks, particularly those of the western lines; and early in September the failure of certain banking and insurance companies brought matters to a crisis. A little later the closing of the three largest banks of Philadelphia caused all similar institutions in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland to temporarily suspend specie payments; and although the banks of New York and the New England States remained firm for a few weeks longer, the daily collapse of business corporations throughout the country compelled them, on the 14th of October, to close their doors.

During these troublous days the negotiable paper of the

Thornes was discounted at the rate of 1 per cent. per month—a condition which they found extremely galling, for they had always prided themselves upon their commercial standing and credit. They and their partners supposed that Ambrose had retired from business because he had been able to foresee the Great Panic, and they were astonished at his acumen; but the true reason for his withdrawal was his conviction that he had gained sufficient wealth to amply satisfy his simple needs, and that there was no necessity to accumulate more.

About that time he received a flattering invitation to form a partnership with Loring Andrews, one of the magnates of the leather trade, who was reputed to be the second richest man in the Swamp. Andrews had erected some large and commodious buildings, in one of which his business was conducted, on the east side of Gold Street, not far from Beekman,—a location then regarded as the outskirts of the leather district, which centred in Ferry Street,—but he afterward removed to a neighboring site in Spruce Street, and by inducing some of the other dealers to do the same, extended the district in that direction. This offer Ambrose declined, explaining that he had not withdrawn from one firm merely for the purpose of entering another, but was determined to retire from business, and to devote the rest of his life to the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry. He spent about a year in traveling through the South, journeying as far as New Orleans and Havana; but soon tired of a life of idleness, for his habits of industry had become so firmly fixed that he could not be thoroughly happy without some regular occupation. He therefore decided, after discussing the subject with his mother on his return, to re-enter the leather trade.

Instead of hiring a store, he preferred to erect a building of his own, and in April, 1859, with this purpose in view, he purchased of the estate of Mary G. Mott two lots on the southwest corner of Gold and Frankfort Streets (Nos. 101 and 103 Gold), demolished the old frame houses by which they were occupied, and built a leather store or warehouse five stories in height. No. 103, the corner building, was designed for his personal occupancy, having an office on the ground floor, with ample space on each



story for a large stock of leather, while No. 101 was leased to other merchants. Finding that such buildings could be rented to excellent advantage, and that there was an increasing demand in the Swamp for accommodation of this kind, Ambrose decided to extend his holdings; and in the early spring of 1863 he bought of Patrick Driscoll two adjoining lots in Gold Street, Nos. 97 and 99, upon which he built a precisely similar warehouse. These stores were considered at that time the finest structures in the Swamp, and their erection aroused a good deal of interest among the merchants of the vicinity. The architect was Uncle Martin Thompson of West Twelfth Street, a brother-in-law of Grandfather Kitchell, and Ambrose paid him $1,000 for his services, but the money was lost soon afterward in unsuccessful speculation. Several years later, considerable anxiety was caused by the settling of the foundation of the wall between 101 and 103, due to the yielding of the soft and marshy soil upon which the building stands; to offset which condition it was found necessary to jack up the superstructure, and build the foundation higher by adding a course of stones.

While the first of Ambrose's stores was in process of erection, he and I traveled to the Middle West to visit relatives. This was in 1860, during the Lincoln presidential campaign. We went first to the home of our cousin Charlie Bertholf, whose ambition to become a western farmer on a large scale, which I have mentioned in a previous chapter, had been realized, and who was the owner of a prairie farm in Missouri about two miles southwest of Sedalia, then a small but promising village. We reached his home from this hamlet by driving directly across the prairie, for no roads, other than cart-tracks, had been laid out in that direction. Charlie and his family occupied a small, one-story cabin, the situation of which was rather lonely, there being no other human habitations within the field of vision. As a protection against prairie fires it was necessary to plow a wide strip around the farmstead, and to keep the grass within the circle cut very short. I gathered that these conflagrations were a constant menace in dry weather, and, in fact, on the day of our departure we could see a fire raging in the distance—at so great a distance, however, that it seemed to cause our host no anxiety.

When resuming our travels, after a visit of two or three days, Charlie conveyed us in his ox-cart to a railroad station west of Sedalia which we had not previously seen. Upon the wall of the waiting room I noticed a map of a large town named Phoenix City, and on asking the station-agent where that municipality was situated, I was surprised to learn that I was then within its corporate limits. As no streets, squares, or buildings could be seen in any direction from the depot, a vivid imagination was required to picture a flourishing city there.

From that point we journeyed northwestward to Lexington, which was an old place, comparatively speaking,—perhaps thirty years old,—and strongly resembled a town in the southern States, having a large colored population. There we crossed the Missouri River, and proceeded by carriage to Carrollton, which at that time was not on the line of a railroad. This place was the home of Uncle Benjamin Ely's family, but my uncle himself was not then living, having passed away a few months before. His farm was situated some five miles east of Carrollton, but we found his family residing in the town. His eldest son, Lewis, was a drygoods merchant, junior partner in the firm of Hill & Ely, one of the largest business houses in that region; while Frank, the second son, was a clerk in the store, who at times traveled through the surrounding country on horseback to obtain orders. We spent about a week with these relatives, and then commenced our homeward journey, following a different route, which carried us by way of Hannibal.

Ambrose's new store was nearing completion at the time of our return, and he took possession of it not long afterward—early in 1861. He fitted up an office on the ground floor of No. 103, at the rear, separated from the store by a glass partition, and lighted by two large windows facing Frankfort Street; and he occupied this counting-room during the remainder of his life, with the exception of about three years—1863 to 1866—when he rented it to Philip A. White, a druggist, who converted it into a pharmacy, thus necessitating the construction of a temporary office in No. 101. Dr. White was a colored man of unusually high attainments, who, for many years after leaving Ambrose's

building, kept a very reliable drug store on the opposite side of the way, at the southeast corner of Gold and Frankfort Streets.* Being a very charitable man, he maintained a free clinic in his store for the poor of the neighborhood, having a physician in attendance on certain days each week, and furnishing drugs without charge to invalids who were unable to pay. He thus became so popular that at the time of the draft riots, when all colored residents of the city were in danger of mob violence, the Irish tenement dwellers of the district gathered at his pharmacy, and protected his life and property against the assaults of their riotous countrymen.

Another worthy colored man, Cherry Plet, had a high-class barber shop in the Delaplane building, No. 95 Gold Street, just south of Ambrose's stores. As he was considered the best barber in the Swamp, he was patronized by all the principal merchants, and his shop became a famous place for the exchange of local news and gossip. He moved thence to No. 81 Frankfort Street, between Cliff Street and Franklin Square.

At the time of Ambrose's purchases in Gold Street the adjoining property on the south was owned by the Delaplane family, who, if I mistake not, sold it at a later date to the Ishams. The Delaplanes were capitalists, not engaged in the leather trade (nor in any other business, as far as I have ever heard), who doubtless bought their property in Gold Street as an investment or speculation; but the Ishams were prominent in leather circles. Between Ambrose's stores and the Delaplane building there is a passage called the Gold Street alley, of sufficient width to allow the entrance of teams, which leads along Ambrose's southern boundary, and connects with another passage running through the rear of his buildings, beneath his hoistway, to Frankfort Street. It was designed to accommodate the tenants of a large structure occupy-

*The property on the southeast corner had been previously owned for a time by Ambrose. The drug store was demolished some twenty years ago and the lot remained vacant thereafter until improved with the present structure in 1920. When the excavation was made for the latter, much local interest was aroused by the discovery of four ancient tan vats, ten feet below the street level, which were thought to have existed for a full century. They were great square cases of hewn Georgia yellow pine in an excellent state of preservation, having a floor of North River blue stone the probable object of which was to prevent the too rapid escape of the tanning fluid. Michael Ortley operated a tannery there as early as 1790, and these vats were supposed to have belonged to him.

ing the rear of Delaplane's plot by admitting trucks to the doors and hoistway; and although it is a private way, being part of the Delaplane holdings, the previous owners of the property bought by Ambrose had the privilege of using it by virtue of an old agreement, the easement passing to successive owners with each transfer of title. No sooner were the new stores completed and occupied than the contention was raised by Mr. Delaplane that this privilege, instead of passing with the title, had been extinguished by the sale of the property to Ambrose, and he endeavored to prevent my brother and his tenants from using the passage. His attitude was quite belligerent, but Ambrose was not to be intimidated, nor deterred from maintaining his rights. The question was carried to the courts, and as my brother had no difficulty in proving the terms of the agreement, and in showing that there had been no interruption in the use of the alley since the covenant was made, he readily obtained a favorable decision.

Some time after Ambrose's purchase, a plan was formed for the widening of Frankfort Street from Park Row to Franklin Square, which, if accomplished, would have cut about five feet from the north side of his property; but the scheme was vigorously opposed by many of the neighbors, the chief objectors being the French family, of French's Hotel, where the *World* Building now stands, and the Harper Brothers, proprietors of the great publishing house in Franklin Square, and after due consideration by the city authorities, the project was abandoned. I remember that the officials held conferences with my brother regarding the improvement, but I do not know whether he opposed it or not.

Ambrose continued the leather business at 103 Gold Street until about 1880, after which date he gradually withdrew from trade, and turned his attention to speculating in New York real estate. As a leather merchant he was very successful, buying hides when prices were low, and never selling his leather without realizing a substantial profit. He often held the leather for long periods, awaiting a favorable market, and there were times when each story of his building was filled with it. While thus stored, it had to be carefully watched, especially in warm weather, for the piles would sometimes heat, causing a greenish mould to form on

the surface of a side which, if neglected, would break the grain of the leather and destroy its salability. To guard against this, men were employed to turn and re-pile the sides from time to time.

Ambrose was always fortunate in his choice of reliable tanners, who were skilful and conscientious, and who produced leather of the highest grade. I remember a few of them who occasionally visited New York to confer with their customers among the leather merchants, and, at such times, never failed to call at my brother's office. They were Scudder & Taylor of South Bend, Pa., S. B. June of the same place, Levi Alden, who also came from Pennsylvania, and Medad Morse from rural New York,—probably from Herkimer County,—though I do not know from what town. In Mr. Morse my brother had especial confidence, and their business relations covered a number of years. Mr. Alden, when advanced in life, became a resident of Passaic, N. J., and I remember that Ambrose once invited him to drive with horse and buggy through the most picturesque parts of Livingston Township, to see the beauties of the country. The truckman whom my brother employed after his removal from Ferry Street to Gold was a man named Stewart, who died a few years ago as the result of an automobile accident in Fifth Avenue, and whose business is still conducted by his son.

The buildings adjoining No. 103, which Ambrose did not require for his own occupancy, were rented to other dealers, some of whom became equally prominent in the leather trade. No. 97 was leased for many years by William Addoms, No. 99 by Barnes & Merritt (Theodore Barnes, the senior partner, was a brother-in-law of A. Oakey Hall, at one time mayor of New York), and No. 101 by Walker and Bulkley, the former a son-in-law of Colonel John Watson; and when Ambrose, in consequence of his withdrawal from the leather business, no longer required the entire floor-space of No. 103, he rented the second story to Humphrey & Company, and later to J. Pascusz & Son. During the Rebellion he had a tenant upstairs whose name I forget, who, though not regularly engaged in the leather industry, made a good deal of money while the war continued by furnishing leather to the Government. Humphrey & Company were Boston people who

maintained a New York agency at 103 Gold Street in the late seventies and early eighties. Their representative in this city was a young man named Arnold, an exceptionally nice fellow, for whom my brother had a regard because of acquaintance with his father, a wealthy Boston merchant. About that time Ambrose was in almost weekly correspondence with S. S. Arnold of Boston, though the latter never came to New York, and I cannot recall having ever seen him. How his acquaintance was made I do not know, but I presume he had been a customer of Thorne, Watson & Company in the days when my brother was a member of that firm.

After retiring from the leather business Ambrose speculated very extensively in real estate, being one of the best known operators in New York. With his accustomed thoroughness and attention to detail, he applied himself assiduously to the study of realty values and conditions, keeping fully informed respecting current sales, and in this way he soon became a recognized expert. He was a regular attendant at the auctions held in the real estate exchange (situated at No. 111 Broadway until 1903, when it was moved to its present quarters at 16 Vesey Street), ready to buy at every favorable opportunity, his preference being for business property in the older and more obscure sections of the city; and thanks to his knowledge of the subject, and the soundness of his judgment, his ventures almost always yielded a handsome return. I have sometimes regretted that he did not purchase an office building of the highest character in a first-class business neighborhood,—a building which would have been a monument to him and to his family,—but his experience taught him that property of a cheaper grade could be more readily marketed, and could be managed to better advantage while in his possession. His dealings in real estate continued for many years, and were quite as successful as his achievements in the leather trade.

I mention these details, not that I regard financial success as the measure of a man's merit or value in the community, but because my brother took such delight in his business, and devoted so large a part of his life to its care, that a biographical sketch which failed to describe his commercial activities would be incomplete.

After his withdrawal from the leather trade he managed his affairs alone, unassisted by even a secretary. The work afforded him such keen enjoyment that he was not willing to relinquish it, in whole or in part, to others, and he scorned the suggestion made by his relatives only a short time before his death that he relieve himself to some extent of the pressure of business by engaging a clerk or stenographer. His ability to dispense with the aid of the customary office staff was due in part to his methodical and systematic management which greatly simplified his work, but more especially to his close and steady application.

In his attendance at the office in Gold Street Ambrose was the soul of regularity. As early as my childhood and youth, my other brothers were accustomed to absent themselves from the counting-room for a few weeks in the summer of every year in order to visit our relatives in the country, and at a later period Smith regularly indulged in short vacation trips to Saratoga, Newport and other summer resorts; but for such recreation Ambrose had absolutely no desire. It was his practice to remain at home on Wednesday of each week, and in his declining years, when the increasing infirmities of age warned him to conserve his strength, he rested from his labors, during the torrid heat of midsummer, on Fridays also, but with these exceptions he was always to be found in business hours at his desk. He cared nothing for inclement weather, seldom observed a legal holiday, other than New Year's, Independence Day and Christmas, and, aside from his travels in the South and West which I have mentioned above, never indulged in a vacation. Once, however, he accompanied a pleasure party to the fishing banks beyond the Sandy Hook lightship in the days when trips to the banks were made by excursion boats at frequent intervals, on which occasion he contrived to run a fish-hook into his hand, and sustained a painful wound; his absence from the office for mere recreation being so unusual as to make an impression on my memory. He may almost be said to have died in harness, for he was stricken with his last illness while seated at his desk.

Ambrose's favorite means of relaxation was a thorough perusal of the newspapers. No one, I am sure, ever read the daily jour-

nals with greater avidity and pleasure, and during his leisure moments he was rarely seen without a paper in his hands. His work prevented much attention to the morning editions, and although he always had the *Herald* at the house and the *World* in the office, he could spare little time to read them except while traveling to business in the cars; but he returned home each afternoon with a number of the leading evening papers, in a roll of nearly five inches' diameter bound with a heavy rubber band, and was accustomed to devote practically the entire evening to their enjoyment. I often wondered that he bought so many, for the news-items must have been much the same in all. He read them with the utmost particularity and care, and as he possessed an unusually retentive memory, he was remarkably well informed respecting matters of current interest in all parts of the civilized world; his friends sometimes expressing surprise at the extent of the knowledge which he had gained in this simple way.

My father, my other brothers and myself, while engaged in the leather business, kept our respective accounts in the Leather Manufacturers' National Bank, now represented by the Mechanics' and Metals National; but Ambrose preferred to deal with the Phoenix National Bank, being probably influenced in this choice by the fact that his partner, Mr. Corse, was one of the oldest directors of that institution. The Phoenix was originally situated at No. 45 Wall Street, but afterward moved to the southwest corner of Nassau and Liberty Streets. Its consolidation with the Chatham National Bank did not take place until some years after Ambrose's death. My brother, as one of its largest depositors, was solicited more than once to become a member of its board of directors, but he steadfastly declined to accept such position, not only in this but in other corporations; for he felt that he could not spare sufficient time to attend the meetings of the board, and was unwilling to assume responsibility for the policy of his associates over whose actions he could exercise no control.

While fully occupied with business matters, Ambrose could always find time to aid those in need of his services. He acted as executor of two of his former partners, Colonel John Watson (whose estate was appraised at nearly a dozen millions), and

Israel Corse. The colonel's daughters, Miss Emily Watson and Mrs. Evan Walker, as well as Mr. Corse's daughters, Mesdames Lyman and Evans, were accustomed to rely upon his good offices in all matters relating to their financial affairs, ever finding him the prompt, obliging and devoted friend that their respective fathers believed him to be; and for so faithfully conserving their interests they cherished toward him a feeling of deep gratitude—the rarest of all human emotions. Ambrose was often constrained to define gratitude, in the words of Talleyrand, as "a keen sense of favors to come," but the daugthers of Israel Corse seemed fully as appreciative of his past kindnesses as hopeful of future benefits, and they evidenced their regard by occasionally giving him some handsome and costly present. It would have been amusing, had it not been rather pitiful, to see my brother, whose own affairs so imperatively claimed his undivided attention, interrupted in the work of the counting-room by a daughter of one of his old friends, courteously discussing with her a proposed trip to the Pacific coast, gravely expressing his opinion as to the relative merits of the northern and the southern route, or listening patiently and sympathetically to a detailed account of the failings of some trusted domestic.

Ambrose was active in charitable and religious work. He became a trustee of the New York City Mission and Tract Society in 1867, and served as such for forty years, and he was interested, though in less degree, in other organizations of similar nature. His generosity was unbounded, and was by no means confined to gifts of money, for whenever permitted by circumstances, he gave of his time, his energy and his endeavor to the fullest extent, putting something of a personal touch into all his efforts to relieve misfortune, poverty, or suffering. In this good work he was closely followed by his brother Smith, who was also a man of the most generous sympathies. In fact, Ambrose and Smith responded so often and so liberally to appeals for assistance that they suggested to our old friend John H. Johnston, who in former years kept a jewelry store on the northwest corner of Fifteenth Street and Broadway, a striking resemblance to the Cheeryble brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

CHAPTER XIX

For early memories 'round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey long,
Of threescore miles and ten.

TUPPER.

WHEN Ambrose left my father's store to serve the firm of Lapham, Corse & Company, he was succeeded as clerk, bookkeeper and porter by my second brother, Smith. The latter entered business in 1841, at the age of sixteen, and was probably employed in a subordinate position for a few months before Ambrose's departure.

Smith had a decided preference for a professional, rather than a mercantile, career, and he did not remain with my father very long. For four years he devoted his energies to the study of law, serving his clerkship in the office of Frederick De Peyster of No. 11 Pine Street, then one of the most eminent lawyers in the city, graduated from the law school of New York University, and in 1846 was admitted to the bar. He used to say that during his clerkship he sometimes amused himself in his leisure moments by trying to reproduce Mr. De Peyster's signature (of course without that gentleman's knowledge and consent), and as a result of long and patient practice he became so expert that the spurious autograph as written by him could hardly be distinguished from the genuine. Standing at Smith's desk one day, Mr. De Peyster noticed his name upon a blank sheet of paper, and, supposing the writing to be his own, he exclaimed, "Is it possible that I have left my signature lying about like that?" "Oh, no, Mr. De Peyster," replied Smith, "I wrote that." My brother remarked in after life that he often wondered why his employer did not scold him for it. One can hardly imagine a lawyer, or embryo lawyer, indulging in so imprudent a pastime.

Smith was very nearsighted. Before reaching middle age he

began to wear spectacles constantly, and when wishing to look at distant objects, was obliged to take a pair of eye-glasses from his pocket, and use them in conjunction with his spectacles. This infirmity troubled him during his student days, and as he became convinced, soon after his admission to the bar, that he could not practise without risk of serious eye strain, he abandoned all thought of a professional career, and returned to the leather trade.* Having but little capital, he formed a partnership with Mahlon Mattison, who supplied the needed funds, the firm being Mattison & Ely, and the place of business, No. 33 Spruce Street. The Mattison family was closely identified with the leather industry, Mahlon being a younger brother of Alexander and Joseph Mattison, members of a well-known firm in Ferry Street. Joseph, the surviving partner, was afterward associated with John McCoy, trading as Mattison & McCoy for nearly twenty years. I have reason to remember McCoy because, like myself, he was a lover of rare books, and had a large and valuable collection which was sold at auction after his decease. He died suddenly in 1887 while traveling in Florida (near Palatka, I think), whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.

Smith had frequent dealings with a tanner named Mattison who lived in Branchville, N. J., but that man, I believe, was not related to the Mattisons of the Swamp. My brother's association with Mahlon Mattison continued from 1849 to 1851, when the partnership expired by limitation. For a few months he traded separately at No. 7 Ferry Street, and in 1852 joined with Samuel T. Keese, a nephew of Jonathan Thorne, in founding the firm of Ely & Keese, dealing at No. 22 Ferry Street, and later at No. 9. In 1857, while at the latter address, Keese withdrew from the partnership, and thereafter Smith conducted the business alone. Our cousin Ambrose E. Kitchell had desk-room in his office at No. 9. The porter employed by my brother was a young man

*Smith believed his myopia to be progressive, and during a large part of his life he was haunted by the fear of ultimate blindness; but although his eyesight failed very much in his last few years, he retained sufficient power of vision to move about the house without hesitation, and even to take short walks in the open air, though he would not venture to cross a crowded street in the absence of a companion. He remarked more than once in his old age that he was surprised to find with how little eyesight it was possible to get along.

named Augustus H. Saving, who was a very amiable and genial fellow, and he and I were always great friends.

At a much later period "Sammy" Keese had a summer home in Madison, N. J., on the north side of Madison Avenue, east of the corner of Loantika Way, but he owned the property about four years only—from 1874 to 1878. It now belongs to A. L. Page. Sammy and his cousin "Jim" Keese were natives of Keeseville, N. Y., and both were familiar figures in the New York Swamp; although Jim was not a dealer in leather, but merely an employee of some of the leading merchants. I remember that his widowed mother-in-law kept a thread-and-needle store on the west side of the Bowery, three or four doors north of Fourth Street.

While Ambrose, of the various members of our family, was the best qualified for commercial success, Smith excelled us all in literary talent. He often favored the newspapers with the products of his pen, and was a contributor, both in prose and poetry, to certain periodicals of New York and Boston, in some of which he may have been financially interested. From time to time during his after life his verses were reprinted in various magazines or weekly papers; and even in his last years some poem which he had published long before would occasionally reappear in one or another of the rural journals of northern New Jersey, when an editor of his acquaintance happened to discover the lines. His literary efforts brought him in contact with the leading journalists of the metropolis, who so stimulated his interest in their work that in a few cases he was led to become a part owner of their publications. He was well acquainted with "Ben" Wood (brother of former Mayor Fernando Wood), the editor of the *New York News,* and made him occasional loans. Perhaps his most ambitious (and most unfortunate) venture in the realm of journalism was the investment of $25,000 in the stock of the *New York Times*—a transaction which resulted in heavy loss, for the paper was not then in its present flourishing condition, and the stock steadily declined. He held it for a long time, hoping against hope that it would rally; but one day he entered the office in Gold Street and announced with an air of relief

that he had at last disposed of it, having sold out to Charles Miller, a young man who had recently entered the employ of the *Times* and eventually became a member of its editorial staff.

Smith's recollection of the old-time newspapers was set forth in a reminiscent article published in the *Sunday World* of May 10, 1908, and is, I think, of sufficient interest to be reproduced. He said in part:

> I remember the birth of the *New York World,* and its rebirth under its present proprietorship. In my young days there were four prominent six-cent newspapers—the *Journal of Commerce,* the *Commercial Advertiser,* the *Evening Post* and the *Courier* and *Enquirer.* When I was a lad the six-cent papers named above were sold over their own counters or delivered by carriers to annual subscribers. The newsboys on the streets sold the cheaper journals. Their cry was, *"Sun, Transcript and Herald, Weekly Era, Weekly Whig,* and *New Yorker!"*
>
> Fifty or sixty years ago newspaper establishments in this city were as simple and easy of access as the newpaper offices in a country village. Moses Y. Beach, the proprietor of the *Sun,* stood behind the counter and took pay for advertisements, and cashed checks on a New Jersey bank in which he was interested. I was told that Mr. Uhl, who founded the *Staats Zeitung,* printed the early numbers of his paper and delivered them to his patrons himself. His estate recently changed their publication office, having sold their old premises for $1,500,000.
>
> Visitors were received by Mr. Bennett, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Greeley and the others without ceremony. Mr. Greeley's sanctum was a plain board room with a desk and three chairs. The private rooms of the other leading editors were equally unpretentious.

Smith was particularly fond of society. He had a very large circle of friends, and was connected with various literary and social organizations. His clubs were the Manhattan, Union, Democratic and Century (the latter being his favorite), and he was also a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, the Society of the War of 1812, and the Presbyterian Union. Unlike Ambrose and myself, who preferred to spend our evenings quietly at home, Smith was out every night, attending some entertainment or social function, or meeting his cronies at the club; and having a wide acquaintance among men who were prominent in the public eye, he was naturally drawn by them into the field of politics.

In this subject my brother was interested from his youth. In the early forties he was present at a reception tendered Henry Clay in the Governor's Room in the New York City Hall. He was

diligent in politics from the time when he was old enough to vote, rendering valuable services to his party as a campaign worker; but, despite his activities in the organization, he did not become a candidate for office until several years later. My father and his sons had previously been Whigs, but Smith promptly allied himself with the Democrats; and although I do not know his reason for the change, other than a better opportunity for advancement, its effect was to eventually lead the rest of the family to follow suit, in order to vote for him and his friends, and we soon became equally staunch Jeffersonians. In the course of time my brother rose to be the leader of the district in which we then lived (the old Seventeenth Ward), succeeding John Cochrem, a descendant of Dr. Cochrem, the surgeon-general of the Revolutionary army; Smith's elevation to this rank being due to the fact that he was more genial than his predecessor, and therefore more popular with the young men of the party. When we transferred our place of residence from Seventh Street to Twenty-third, removing from the Seventeenth Ward to the Eighteenth, Smith hired a room in the former ward, and spent an occasional night there, in order to retain his voting residence in the old district where his political strength lay; continuing this arrangement for fifteen years or more, during the sixties and the first half of the seventies. The location of his domicile was changed from time to time, the room which he retained longest being at No. 135 Fourth Avenue.

As early as 1848 Smith was chosen president of the Northern Lights Association, a club of young men who supported Van Buren and Adams. He became a member of Tammany Hall in 1856, and in the same year was elected to the Democratic General Committee, which used to meet in the old Tammany headquarters at the southeast corner of Frankfort Street and Park Row, and was composed of three delegates from each ward, most of whom were prominent in the professional, mercantile and manufacturing life of New York. Not long afterward an effort to reorganize the local branch of the Democratic party resulted in the creation of two general committees, each of which claimed to represent the New York Democracy, but their differences were satisfactorily adjusted at the State Convention held in Syracuse in September.

1857. To this convention Smith was admitted as a joint delegate, and he took an active part in nominating the State ticket, which was subsequently elected.

My brother's first public office was that of School Trustee of the Seventeenth Ward, to which he was elected in the autumn of 1856, at the age of thirty-one, being the first Democrat ever elected to that position in our district; and he served a term of four years, being a member of the Committee on Teachers. He often remarked in after life that this was the most pleasant office he ever held, for the duties were not arduous, and many of the instructors he appointed became his lifelong friends.

In 1857, while still a School Trustee, he was elected to the State Senate, to represent, for a term of two years, the Fifth Senatorial District, consisting of the Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Wards of the City of New York—the most populous district in the State, containing nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Smith was the first Democrat ever elected to the Senate in this district. The political strength of the opposing candidate was considered very great, yet Smith's majority was overwhelming—about three-quarters of the total vote—and he was said to have had the support of every man in the district with whom he was personally acquainted, irrespective of party lines. The seats in the Senate Chamber were arranged in a circle, the one occupied by Smith being the fifth on the president's right. My brother was the youngest member of the Senate with the single exception of Colonel George W. Pratt, and was the only Democrat on the two most important committees: the Committee on Cities and Villages, and the Sub-Committee of the Whole. He was also a member of the Committee on Engrossed Bills and the Committee on Insurance Companies. While in Albany he lived for a time in a hotel near the station, but soon established permanent quarters in a boarding house at No. 49 State Street.

During the second session of his senatorial term Smith attracted attention by his successful opposition to the Broadway Parallel Railroad Bill. In those days the Broadway & Seventh Avenue Railroad Company did not run its horse-cars on Broadway south of Union Square, but from that point southward followed

University Place and other west side streets, and "Jake" Sharp, the company's lobbyist at Albany, was striving to obtain a franchise which would extend the route down Broadway from Union Square to South Ferry. His bill was first presented to the Legislature of 1858, and passed the House of Assembly, but was defeated in the Senate by a majority of two, Smith being one of those who voted against it. Through Sharp's untiring energy and perseverance, covering a period of nearly thirty years, the law was finally passed, and about 1885 a horse-car line in lower Broadway became a reality; but Sharp was convicted of corrupt practices in securing the passage of his bill, and his labor was rewarded with a sentence of imprisonment. In 1859 Smith was mentioned for a second term, but Sharp's followers, who had gained control of the nominating convention, informed him that he would be nominated only on condition that he would promise to support their bill in the next Senate. This he refused to do, and another candidate was chosen.

In May, 1860, my brother was elected to fill a vacancy in the Board of Supervisors of New York County caused by the death or resignation of Isaac Bell, and in the following November, was elected to the board for a full term of six years. During the Rebellion he was a member of the Special Committee on Volunteering, having charge of raising troops and money for the war, and in May, 1861, was chairman of the committee which organized the famous Tammany regiment, the "Jackson Guard." At this period the Supervisors devoted much time and attention to the making of contracts for furnishing munitions to the troops recruited in New York County, and they were occasionally approached by inventors who had produced weapons or explosives of novel construction, and wished to have the design officially adopted for the army; the device in many cases being a manifest improvement upon the pattern then in use, and in others wholly impracticable. My impression is that I once heard Smith describe a gun exhibited in the Supervisors' room* which was intended to shoot around a corner, but my recollection is so indistinct that I may easily be

*During the Civil War the Supervisors met in Room 17 of the City Hall; their subsequent meetings were held in the County Court House.

mistaken. It is possible that this was merely a joke on Smith's part; he may have asked the applicant, for the purpose of ridiculing his invention, if his gun was capable of such extraordinary service.

The small bombshell in the office in Gold Street, which we use to keep the door open in hot weather, dates from that period—the spring of 1863. A contractor who applied to the Supervisors to furnish explosives produced a shell as a sample of his wares, which he left on the table when he went away; and Smith, thinking that the other members of the family would be interested in seeing it, carried it to Gold Street, and placed it upon Ambrose's safe, which then, as now, stood beside the doorway in the partition separating the office from the outer store. Soon afterward someone conceived the idea that the shell, being small and heavy, would be a convenient object to hold the door open for ventilation, and it has been used for that purpose until the present day.

After the draft riots the colored residents of the city, whose property had been damaged or destroyed by the mob, presented claims for reimbursement to the Board of Supervisors. Smith gave his personal attention to auditing the figures, hiring an office at his own expense in which to meet and confer with the claimants, and adjusting their losses in a manner which they considered eminently fair.

While a member of the board, my brother became quite famous through his exposures of, and opposition to, the machinations of the "Tweed Ring," by which the politics of the city and county were then controlled; his activities in this direction exciting so much interest, and such frequent comment by the daily press, that during his subsequent campaigns the newspapers referred to his term in the Board of Supervisors as the portion of his career most readily brought to mind by the mention of his name. One of the most flagrant cases of corruption was the building of the new county court house, at the Chambers Street end of the City Hall Park, at a cost of $12,000,000—a sum said to be sufficient to cover the entire area of the park with solid masonry four feet high. In 1865 Smith presented written charges of corruption in this proceeding, and in-

sisted upon a public investigation. So acrimonious and personal did the contest with his knavish colleagues become that although my brother sat beside William M. Tweed at board meetings every day for four years, he refused to exchange a word with the political chief, and ignored him ever afterward. He often remarked that Tweed's satellites would murder him if they dared, and when going about the city at night he considered it indispensable to carry a revolver in the outside pocket of his overcoat; but, as far as I am aware, only one attempt to molest him was made. While walking along the Bowery one evening, he was stopped and immediately surrounded by a small crowd of rough characters, who asked him what course he intended to pursue in regard to some matter of public interest then pending before the board: their object evidently being to pick a quarrel as an excuse for an assault. Having answered their question briefly and courteously, he drew a few greenbacks of small denomination from his pocket, and tossed them toward the spokesman of the group, saying, "Now, boys, I want you to drink my health." The attention of the rowdies being momentarily distracted by the sight of the money, Smith seized the opportunity to dart into the street and jump upon a passing horse-car.

He was appointed Commissioner of Public Instruction during the spring of 1867, and served until the following year. In November, 1867, when his term in the Board of Supervisors expired, he was refused a renomination by Tammany Hall on account of his opposition to "Boss" Tweed, but ran for a second term on an independent Democratic ticket against the regular nominees of both parties. In this campaign he was backed by practically every newspaper in the city, the leading journals permitting him to write the editorials which they published in his support; and although this was the time of Tweed's greatest power, my brother was elected by a decisive majority. He served until 1870, when the Board of Supervisors of New York County was abolished, and its powers vested in the Board of Aldermen.

Smith briefly described this campaign in the reminiscences mentioned above, which appeared in the *New York World* of May 10, 1908, again referring to it in an interview published in the *New*

York Times on the 24th of the same month; and from these articles I quote as follows:

I had been a member of the Board of Supervisors for seven years when my term of office expired, and I was refused a renomination by the regular Democratic organization because I was unfriendly to Mr. Tweed, who at that time was the absolute boss. We sat together at the meetings of the board for several years without interchanging a word. When my term of office expired I ran as a candidate of an independent Democratic organization against the nominees of Tammany Hall and the Republicans. I had the editorial support of the *Times, Tribune, Sun, World,* and *Herald.* The editorial articles in each of these papers I was permitted to write myself. I learned that the editor of the last-named journal had directed that the Supervisor contest should be ignored.

At my request Judge Roosevelt, granduncle of President Roosevelt, called on Mr. Bennett, who consented to talk with me on the subject. At the interview which followed Mr. Bennett asked me what I wished him to say in my behalf. I took a sheet of paper and wrote all that my modesty would permit. The next morning it appeared in the *Herald,* with some sentences added of a more emphatic character than those which I had written. I wrote the editor a note asking him to reprint the article in his editorial columns the following morning, which was the day of election, which he did. As my majority was only about 500, I think I was indebted to the *Herald's* article for my election.

In the days of "Boss" Tweed the counting of votes was a ceremony for thieves. I know because I made the discovery, during my second election as Supervisor. Toward the end of my first term I was informed that I had offended the boss and could not run for election again. My knowledge of political corruption had not improved my temper, perhaps, and I decided to run on an independent ticket. It was about the time when Tammany was reorganizing, and the press had already begun its exposure of the Tweed régime.

Fortunately I had the power of the press with me, and the somewhat anomalous privilege of writing the editorials for the New York dailies, in my own favor, myself. I conducted the editorial campaign with my own pen, writing nearly all of the editorials myself. I remember Mr. Horace Greeley was the last editorial champion I had to win over, and when I finally got him I must say I preferred his editorials to mine. Votes were not counted by ballots in those days in New York: they were computed on paper. The ballot boxes were just picked up by messengers and carried into a room with the door locked. The messengers emerged with a report of the number of votes in the box, and that was all there was to it. You had to accept the report or go without votes.

I noticed, however, that in one district of the town where I was especially strong, I was reported to have polled only twenty votes. As I owned a large manufactory in this district, and was spending a thousand dollars a day on the plant, it didn't seem reasonable that I could be so weak as all that. Upon investigation I found that the twenty votes allowed me really belonged to my competitor, who had been favored with 500 votes that belonged to me. I dare say the same sort of thing has occurred since, because it is still possible to make these little mistakes.

After I had won the election a friend of Tweed called at my house and tried to make peace between us. "The boss wants to tell you that you can have anything you want," said this gentleman. I informed him that under

the circumstances I could not accept anything from him, as I should be accused of selling out if I did. Later he informed me that at the next meeting of the Supervisors' Board Tweed was going to speak to me. I instructed my clerk to come into the board room during the meeting and call me out. In that way I avoided an embarrassing moment.

The exposures of the ring frauds finally led to the prosecution of "Boss" Tweed, who was confined in Ludlow Street Jail, and died in 1878, during his term of imprisonment. This jail was built in 1861, and as Smith, who was then a member of the Board of Supervisors, was one of the officials who authorized its erection, his name, with those of his associates, was carved upon a brownstone tablet placed on the front of the building at the level of the second story. It seems odd that "Bill" Tweed, who tried so hard to force my brother out of politics, should have ended his days in a prison of which the latter was one of the builders.

In the autumn of 1870 Smith was elected to the Forty-second Congress from the Seventh New York District, which consisted of the Eleventh and Seventeenth Wards; receiving 12,514 votes against 3,505 for the Republican candidate, W. H. McAlpin. During the first session his seat in the House was No. 123, at the extreme rear, on the west side of the second aisle counting from the southeast corner of the chamber; but through the second session he occupied No. 8, in the front row, on the east side of the third aisle. He was appointed by Speaker James G. Blane to the Committee on the Pacific Railroad. One of his colleagues was Robert B. Roosevelt, representing the Fourth Congressional District of New York (uncle of President Roosevelt), with whom he formed a lifelong friendship, and during their sojourn in Washington they lived together in the Hamilton Hotel. Smith always spoke in warm terms of "Bob" Roosevelt, giving me the impression that he entertained a higher regard for him than for most of his other political associates.

My brother was not a candidate for re-election, but his reason for failing to run I cannot now recall. The Seventh District was represented in the Forty-third Congress by Thomas J. Creamer, a Democrat, who was one of his personal friends, and I

think it not unlikely that he declined the nomination so that Creamer might receive it.

In 1874 Smith was returned to the Forty-fourth Congress from the same district, which had now been enlarged to include not only the Eleventh and Seventeenth Wards as formerly, but also the part of the Eighteenth lying west of Third Avenue. His seat in the House was No. 27, which was in the second row on the west side of the centre aisle, and his place of residence in Washington was the Arlington Hotel. He was appointed by Speaker M. C. Kerr to the Committee on Foreign Relations, the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings, and the Committee on Expenditures of the Treasury Department, of which latter he was the chairman. The bill known as the "Back Pay Grab" was passed at this time, the effect of which was to grant Congressmen two years' back salary, and Smith was among those who opposed it. He, with some other members, refused to accept the arrears of salary when paid, and he returned to the United States Treasury the sum of $4,500, with a release of all future claims for the money.

In 1876 my brother resigned his seat in Congress in order to run for mayor of the City of New York, and was succeeded, for the unexpired portion of his term, by David Dudley Field. The nomination for mayor came as a surprise, being unexpectedly tendered him as the result of a sudden decision of Tammany Hall. In those days there was an independent political organization in New York called the Citizens' Union, the strength of which chiefly lay in the eminent respectability and far-reaching influence of its members; being led by Edward Cooper, Abram S. Hewitt (both of whom afterward held the office of mayor), and other residents of equally high standing. This association, instead of making a nomination of its own for the coming mayoralty contest, seemed disposed to unite with the Republicans in supporting Andrew H. Green as a joint candidate; while on the Democratic side it appeared certain that Tammany Hall would nominate a talented and popular lawyer named Conklin, brother of Hon. Roscoe Conklin of the United States Senate. The Democrats realized, however, that the proposed combination of their adver-

saries would be hard to overcome; and in order to wean the Citizens' Union away from the Republicans, and convert it into an active ally, they suddenly dropped Conklin and tendered the mayoralty nomination to Smith, well knowing that the Union would regard his candidacy with approval. This substitution insured the success of their ticket, since my brother received the support of the Citizens' Union as well as that of the regular Democratic organization.

The Republicans chose as their standard bearer General John A. Dix, a statesman of the highest character, who had been governor, United States senator, and foreign representative. He was regarded as one of the first citizens of the city and State, and was undoubtedly as strong a candidate as his party could produce; yet Smith defeated him by a majority of 56,000—a greater majority than that given for the electoral and State ticket. It is of interest to note in passing that President Grant, who was a very warm friend of Smith, intimated to Chester A. Arthur, the Republican leader of New York, that he would confer a favor by giving my brother all the aid in the election that he *consistently* could. His request, of course, was not generally known, but Smith assured me that it was actually made.

Smith held this office for two years from the first of January, 1877. Frederick De Peyster, under whose guidance he studied for admission to the bar, was one of the first of his old friends to call at the mayor's office after the inauguration to tender his congratulations. His administration was distinguished by strict economy in all departments, and he is said to have been the only mayor who saved money for the city. In the course of his term the annual tax levy was reduced to the extent of $3,000,000, while the decrease of the net city debt amounted to $6,000,000; but his political opponents declared this achievement to be of doubtful benefit, for it was accomplished by refusing to undertake any new public improvements, some of which, it was alleged, were urgently needed.

Smith was often spoken of as the "marrying mayor," in reference to the fact that he performed a greater number of marriage ceremonies than any other chief executive of the city. During the

two years of his term he officiated at more than six hundred weddings, being an average of about one a day, the highest number in any one day being four; all of which, with four exceptions took place in the mayor's office in the City Hall. He used a ritual of his own composition. The contracting parties were in most cases residents of the metropolis, but a few were from out of town; and one couple came from Detroit, giving no reason for the long and tedious journey save the somewhat fanciful wish to be united by "an old bachelor mayor." Smith's predecessors had made a charge of five dollars for this service, but as his salary had been raised in lieu of all fees, he accepted nothing. Instead, he provided a poor-box in the office, and when the bridegroom tendered the customary five-dollar bill at the conclusion of the ceremony, John Hardy, the chief clerk, would suggest that he contribute the money to the relief of the poor. In some instances the groom would return the bill to his pocket, and drop some change into the box, but the contributions, nevertheless, amounted to a substantial sum, approximately $3,000 being received in the course of the term.

The unprecedented activity in this department of the city government was due in part to the absence of fees, but more especially to the persuasive powers of Colonel Robert Prati, an Italian employed in the mayor's office as interpreter, who went about among his compatriots in New York urging the advantages of matrimony.

Colonel Prati was a gentleman of aristocratic connections though of slender purse. He was said to be a member of the Italian nobility, claiming the title of Marquis di Rovagnasca, and was evidently a man of broad education, having an excellent command of English, which he spoke with scarcely a trace of foreign accent. He was very highly esteemed by his countrymen, and was well recommended for the position of mayor's interpreter, being indorsed by Count di Lucci, the Italian Consul-General. He married into the MacQuaide family of New York, who about that time became permanent residents of Northfield, N. J.; and he made that village his summer home thereafter, commuting daily to New York by train from Orange, though sometimes taking the cars at Chatham. The MacQuaide farm, now owned by the East

Orange Water Company, lay on the south side of Northfield Avenue, and the colonel's home was directly opposite; both properties being just west of Canoe Brook. Prati died in his metropolitan residence, No. 532 East Eighty-second Street, in January, 1887, and was interred at Orange, N. J.

During the year 1877 a rupture occurred between Smith and Tammany Hall which precluded him from further political advancement. The Police Board then consisted of four commissioners, two of whom were Democrats and two Republicans; the rule having always been that this body, because of its extraordinary powers, should be equally divided in politics. In the course of his mayoralty campaign Smith had promised Chester A. Arthur, the Republican leader, that, if elected, he would make no change in the political complexion of the Police Board; and by means of this pledge had secured many Republican votes, not only for himself, but for the entire Tammany ticket. In May, 1877, the term of Commissioner Erhardt (Republican) expired, and Smith purposed to reappoint him, but the Board of Aldermen, who then had the confirmation of all heads of departments, insisted that the office be given to Alderman Henry D. Purroy, a Democrat; the demand being backed by John Kelly who had succeeded William M. Tweed as the Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall. Smith defied the organization, however, refusing to break his campaign pledge, and thereby destroyed his chance of a second term. Many of his friends believed that, after serving as mayor, he would be Tammany's candidate for the office of governor, and although he himself never mentioned the subject, it is reasonable to suppose that he contemplated such possibility; but this hope (if it existed) was of course relinquished when he disobeyed the mandate of Tammany Hall.

The Citizens' Union, as I have said, was headed by Hewitt and Cooper. These gentlemen, who were related by marriage, were iron manufacturers, having their mines at Ringwood, N. J., and their foundries at Trenton, and with each of them Smith was on terms of intimate friendship. Hewitt had been one of Smith's colleagues in the Forty-second Congress, and once when his family was absent in Europe, he invited my brother to spend about

SMITH ELY, Jr.
NEW YORK SENATE
FROM THE U. S. DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, APRIL, 1859

SMITH ELY, Jr.

MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, JANUARY 20, 1877

a month in his Washington residence. Tammany Hall, in consequence of the breach with Smith, refused him the nomination for a second term as mayor. The Citizens' Union selected Mr. Cooper to stand for the office, and Cooper accepted the nomination on learning that my brother was not to be a candidate. The Citizens' Union and the Republicans then effected a coalition, and Tammany, realizing the difficulty of carrying the election in the face of so formidable a combination, decided to make peace with Smith, and urged him to run again for mayor; but he declared that it was too late, for Cooper was then in the field, and considerations of friendship prevented a rival candidacy. Cooper was duly elected, and thus it seemed to me that Tammany defeated itself through its rupture with Smith, for if the latter had been renominated in regular course, Cooper would not have consented to run against him.

Before he left the mayor's office Smith was urged by the Democrats of his former congressional district to stand once more for Congress, but this he did not care to do. In 1880 and 1881 he was one of the presidential electors on the Democratic State ticket, and also served as a commissioner of the old Brooklyn Bridge. The nomination for comptroller was offered, but declined, in 1884.

Smith's last office was that of commissioner of public parks, to which he was appointed in November, 1895, when he was also a member of the Committee of One Hundred of the New York State Democracy. The previous Park Board retired in a body during September of that year, and another was created by Mayor Strong, Smith being chosen to fill the position on the new board which corresponded with that held by James A. Roosevelt on the old one. His term expiring May 1, 1897, he was reappointed, and served until the office was vacated by the Charter of Consolidation on January 1, 1898. He was the only Democratic member, his three associates being Republicans. Their meetings were held in the old arsenal in Central Park.

Smith's success at the polls in his various political campaigns was largely due to the voters of German birth. The Germans of New York were not well organized in early days; they had few leaders of their own nationality, and lacked faith in the Irish

politicians; and Smith was quick to perceive the advantage of uniting them in his support. He studied German that he might talk with them in their own language, the better to win their confidence, convinced them without difficulty of his honesty and sincerity, and soon became a recognized leader of the German element. Some of his Teutonic constituents changed his name, through misunderstanding, from Smith Ely to Eli Schmidt, and thereby materially increased his popularity. He was one of the founders of the German Savings Bank (called since the World War the Central Savings Bank), which he and a few others established about 1860 in a modest store, No. 14 Fourth Avenue, the enterprise proving a success from the start; and some years later, when the bank had erected its present building at the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, he had his political headquarters in its basement while running for mayor.

But Smith was not dependent upon the German vote alone: he had the enthusiastic support of all classes and conditions of men, from the aristocracy of Second Avenue and later of Murray Hill to the denizens of the slums. Two of his greatest admirers, representing widely separated grades of society, who, at election time, were very active in his behalf, were Father Thomas J. Mooney, rector of St. Bridget's Roman Catholic Church at the corner of Eighth Street and Avenue B, and John Morrissey the pugilist, former holder of the heavyweight championship of the world. The latter used to wager large sums on the result of the elections, and found that Smith was often able to give him tips which proved of value. He had, moreover, a good deal of respect for the backing my brother enjoyed through his membership in the leading clubs, and his prominence in social circles.

Smith was always very careless in his business habits, particularly as regards the routine work of the office, and I recollect an incident of his mayoralty campaign which is illustrative of this trait. When looking over his mail each day at his headquarters, it was his custom, after reading a letter, to tear it once across the middle, and throw the halves into the waste basket. Many years afterward he was told by a Republican acquaintance that the janitor he employed was a spy in the service of his opponents,

who used to save the fragments in the basket, and turn them over to the Republicans, by whom the letters were readily decipherable, as they were torn in only one place. Smith's friends regarded this as an excellent joke when the fact was made known, and considered it an instance of the luck which always attended him that no injury or embarrassment resulted from his lack of caution.

A pleasant feature of Smith's political life was an annual visit to Saratoga Springs, when business and pleasure were happily blended. At that period the leading Democratic politicians in all parts of the State were accustomed to go with their families to the Springs every season to spend the first two weeks of August, and their meeting might almost be called an informal convention, for they improved the opportunity to discuss and plan the campaign for the coming autumn; thus accomplishing valuable work for their party, while enjoying the social pleasures which the gathering afforded. Saratoga, for many years one of the most popular of our summer resorts, was then at the height of its glory, the great hotels were filled to overflowing, and the town presented a very animated and attractive appearance. Smith was often accompanied by his sister prior to her marriage, and occasionally thereafter by other members of the family. His annual visits to the Springs, which commenced in 1852, were continued with unfailing regularity long after he ceased to be active in politics, and were not abandoned until he was seventy-eight or eighty years of age. In early days he patronized the Grand Union Hotel, the Democratic rendezvous, but during his later years, when the wane of Saratoga's popularity necessitated the closing of that palatial caravansary, he made the United States Hotel his stopping place.

At the time to which I refer, the movements of the stock market seemed to be more regular than is now the case, for as a general rule, in the absence of booms and flurries, the securities of the principal railroads were apt to decline in the dull days of midsummer, when the heaviest operators were absent on vacation, and to rise again with the approach of winter, when activities in Wall Street were resumed. Smith used to make a practice of buying some of the standard railroad stocks in summer when the

price was low, and selling them at a considerable advance during the ensuing winter; and he often remarked that in this way he realized a profit sufficient to cover the expenses of his trip to Saratoga Springs.

Referring again to his commercial affairs, Smith conducted the hide and leather business at No. 9 Ferry Street until the completion of Ambrose's building at 103 Gold Street, in 1861, when, at his brother's invitation, he moved his desk and safe into the latter's office, and transacted business there through the remainder of his life. Gus Saving, who had been his porter in Ferry Street, was thereafter employed by Ambrose in the same capacity in the Gold Street store; serving until 1869, when failing health compelled him to leave the city. Thomas Curran was then hired, and remained until about the time of his death in 1905, being followed by Patrick Brophy, who still holds the position.

Smith's safe was an old-fashioned one of doubtful security, and it fastened with a key-lock, having been made before the days of combinations. The door stuck when closed, and could be opened only by the initiated. After the key had been inserted and the knob turned, the door would remain immovable until a vigorous and skilfully directed kick was delivered upon its lower left corner, which seemed in some mysterious way to overcome its resistance, and cause it to swing open of its own accord. After many years, as a result of oft-repeated kicks, a hole was broken through the outer shell of the door, and the safe had to be discarded. Smith's willingness to intrust his books and perhaps occasional sums of money to so insecure a depository was quite in keeping with his happy-go-lucky business methods.

Soon after my sister's marriage to George B. Vanderpoel, Smith formed a leather partnership with him and with our cousin Ambrose E. Kitchell under the firm name of Ely, Vanderpoel & Kitchell, at 103 Gold Street (1869 to 1879). On withdrawing from the leather trade Smith, like Ambrose, speculated successfully in real estate, they being among the largest operators in New York. They were seldom absent from the auctions held in the real estate exchange, and when that establishment was moved from 111 Broadway to its present quarters in Vesey Street, Smith

FRONT VIEW OF 103 GOLD STREET, 1880

W. H. ELY (LEFT) AND TOM CURRAN.

happened to be the purchaser of the last piece of property sold at the old stand.

Smith was of medium height and very slender build, but he possessed a frame which was capable of great endurance, and until advanced in life retained much of his youthful stamina. Aside from general debility, he suffered no physical discomfort in his old age, but he found the enforced abandonment of his favorite amusements extremely irksome. During his entire adult life he had been accustomed to devote every evening to an attendance at the club or at some social function, and it was a great deprivation to be obliged, partly by growing infirmity but chiefly by failing eyesight, to forego this pleasure several years before his death, and to spend his evenings in the home circle. He had been so long active in the political and social life of New York that he had a horror of fading from the memory of the populace, and he therefore welcomed visits from the reporters of the daily papers, who occasionally called at his home to obtain his views on subjects of general interest, the publication of which enabled him to retain his position in the public eye. He had a fund of interesting and amusing anecdotes reminiscent of his early days, and was always prepared to relate one or more of them to a journalist in order to enliven the interview. The following squib, which appeared in *The New York Sun* of July 17, 1897, is quoted in illustration:

> The race for the idocy prize led ex-Mayor Smith Ely to tell this story yesterday afternoon:
>
> When I was a young man the rivalry between the Old Bowery Theatre and the New Bowery Theatre was intense. One evening the manager of the latter hung out a flaming placard bearing the following announcement:
>
> THE CATARACT OF THE GANGES WITH REAL WATER!
>
> The crowd flocked to the New Bowery Theatre, and the manager of the older concern was in despair. The next night, however, he got his revenge. Just before the doors were opened for the evening performance he displayed a great poster on which was printed this announcement in letters a foot long:
>
> "THE FORTY THIEVES," WITH REAL THIEVES!

I, too, remember that sign on the Old Bowery Theatre, although I had completely forgotten it until the article in the paper brought it to my mind.

My brother William became a clerk in my father's office when

Smith left the Swamp to commence the study of law, and he remained until I was old enough to graduate from school and take his place. He then sought an opening in some other field of occupation which he hoped would prove more lucrative, and for a time was employed by a dealer in Danbury hats, whose place of business was in Water Street, then the great centre of that industry; but he soon wearied of his new position, and concluding, after all, that he had a natural taste for the leather trade, accepted a clerkship with Thorne, Watson, Corse & Company, of which firm Ambrose was a member. This situation, however, was not wholly satisfactory, the reason, as I recall it, being that one or more of the junior Thornes, young fellows of about William's age, were inclined to assume an air of superiority and a domineering manner which he not unnaturally resented; for he had a good deal of pride, and felt that in his family connections and social standing he was fully their equal. Consequently he was not adverse to tendering his resignation; and a few years after Ambrose commenced business at No. 103 Gold Street, William entered his store as his secretary and managing clerk (about 1865 or 1866), serving as such until Ambrose retired from the leather trade. Thereafter he devoted himself to his own interests and the care of his real estate, retaining his desk-room in Ambrose's office as long as his business activities continued.

William was a man of distinguished appearance, and in his early years was considered very handsome, being considerably above the average height, with regular features, ruddy complexion and dark, neatly-trimmed whiskers. While lacking the business ability of Ambrose and the literary talent of Smith, he was a little more cordial than either, particularly when meeting strangers; and was apt, on first acquaintance at least, to make a more favorable impression.

He employed as his superintendent, to take charge of his real estate, an agent named Alexander Grant, who had previously been the German interpreter of the Essex Market Court. Grant called so frequently for instructions respecting his employer's property, and spent so much time in discussing its management, that he was a regular *habitué* of the Gold Street office for many years.

CHAPTER XX

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ABOUT the time of my seventeenth birthday, my father, to my great joy, installed me as a clerk in his place of business, No. 31 Ferry Street, to keep his books, take charge of his correspondence, assist him in handling hides and in piling and rolling leather, and, in a word, to make myself generally useful in the store and office. As a special preparation for a mercantile career, I took a month's course of instruction in bookkeeping in the well-known commercial school of Christopher C. Marsh, as my brothers had done before me. This school, when Ambrose and Smith were enrolled among its pupils, was situated at 88 Cedar Street, but in later years, when attended by William and myself, it was on Broadway opposite City Hall Park. Mr. Marsh, who was a public accountant as well as an instructor of the young, was the author of a textbook on bookkeeping, published about 1830, which was regarded as a standard work. It contained many excellent rules and maxims, one of which was long remembered and often quoted by Ambrose and Smith, who considered it very helpful to the novice:—"By journal law, what you receive is debtor made to what you give."

To become a leather merchant in the Swamp had been my fondest ambition, and nothing could exceed the pleasure and happiness which its realization afforded. Each morning I left our house at an early hour, and walked down town with light heart and buoyant step, carrying a great iron key with which the store was opened; and I always had the premises thoroughly swept before my father's arrival. My route from our home in Seventh Street was by way of First Avenue, Allen Street, Division Street, Chatham Street (now Park Row), and Pearl Street to Ferry

Street. It is now possible to follow a more direct course by way of New Bowery, but the latter had not been opened at the time of which I speak.

Our store was not a particularly healthful place in which to commence my business career, but in those days I gave never a thought to my unsanitary surroundings. Ferry Street traverses the lowest part of the Swamp, and the store was not far from the lowest point of Ferry Street, which slopes upward to Pearl Street on the east and to Gold Street on the west. In time of high water the East River occasionally backed up through the sewers and flooded the roadway in front of No. 31; and as there was no cellar beneath the building, the ground floor was always damp. Even in the first years of my clerkship, when my environment claimed so little of my attention, I was impressed by the rather dingy and gloomy aspect of Ferry Street. I persuaded myself when sweeping our sidewalk, and occasionally glancing up toward Gold Street, that the latter thoroughfare looked much more cheerful and attractive, that its stores had an appearance of greater prosperity, and that its very atmosphere suggested a higher degree of importance and wealth; and much as I was pleased with my new situation and everything connected with it, I could not help wishing at times that my father's business was established in Gold Street—little thinking that the lapse of a few years was to bring about a change in the scene of my activities, and that the greater part of my commercial life was to be spent within the precincts of the street which I so greatly admired.

The mention of the East River reminds me of a fact which is of sufficient interest to be mentioned here, namely, that once, and perhaps more than once, in my youth or early manhood I saw the stream frozen from shore to shore, and people crossing on the ice between Peck Slip and Brooklyn—a phenomenon which in later years has never recurred.

During the summer season, when the family went to the country, I was obliged to spend my nights alone in New York (except at week-ends) in order to keep the store open in the late afternoons; for my father did not consider it businesslike to close at so early an hour as that of the departure of his train. In the

summers of 1856 and 1857 I lived in a boarding-house in Brooklyn kept by Ela Tompkins, a connection of the Tompkins family who once owned the farm adjoining that of Uncle Joseph Kitchell on Hanover Neck. My cousin Ambrose E. Kitchell boarded at the time in the same house.

I cannot recall the month in which I entered business, though I have little doubt that my new duties and responsibilities were assumed not long after the closing of school in the spring or early summer; but I remember the year—1853—by a disastrous fire which occurred on December 10th in the great publishing house of Harper & Brothers in Cliff Street, only a short distance from my father's store. The Harpers claimed at the time that their establishment was the largest of its kind in the world. On the west side of Cliff Street they had two buildings, used for storage, which adjoined the tannery of Colonel Kumbel in the rear of our yard; while their main plant was housed in three contiguous buildings on the opposite side of the way, the latter property extending eastward through the block and fronting on Pearl Street near Franklin Square. The fire occurred in their main buildings, which were completely destroyed, but I think those on our side of Cliff Street were uninjured. The ensuing number of *Harper's Magazine* (for January, 1854), which had just gone to press when the conflagration occurred, and had to be reprinted, was entirely devoid of illustrations, for the cuts, stereotype plates, printed sheets and copy were consumed; and it contained an apology for its shortcomings, giving full particulars of the disaster.

When the fire broke out, my father and I, who were seated in our office, from the windows of which we could look across the yard and through the passage leading to Cliff Street, suddenly became aware of a commotion in the street, where many people could be seen running rapidly past the mouth of the passage toward the Harper establishment; and on looking through our store into Ferry Street, we perceived a similar disturbance there. We soon ascertained the cause of the excitement, and, thinking that the flames might spread in our direction (for we realized that so appalling a blaze could not be readily checked), we trundled the safe from the office to the front of the store, whence it could

be quickly drawn into the street if the building should be endangered. As the safe was less than three feet in height, we were able to move it without difficulty. When my father retired from business, this safe was taken to Ambrose's office in Gold Street, where it has ever since remained, and I presume that it still contains our old account books and vouchers; but I doubt if it could be easily opened, for William had occasion to search it for some ancient document about twenty years ago, and found that the door had become so firmly welded to its frame by rust and dampness that it could be forced only with the aid of a powerful lever.

The firm of Harper & Brothers was founded in 1817, and at first consisted only of the senior partners, James and John; the other brothers, Joseph and Fletcher, joining it at a later date. The first book published by them, a volume of classics, was sold for ten dollars at an auction held some years ago, the fact that it contained the earliest imprint of this celebrated house giving it a certain historic value. After the destruction of their plant, the Harpers replaced it with a larger and handsomer edifice facing Pearl Street, having an iron front. It was the first iron structure which I had then seen, but this style of architecture afterward came into general use in various business streets of the city, and for a long time was a popular form of construction.

Joseph Harper, in former years, had a country home near Madison, N. J., but the property, which is situated on the east side of Park Avenue opposite the end of Punch Bowl Road, has passed out of the family, and is now owned by the Convent of St. Elizabeth.

James Harper was mayor of New York in 1845, and the fact was long commemorated by door-lamps maintained by the municipality in front of his residence on the west side of Gramercy Park. The custom of thus honoring the city's chief executive is a very old one. The lamps are placed on the stone pillars at the foot of his stoop, and are lighted by the city not only while he is discharging his official duties, but during the remainder of his life (and even after his death, if his family so desires), provided that he or his relatives continue to occupy the house. If the mayor, after the expiration of his term, or his family after his decease,

should move away, the lamps may be suffered to remain, but they are no longer lighted at the public expense. Those of Mayor Harper remained for many years after his death, and were still there when I last had occasion to pass his dwelling. My brother Smith was one of the few executives who declined this honor, considering the lights too ostentatious for a man of his simple tastes, and fearing that they would render his house so conspicuous as to attract beggars, peddlers, and other unwelcome visitants, whose importunities he desired to avoid.

During the afternoons, as a rule, there was no great pressure of business in my father's office, and as my services could then be dispensed with for a little while, I often strolled over to the store of my brother Smith, at No. 9 in the same street, to enjoy a chat with my cousin Ambrose Kitchell, who had desk-room in Smith's office, with Gus Saving, then the porter of his store, and with other young fellows of the neighborhood, clerks like myself, who occasionally resorted thither. The slaughter hides in which Smith dealt were delivered in square bundles bound with a hempen cord, and Kitchell learned that the fragments of old rope, cut from the hides and discarded, had a certain value, since they could be remade into new. He accordingly saved the pieces, and whenever he had accumulated a sufficient quantity to fill a wheelbarrow, he sold them to a manufacturer in William Street whose name I forget. He, however, felt the need of an assistant, for his pride would not permit him to trundle a wheelbarrow through the city streets, and as I was handicapped by no such scruples, I never hesitated to propel the load while he followed at a circumspect distance; my part in the transaction entitling me to a division of the proceeds.

Among the young men whom I used to meet at Smith's store was "Jim" Keese, a cousin of "Sammy" Keese, my brother's partner. Jim spent much of his time at No. 9, and my impression is that he was occasionally employed by Smith in various business transactions. Though an exceptionally bright young fellow, he was sometimes inclined to indulge in intoxicating liquor, and when slightly under its influence was accustomed to proclaim his views upon subjects of current interest in a loud voice and with a

pompous air which the clerks and porters of Ferry Street considered highly amusing. One day when he was conversing with a group of acquaintances just outside the door of No. 9, expressing his dictatorial opinions with his wonted loquacity, Charlie Fisher, the son of a truckman whom Smith employed, picked up a large ball of the rope used in binding hides, went upstairs to a window directly above the door, and deftly dropped the ball upon the crown of Jim's silk hat, crushing the headpiece down over the wearer's face, and extinguishing his flow of eloquence.* This, moreover, was not the only occasion when Jim fell victim to Charlie's love of fun: his good nature was similarly tried one holiday when he joined a fishing-party going down the harbor in a small sailboat which Charlie had borrowed of a friend, the son of a banker in Wall Street. I was one of the excursionists, and the others were my cousin Frank Ely of Carrollton, Mo., and Gus Saving.** While the sport was in progress, Jim assumed a reclining attitude on the deck near the bow, and Charlie, wearying of his efforts to monopolize the conversation, gave him a sudden push which rolled him overboard. The boat was near the shore, however, where the water was only waist deep, and although Jim disappeared beneath the surface, he soon gained an upright position and suffered no ill effects from his involuntary dive.

At the time of my entry into business, the stores of the principal dealers in rare and second-hand books were situated on both sides of Nassau Street between Liberty and Beekman, and in adjacent parts of Ann Street; the neighborhood being a sort of headquarters of the trade, much as lower Fourth Avenue is today. During my entire life I have been an ardent lover of books, and for many years their collection has been my hobby.

*The wearing of silk hats was much more prevalent in those days than at present, and it was not often that a business man of standing would appear in the commercial district without one. Such headgear might seem somewhat pretentious for a mere clerk like Jim, but the style was affected by many young fellows in his position who thought thereby to increase their dignity and importance.

**The presence of Frank Ely of Carrollton, Mo., enables me to roughly determine the date of this incident as the early period of the Civil War. Missouri, being a border State, was about equally divided in its allegiance; and soon after the outbreak of hostilities Frank joined the Confederate army, the fact that his brother Lewis bought him a horse indicating that he was attached to the cavalry. He soon wearied of army life, or perhaps became convinced that he was fighting on the wrong side, and when his term of enlistment expired he returned to his home; but fearing that he might be drafted into the rebel service, he left his native State and came to New York, where he spent an entire summer at our house, remaining until he believed the danger of conscription to be past.

When a boy I used to take the greatest care of my school-books, keeping them in a neat row upon a shelf in the closet on the second floor of our house, which I called my "library"; and I never tired of arranging and re-arranging the volumes in my father's book-case. As I grew to manhood, I gradually accumulated a number of choice editions, chiefly works of travel, many of which dealt with explorations in Palestine, my purchases commencing about the time of my clerkship in the Swamp. Whenever my father sent me to the post office, then located in Nassau Street between Cedar and Liberty, I could not forbear to waste a few minutes by the way in scanning the second-hand books displayed on tables in front of the stores (books which would now be rare and valuable, but which could then be bought for a mere song), or poring over the wares on the shelves and counters within. My purchases were few because my resources were decidedly limited; but, like a true bibliophile, I took pleasure in merely handling and admiring the dusty volumes.

Had I possessed the requisite means, and sufficient knowledge of the subject to appraise a scarce book when I saw it, I could have built up a library of rare editions which at present would be almost unique. Opportunities were offered in those days which will never come again. Prices were low because there was but little demand, the wealthy collectors of modern times who buy regardless of cost had not put in an appearance, and the dealers themselves had not yet learned to appreciate values. The ability to appraise rare books can be gained only by long and thorough familiarity with them, since value does not depend upon age alone; but when once acquired, this faculty seems a sort of sixth sense, enabling an expert when examining a particular volume even for the first time to estimate its worth with reasonable accuracy.

A few years ago my attention was attracted by an article in one of our daily papers describing the old-time book-stores of New York, with short biographies of the principal dealers—Sabin, Bradburn, Gowans, Hollingsworth, Lawlor, Morrell and Wiley; and its perusal afforded me a great deal of pleasure, for it not only dealt with a subject which was of particular inter-

est, but revived my recollection of men with whom I had once been well acquainted. I clearly remember Joseph Sabin, a courteous and affable Englishman, in whose store I made a number of purchases. He sold books at auction from time to time, as well as over the counter. His son is now a dealer in autographs, and is often employed by wealthy clients to buy for them at auctions. I frequently visited John Bradburn's store, which was on the north side of Ann Street west of Nassau, and may have made an occasional purchase, although on that point my memory is not clear. William Gowans I remember chiefly because of a disastrous fire by which his stock was completely destroyed. I had little to do with him for he was surly and disagreeable in manner, and very independent. William Hollingsworth and James Lawlor, who were also mentioned in the newspaper, I knew nothing about; but I recall T. H. Morrell, although he flourished a little before my time. John Wiley, if my memory is not at fault, was a publisher, and not a dealer in second-hand books.

Bangs & Company, originally on Park Row opposite City Hall Park, and later at No. 739 Broadway, were among the earliest auctioneers of rare books. I have in my library a pamphlet history of book-auctions in New York, which were commenced by this firm about 1830, and are now carried on by their successors, the Anderson Galleries. David G. Francis, whose store was on Broadway near Prince Street, and afterward in Astor Place, was a bookseller with whom I often dealt in later years, being well acquainted with his chief clerk, Fred Morris, whom I met quite regularly at the Bangs auctions. Morris died in 1921. His wife was a Miss Ryerson, whose cousin married Judge Francis J. Swayze of the New Jersey Supreme Court.

Some of my books were bought of foreign dealers. For many years I have been a customer of the firm of Henry Stevens, Son & Styles, of London, whose business is confined to rare books and pamphlets relating to America. The younger Stevens was a native of London, but his father was an American, from Vermont I believe, who, on engaging in business in the English capital, became a naturalized British subject, built up a large commercial

enterprise, and at his death, left to his son a store filled with scarce and costly volumes. Styles was long employed as a clerk or salesman, and was so closely connected with the business that he was eventually admitted to the partnership. I have also bought books of Maggs & Company of London, who deal extensively, though not exclusively, in rare American publications, and they still send me an occasional catalogue.

As far as my knowledge extends, the first book-fanciers who became celebrated as collectors of Americana were James Lenox, founder of the Lenox Public Library in New York City, and George Brinley of Hartford, Conn. They may have been preceded by others whose purchases were inconspicuous and few, but they were the first big buyers in the field. It was by their advice, I believe, that the elder Stevens established a book store in London in the days when rare volumes relating to America were plentiful in Europe, and could be reasonably bought; and they were probably his principal customers for several years. The sale of Brinley's library was a noteworthy event in the history of book-auctions, and is still remembered by the dealers, who affirm that if it were held today, prices at least three times as high could be obtained. So large was his collection that it was disposed of in instalments, five catalogues of the sale being issued.

The number of collectors has increased so rapidly in recent years that the demand for Americana far exceeds the supply. Few books which are now exceptionally rare turn up in the course of a season, and I doubt if any such could be found in Europe. Still, there is always a possibility that something of unusual interest may come to light; a few years ago Stevens offered in one of his catalogues a pamphlet containing the "Case of Peter Hasenclever" (bought, if I mistake not, by Henry F. Depuy of the New York Historical Society)—a very scarce publication, of which the copy in the Carter Brown Library at Providence, R. I., was long believed to be the only perfect one in this country. There is another in the Library of the State of New York at Albany, but it is slightly defective.

Peter Hasenclever, in the Colonial period, was sent to America by the London Company to open and develop iron mines in

northern New Jersey, and in carrying on this work, he secured the assistance of John Jacob Faesch, who figures prominently in the Colonial and Revolutionary history of Morris County. Hasenclever spent approximately £100,000 of the company's money in the course of his operations, and as the venture proved the reverse of profitable, his employers sued him about 1768 or 1769 to recover the funds he had laid out. The pamphlet contains his defense to the suit, and gives much information respecting the founding of the mines which is of great interest to the student of New Jersey history.

A gentleman named Hezekiah D. Hull, who was identified with the Swamp for many years, had desk-room in my father's office, both in No. 25 Ferry Street, and in No. 31. He was a hide broker by occupation, who, on the arrival of a ship laden with South American hides, was retained by the importers to sell the cargo for them; being possessed of technical knowledge and information which qualified him to act as an intermediary between the importer and the dealer, and to effect sales to the best advantage. He was a pioneer in this branch of the hide and leather trade, and, as such, was a character of sufficient local interest to receive especial mention, with portrait, in Norcross's History of the New York Swamp.

Mr. Hull was a native of Connecticut, who came to New York in 1832, and accepted employment as a clerk for Benjamin Marsh, in whose building, No. 17 Ferry Street, my father's first store was situated; and he commenced the brokerage business about the time of my father's removal from the Marsh building to No. 25. As he had but little capital, my father charged him nothing for the desk-room he occupied in No. 25 and later in No. 31, but when his business became sufficiently profitable to enable him to pay rent, we fitted up an office for him on the second floor of the latter building. He died in 1866, and was succeeded by his son, Henry Isaac Hull, of whom I will speak hereafter.

Mr. Hull was full of quiet humor, delighting in pleasantries and witticisms, and as he often indulged in jokes at the expense of the people about him, I could not hope to escape his good-

natured banter. He was very fond of ridiculing the restaurant where I obtained my noon-day meal, which he declared was not sufficiently aristocratic for a rising young merchant of my standing and aspirations, and which he professed to regard with great disgust. At the time of my entry into business, my lack of means necessitating rigid economy, I lunched each day at a bakery in Pearl Street near the site of the present Harper Building, spending three cents for ginger nuts and an equal amount for a slice of apple- or pumpkin-pie, which, with a glass of water (or "tumbler of Croton," as it was then called), constituted my frugal repast; but when, after a few years' business experience, an increase of salary permitted greater indulgence of appetite, I transferred my patronage to a modest lunch-room on the east side of Pearl Street about three doors south of Peck Slip, where I ordinarily laid out ten cents in roast beef and five or ten more in less substantial victuals. Ambrose Kitchell often lunched at the same place. This was the restaurant which Mr. Hull loved to make the subject of ridicule, giving it the odious name of "Cockroach Hall."

It may have been the effect of this raillery, or perhaps a desire for more agreeable surroundings, which impelled me, when I approached man's estate and commanded a substantial salary, to lunch at Daniel Sweeney's oyster house on the south side of Fulton Street opposite Fulton Market. Sweeney's was an inexpensive place, but it was favored by merchants of the highest standing, and was far superior to "Cockroach Hall." There was a rival restaurant next door, kept by a man named Sweet, and someone told me not long ago that the latter establishment was still in existence. In the course of many years spent in Fulton Street, Sweeney amassed sufficient wealth to erect a building of his own, on the northwest corner of Duane Street and Park Row.

My father and his sons, like most of the leading Swampers, were accustomed to resort to Fulton Market to buy oysters during the season, and they found it convenient to patronize the restaurants over the way. Once when I was seated at Sweeney's table Colonel John Watson, a member of Ambrose's firm, took a chair directly opposite, and chatted pleasantly with me while wait-

ing for his order to be filled. I was no less surprised than flattered by the condescension of this great magnate of the leather trade in talking so courteously with a young clerk, but that was the colonel's way; he always had a pleasant word of greeting for everyone he met, and in consequence was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

An English chophouse kept by Clark & Brown in Maiden Lane opposite the end of Gold Street had an extended custom, but I often resorted in preference to French's Hotel at the corner of Frankfort Street and Park Row, where the *New York World* Building now stands, which hostelry was celebrated for the excellence of its table. My brothers also were numbered at times among its guests, though Ambrose not infrequently lunched in his office on sandwiches brought from home, and apples purchased at a fruit-stand on the southeast corner of Frankfort and William Streets.

The most popular down-town restaurant in the seventies and eighties was that of Nash & Fuller, afterward Nash & Crook, at 39 Park Row. It adjoined the publishing office of the *New York Times,* and extended through the block, having a rear entrance at 147 Nassau Street. This was a house of moderate prices, less pretentious than Delmonico's, but of a higher type than Sweeney's, and it included among its customers men in all lines of business in that part of town. No other restaurant in the commercial district, with the possible exception of the Astor House, had so large and distinguished a following. The merchants, journalists, lawyers, bankers, brokers and city officials who regularly patronized it usually occupied the same seats each day, and many pleasant acquaintances were made at the midday meal. The table was all that could be desired, the oysters being equalled only by those at Fulton Market, and I sometimes thought that the fried oysters surpassed those at the latter place. After Crook died or retired, Nash moved the eating-house to No. 16 Park Place, about the middle of the block between Broadway and Church Street. I last saw him at Green Cove Springs in Florida, where he was enjoying a wedding trip, having married rather late in life.

While the restaurant was on Park Row, Tom Flynn had a

billiard saloon in the basement, and I often took a seat there after luncheon to watch the games, although I never cared to join in the play. In recent years Flynn moved his billiard room to the second story of the building which stands on the northeast corner of Church Street and Park Place.

The site of the lunch room on Park Row was in early days the property of Dr. Gardiner Spring's church, the Brick Presbyterian, now situated at Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue; my impression being that the society owned the entire block, bounded by Park Row, Spruce, Nassau and Beekman Streets. The church edifice faced the north side of Beekman, standing in a yard which contained a number of graves; and in its rear, on Spruce Street, there was a row of business buildings which were so low that the church could be seen rising above them. One of these stores was occupied by a publisher named Moses Dodd, of Bloomfield, N. J., whose son founded the celebrated printing firm of Dodd, Mead & Company.

I retain a vivid recollection of the anxiety I suffered during the Great Panic of October 13 and 14, 1857—a financial upheaval which compelled eighteen banks in the city of New York to close their doors while the excitement continued, and to suspend specie payments for nearly two months thereafter. At the time of this crisis my father, unfortunately, was out of town, having been called to Kingston, N. Y., as a witness in a lawsuit; and I, being left in sole charge of his business, was obliged to face the trying situation without the benefit of his judgment and advice upon which, in all important matters, I was accustomed to rely. Under ordinary circumstances a crash of this kind in banking circles would not have been likely to cause us serious difficulty, for our business was not very active, and matters claiming especial attention could have been permitted to rest until the acute stage of the depression had passed; but at that particular time we expected a bill for a consignment of hides, and wished to hold ourselves in readiness for its immediate payment. Thinking that it would be presented during his absence, and not knowing what its exact amount would be, my father signed a blank check and placed it in my hands before his departure, telling me that if I received the

bill while he was away, I could fill out the check and discharge the indebtedness; never dreaming that I would encounter difficulty or embarrassment in the transaction owing to the sudden occurrence of an unprecedented financial panic. The prompt payment of his debts was a matter about which my father was most particular; on the receipt of a letter enclosing a bill, with an intimation that the writer would call for collection on a certain date, he always charged me to have a check in readiness, and never to compel the creditor to ask for his money a second time. Having thus been thoroughly impressed with the solemn obligation of contracts, I contemplated with considerable trepidation the possibility that this terrible commercial revulsion, of which I learned on the morning of October 13th, might preclude payment for the hides. My apprehension was increased by each succeeding report which reached me from the financial district farther down town of the wild excitement which prevailed, and of alarming runs already started on the banks by turbulent mobs clamoring for specie in exchange for checks and bank-notes. It occurred to me that the failure of our own depository, the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, would probably cause our creditor to refuse my father's check; that, under the circumstances, I would have the greatest difficulty in raising sufficient funds to pay him in cash; and that in case of my default he might seize and remove the hides despite my utmost opposition. The rumors of universal suspension becoming more persistent and terrifying as bank after bank closed its doors, I at last could endure the strain no longer, and filling the check for my father's entire balance, I hastened to the bank and closed his account altogether; keeping the money in the safe in our office until his return. As my fears for the stability of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank proved groundless, its officers derived great satisfaction thereafter from chaffing me about my loss of nerve and excessive caution.

The Leather Manufacturers' Bank was then situated at No. 45 William Street, but it moved to 29 Wall Street a few years afterward. Illustrative of the changes, both architectural and commercial, which have since occurred in the latter thoroughfare, I mention an ice cream saloon then kept by Albert Delatour in a

narrow store covering a half-sized lot distinguished as 25½ Wall Street—a form of business which would now seem entirely out of place among the great banking, insurance and brokerage houses which abound in that locality.

From time to time my father encouraged me to deal in leather in a small way on my own account, favoring me with his advice as to the proper prices to pay for the hides, the selection of a reliable tanner, and the most advantageous time for selling the product; and, thanks to his counsel, these transactions always met with success. He loaned me the money required for the first venture,—about $350,—with which I bought some South American hides and had them tanned, realizing a profit of approximately $50 on the sale of the leather; and when I offered to return the borrowed capital, he told me to keep it and try again, being greatly pleased with my success.

On one occasion during the dark days of the Civil War I had a narrow escape from serious loss. I had invested my entire available funds in purchasing a consignment of one thousand hides, which I sent to a tanner in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania. Before the finished leather was ready for delivery, the North was invaded by the Confederates, and I realized that if they prevailed at Gettysburg, they would overrun the entire State, and would be certain to confiscate my leather. The Union victory, however, insured my success. I paid $7,000 for the hides, borrowed the money needed to pay an advance to the tanner (a dealer could readily borrow for this purpose if he owned the hides), and received $12,000 from the sale of the finished product.

These vats in the Wyoming Valley were owned by George Schaffer of Dallas, Pa. Conducting his business on a large scale, he was unwilling to accept hides in small lots, and as I had only 1,000 in the transaction referred to, my brother Smith joined me in the venture, putting in 1,000 of his own. My dealings with Schaffer covered a period of several years. I have reason to remember him, for his tannery was finally destroyed by a fire which consumed some of my hides, and I failed to collect from the insurance company the full amount to which I was entitled.

Another tanner of Pennsylvania who occasionally served us

was Joshua Cromwell of Paupac, whose vats were near the Wyoming Valley, though not in it. He was very satisfactory, usually gaining sixty per cent. of leather from a given quality of hides, while his competitors seldom exceeded fifty per cent. Keese & Thorne employed him regularly. It was not often, however, that we could secure his services, for he was kept fully occupied by other merchants, and in many cases he considered our orders too small to be worthy of his attention.

The Civil War was very profitable for the leather trade, because the Government bought leather in immense quantities (paying in thirty days, and thus abolishing the previous custom of six months' credit), and the market was never so active after the restoration of peace. If my memory is accurate, the price of hides fluctuated during the Rebellion between 7 and 14 cents per pound. When news from the seat of war was unfavorable, and business was consequently depressed, it was possible to buy hides at a very low figure; and I never hesitated to purchase, however dark the outlook, for I knew that before the tanning was completed, our troops would be certain to win a victory which would restore public confidence, bring about a commercial reaction, and provide a favorable market. It took the trade only about a year to recover from the Civil War, i.e., to dispose of the leather made from hides which had been purchased at so high a price as to preclude the possibility of an adequate profit. Thereafter prices returned to normalcy.

About the year 1860 my father, owing to failing health, decided to retire, and his withdrawal from trade left me quite undecided respecting my future movements. I had remained in his service up to that time, and felt that I had thoroughly mastered the details of the hide and leather industry, yet I hesitated to engage in business on my own account, for I lacked the enterprise and self-reliance of Ambrose and Smith; and I was loath to accept employment from strangers, remembering that William's experience in that position had not been pleasant. The future, in fact, appeared rather dark, until Ambrose relieved my anxiety by offering to employ me in his store as William's assistant, and this situation I was only too glad to accept. Thus my father's

four sons were gathered in Ambrose's office, No. 103 Gold Street, which they occupied during the remainder of their lives; for William and I retained our desk-room there after our employment by Ambrose ceased. William once remarked, not long before his death, that he doubted if any other family could be found in which four brothers, who lived to be octogenarians, not only resided together during their entire lives, but for practically half a century transacted their business in the same counting-room.

As the principal part of my commercial life has been spent in 103 Gold Street, a description of the premises may not be amiss. The store fills a large part of the first floor, with an entrance on Gold Street and another on Frankfort, the staircase rising on the north side, not far from the Gold Street door; while the office, which is the full width of the building, is at the rear, and is separated from the store by a glass partition having the doorway in the centre. It has two very large windows opening upon Frankfort Street which admit so much light that artificial illumination was never considered necessary. Whenever the office was darkened by a summer shower, we ceased reading or writing until the clouds had passed away.

An iron railing extending from the glass partition to the rear of the room encloses a space about ten or twelve feet in width along the Frankfort Street side which was the sanctum of the brothers, and in which their desks were placed. Ambrose's stood in the northeast corner, with his safe beside it, while Smith's desk and safe occupied a corresponding position in the opposite corner near the door at the head of the cellar stairs. Between the windows stood a double desk assigned to William and me—he having the right half and I the left—which was so high that we were obliged to stand while writing, or to perch upon lofty stools.

When Smith organized the partnership of Ely, Vanderpoel & Kitchell, of which mention was made in the preceding chapter, the firm transacted business in this office. George Vanderpoel's desk, which his father gave him, was placed at the rear of the room, outside the railing, opposite and facing the door, an opening being cut in the railing beside it; but Ambrose Kitchell had no desk of

his own, and was accustomed to use mine, when I was disengaged or was absent from the office.

The room was heated in winter in the old-fashioned way, by means of a coal stove, which stood near the south side of the apartment. When telephones came into general use, one was installed in a former coat-closet in the southwest corner of the office, the use of desk 'phones being prevented by the noise of the street.

My occupation when in Ambrose's employ consisted almost entirely of receiving and shipping leather, with the assistance of the porter of the store, for William's energies were confined to the correspondence and bookkeeping, except when he was sent to superintend the unloading of a cargo of South American hides at one of the warehouses on the Brooklyn side of the East River. This outside service I was never called upon to perform. My work was far more arduous than it had been in Ferry Street, for Ambrose was engaged in trade more extensively than my father had ever been, and had a much larger stock to be handled. Colonel Watson dropped in one day for a talk with my brothers while the porter and I were busily engaged in rolling leather, and although he said nothing to me as he passed through the store, I afterward learned that on entering the office he facetiously expressed satisfaction at finding that there was one member of the Ely family who did not fear hard work. I mention the incident to show that the handling of leather involved considerable physical exertion. While employed by my father, I had been required to stay in town at night during the summer months merely to keep the store open, for the sake of appearances, in the late afternoon, but in Ambrose's service I was obliged to remain until comparatively late hours in order to pile and roll leather; for there was so much of this work to be done that it was not always completed before my brothers left the city for the night. At that period there was no tampering with the clocks for the purpose of daylight "saving," like the expedient introduced in the late years of the World War, but during the summer months the bankers and merchants were accustomed to close their offices in the afternoon an hour earlier than at other seasons of the year, thus accomplishing

the same result with much less confusion and inconvenience.

My hardest task consisted of helping to hoist leather to the upper stories from trucks driven into the passage beneath the shaftway at the extreme rear of the building; for the "hoist," which consisted simply of a two-inch rope, was not operated by machinery, but had to be raised by hand, requiring the combined strength of the porter, the driver of the truck, and myself. A certain number of the sides of leather upon the wagon were usually bound together with a rope which we looped over a hook at the end of the hoist, and so raised perhaps half the load at one time. The strain of this violent exertion, frequently repeated, produced a rheumatic condition, which, though not sufficient to cause me any inconvenience, has ever since occasioned much discomfort and annoyance. In later years the hoisting was done by a horse turning a windlass which Ambrose installed on the top floor of No. 101. The animal was stabled on the premises, and occasionally created a sensation by thrusting his head out of the window to gaze up and down Gold Street; the passers-by being much surprised to see a horse looking from the fifth floor of an ordinary business building.

My work in Gold Street was quite congenial, despite the severe exertion which it involved, and I recall with pleasure the years I spent in Ambrose's service. At that time there was a good deal going on to amuse and interest me, for many of the neighboring merchants were accustomed to call practically every day, either to transact business with my brothers, or to enjoy a friendly chat, so that the office was the scene of constant activity. The leather dealers, moreover, were not our only visitors, for Smith was often waited upon by his political colleagues and satellites; and I remember that a row of four or five chairs on the south side of the doorway, extending along the partition which separates the office from the store, was fully occupied before his arrival each morning by strangers, of appearance more or less disreputable and tramp-like, who patiently and somnolently awaited his entrance, that they might apply to him for financial aid.

The Swampers who called most often were hide brokers eager to make sales. Hardly a day passed without a visit from one or

the other of the Terry brothers, Lucien and Orrin, who were the leading operators after the death of H. D. Hull, and we had frequent interviews with their competitors, the partners Jesse Pickard and John Andresen. I also remember Louis Ludovici, who in later years became a photographer, and was succeeded in that business by his son Julius; Stephen Brown, who had been a schoolmate of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, and was always ready to entertain us with anecdotes of the pranks and scrapes of their school days; and Brown's partner, Simon B. Hunt, who, if I mistake not, retired from trade and became a physician calling himself Dr. Blood, the originator of Blood's Oxygenized Air Treatment, which he successfully administered at his laboratory in West Twenty-eighth Street.

Henry Isaac Hull, son and successor of Hezekiah, was a hide broker for whom we had a particular regard because of our long acquaintance with his father. My brother Smith was the executor of his sister's estate. He had pursued his academic or collegiate studies in Germany, for many of the hide importers were natives of that country, and his father thought that a German education would aid him in securing their patronage. His chief competitors were Wiezel & Widemeyer—Julius Wiezel, a big, robust German, and his partner, a small, nervous man from Montclair, N. J., who was an antiquarian, collecting, I think, coins or postage stamps.

The brokers whom I remember most clearly were Disosway and Hatch, for they were great friends of mine, and called at the office to talk with me rather than with my brothers. Hatch's first name has escaped my memory; Disosway's was Wilbur F. The latter was a resident of Staten Island, the son of Rev. Gabriel P. Disosway who wrote a valuable history of the early New York churches. Wilbur, I am inclined to think, must have been a leather broker, and not a hide broker, for I cannot recollect any business dealings with him. He was full of fun, and devoted much time while in the office to teasing me about my celibacy, to which badinage, however wearisome and long continued, I always returned quiet and courteous answers, endeavoring to maintain an air of calm and unruffled dignity.

William L. Andrews, a son of Loring Andrews, was another acquaintance, a book-fancier like myself, who had a large collection of choice volumes. He was the author of a well-written monograph on the early booksellers of New York. He eventually sold his library *en bloc* to a dealer named Drake, whose store I think was then on Sixth Avenue; and after Andrews's death it was disposed of at auction—a step to which he would never consent, though for what reason I do not know. He and his brother Constant succeeded their father when the latter retired from the leather trade, but they did not continue the business very long. Constant seemed better fitted for the vocation of a banker, and in the course of time he became the president of the United States Savings Bank at the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street.

A distinguished representative of the hide and leather trade, who called at somewhat rare intervals for a business talk with Ambrose, was Zadock Pratt, of Prattsville, N. Y. He was one of the earliest and most successful tanners of that region, owning several tanneries in New York and Pennsylvania, and was a man of large means, being a reputed millionaire in the days when millionaires were scarce. At one period of his life he was a leather dealer of the New York Swamp, in partnership with Colonel Watson, whose sister he married. He was active in politics, served two terms in Congress, and became a Democratic leader of Greene County. His son George was also a merchant in the Swamp, being associated with Israel Corse. George, who resided for a time in Albany, and was in the State Senate with my brother Smith, fought in the War of the Rebellion as the colonel of a regiment of volunteers which he himself had recruited; and fell, mortally wounded, in the second battle of Bull Run. Zadock Pratt died many years ago, but although I have no recollection of conversing with him, his personal appearance is still distinct in my memory.

George Walters, a farmer and tanner of Stockholm, N. J., used to pay us a social call in Gold Street in the spring and autumn of each year with great regularity. He was an old customer of my father's, buying hides of him, and sending him leather to be

sold on commission, although he never dealt with us after our removal from Ferry Street. One day when I was sitting alone in Ambrose's office it occurred to me that we had not seen Walters for a long while, and that it was about time for him to call, so regular were his visits, when, by a curious coincidence, I happened to glance up, and saw him entering the Gold Street door. After his death, my brother William was appointed administrator of his estate, at the request of his widow.

John Condict Smith, a contractor and leading citizen of Troy Hills, N. J., and a friend of my brother Smith, was also an occasional caller. He was a big man in a double sense, for he had a frame of gigantic proportions, and was engaged so extensively in construction work for the United States Government, that he was regarded as a personage of great importance. He was well acquainted with several prominent statesmen in Washington, and frequently visited the capital to consult them about various government contracts. Among other undertakings for private corporations he built a part of the Illinois Central Railroad in southern Illinois; and many young men of his vicinity in Morris County, N. J., among them my cousin, Henry Kitchell, were employed by him in carrying on this work. Kitchell, I believe, was for a time a clerk in the company's office at Cairo.

Mr. Smith's first wife, if I am not mistaken, was a resident of Buffalo; his second, a sister of Cyrus W. Field of New York. He had a daughter who married General Leonard Wood, U. S. A.

I will close the chapter with an acrostic poem addressed to him by Rev. John Ford of Troy Hills, N. J., the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Parsippany, a copy of which composition was given to my brother Smith many years ago, and was carefully kept among his private papers. Mr. Ford married a daughter of Dr. John Darcy, under whose guidance Uncle Doctor Gaines pursued his professional studies. I have no personal recollection of the dominie, although he was on terms of intimate friendship with my parents and other relatives, but I have heard him described as an eccentric individual, who, however, was very amiable and pious; a man of undoubted talent, and one of the ablest preachers in the Presbytery. He was noted as a

scholar, particularly of the Greek and French languages; had previously been an instructor of the Bloomfield Academy; and while pastor of the Parsippany Church, maintained in his residence a school for boys of which "Big John" Smith was a graduate. His daughter Mary conducted a school for girls, as many as six or eight of her pupils boarding at times in her father's house.

Lines written on one of the bitterest days of the bitterest month of the bitter winter of 1855-6 on the reception of a splendid pair of otter fur gloves as a donation from

J ust on the verge of congelation
O n wintry days so fierce,
H ow welcome comes thy rich donation
N o blasts nor cold can pierce.

C ome home, dear youth, my thanks to meet,
O n Troja's summit high;
N o other thy return shall greet
D elighted as will I.
I love to see a giant form
C ontain a giant heart,
T he brain possess a double charm.

S uch thine—and such thou art.
M ay every earthly good to thee
I n ample stores be given:—
T hen may'st thou, generous friend, with me
H ave thy blest home in Heaven!

From your affectionate friend
JOHN FORD.

CHAPTER XXI

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

WOODWORTH.

COMMENCING in 1853, we made a practice of spending the entire summer of each year at the Homestead Farm in Livingston, N. J., instead of limiting our annual outing in the country to two weeks in August, as had previously been our custom. During my childhood, when the city was not densely populated, when there were many stretches of vacant land in the section where we lived, and the streets were beautified and shaded by occasional trees,—in short, when the residential district of New York appeared much like a suburban town,—it was possible to spend the hot season pleasantly and comfortably at home, and the practice of leaving for the summer was by no means general. But as the population gradually increased, and the metropolis became more crowded, noisy and disagreeable, my parents began to think that it would be advisable to have a summer home in the country, where we could escape the heat and dust of the city streets. They discussed the subject at great length, and my father devoted much time to searching for a desirable country seat, for although many were offered, he found none that was entirely satisfactory. He was favorably impressed with an attractive cottage in a small but very pretty village called Ravenswood on the eastern shore of the East River opposite Blackwell's Island, and seriously contemplated its purchase; he also considered a home in East Orange, his attention being directed to a plot of triangular shape between Main Street, North Munn Avenue and the Morris & Essex Railroad; and he was offered a tract of thirty acres for $3,000 on the Mount Pleasant Turnpike in West Orange Township, lying west of Perry Lane on the western slope of the First Mountain. At length Uncle

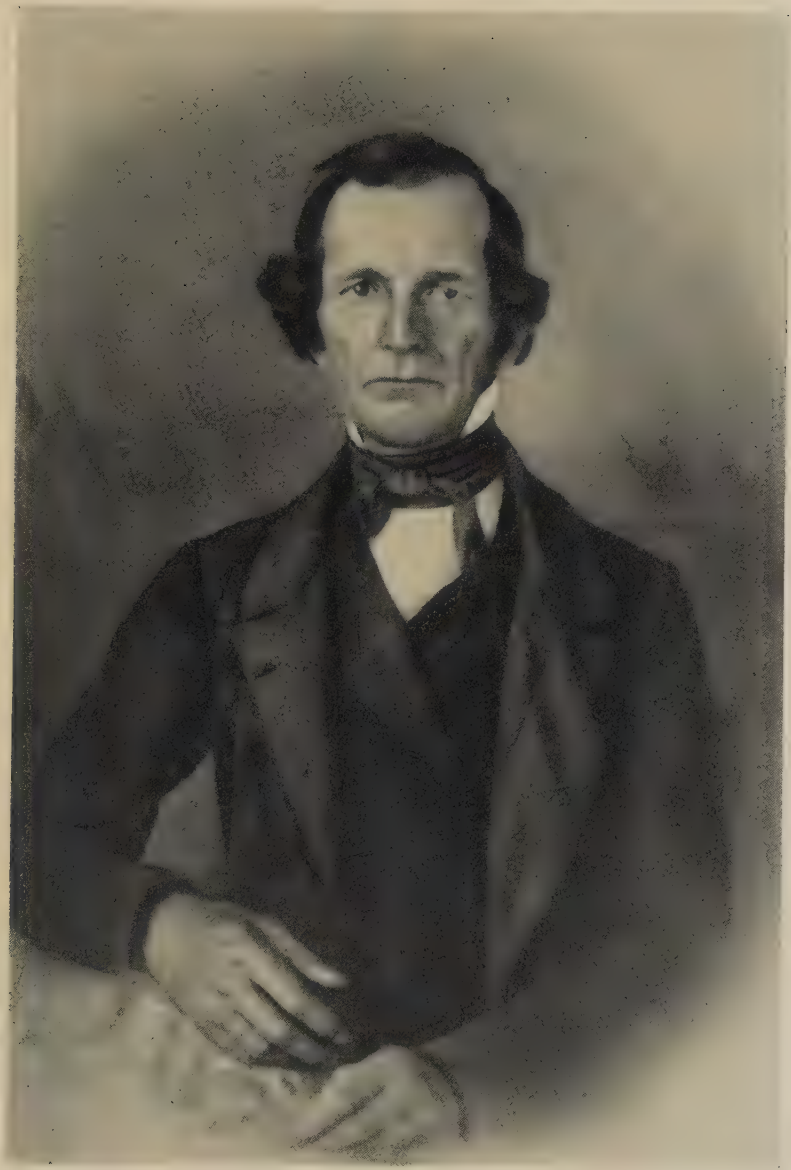
John, who owned the Homestead at Livingston, and was living there alone since the recent death of his mother, suggested that we buy the farm for a summer residence, and this my father decided to do (1852). My uncle found the old home very lonely after the loss of his mother, who died on October 1st of that year, he had grown somewhat weary of the care of the plantation, and he had a half-formed plan of migrating to the West, having learned that large sums could be realized in the development of real estate in newly settled districts; consequently he welcomed the opportunity to relieve himself of the farm without selling it out of the family, while we, on our part, were delighted to acquire it, not only on account of its natural beauty, but for the sentimental pleasure of owning property which had been in the family so long.

Uncle John was the only one of Grandfather Ely's children who did not marry. He was engaged in his early manhood to Miss Amanda Lum, a daughter of Benjamin P. Lum of Chatham, but she died of tuberculosis September 2, 1837, at the age of twenty-six and my uncle was so overwhelmed with grief that he long remained plunged in a state of profound depression. He conceived the morbid notion that he was in some manner to blame for her untimely death, and was cured of this delusion only by the assurance of the Lum family that they did not consider him in any way responsible. He caused the grave of his fiancée in Hillside Cemetery at Madison to be marked with a handsome marble monument, on which the words ERECTED BY JOHN ELY are conspicuously inscribed.

Uncle John did not go west at the time of his sale to my father, but remained for several years at the Homestead, working in the garden and on the farm as he felt inclined. When advanced in life, he suffered from dyspepsia, and was obliged to be very abstemious, his principal articles of diet being rice, crackers, bread and milk; the food always served with a liberal application of salt. As a general rule he was quite reticent, and when in a room with other persons, seldom spoke unless directly addressed; but he was shrewd and intelligent, and when drawn into a conversation, his discourse was interesting and instructive. He

was a very pious man, a pillar of the Livingston Baptist Church, who read the Bible several times a day—a Baptist of the old-fashioned "hardshell" type, who steadfastly held immersion to be an indispensable prerequisite of admission to the Kingdom; and he frequently engaged Ambrose and Smith in doctrinal controversies induced by their affiliation with Presbyterianism. These discussions generally occurred at meals, and in the course of the argument my uncle would fetch the family Bible from the parlor, place it upon the dining-table,—sweeping the dishes right and left to make room for the huge volume,—and read from it numerous and lengthy passages in support of his belief, to the intense annoyance of other members of the household, who considered neither the time nor place suitable for such disputes. His honesty is exemplified by the fact that on learning that a certain horse which he had previously sold at auction without warranty as to health or disposition, had developed some imperfection or disease, the existence of which was unknown at the time of the sale, he expressed a willingness to return part of the purchase price; which offer, however, the buyer generously declined.

In the early years of the last century the making of boots and shoes was one of the leading industries of Livingston Township, the work, which of course was done by hand, furnishing occupation for large numbers of young women, who could earn a good living at their homes by sewing uppers. The manufacturers in Newark cut the leather to the proper size and shape, and sent the sections to any person in the vicinity who would undertake the task of making them up into shoes. Uncle John, though not, I am quite positive, a shoemaker by trade, used to take large contracts for this service from the dealers in Newark, and he employed the young people of his neighborhood to fashion the shoes; the work being done in a small building, a sort of shop, which stood on or near the site of the present carriage-house, at the east side of the driveway leading to the barn. The shop consisted of a single room on the ground floor, with a loft or small attic above; and it was in this attic, which I explored after my uncle's departure for the West, that I discovered Grandfather's



JOHN ELY

trunk of moth-eaten horsehide, containing several ancient documents of considerable historic interest, of which mention has been made in the earlier chapters of this volume.

When Uncle John ceased to manufacture shoes, he converted the old shop into a store, dealing in a limited variety of hardware and staple groceries. The late John Tompkins, an aged farmer who lived near the Beaufort railroad station, told me that he had often bought goods in my uncle's store, making his purchases in the evening after his day's work was done, for business was generally suspended during the daytime, when the proprietor was occupied with the care of his farm and garden. Mr. Tompkins, by going over the Riker Hill, through the woods, instead of following the roads, considerably shortened the distance from his house to the Homestead, but it was a long walk nevertheless.

John Tompkins was the father of William Tompkins, a mason frequently employed by us when the services of a mechanic were required on the farm. The elder Tompkins was a very interesting character, and in his declining years I often talked with him about the early days of Livingston Township; finding that, despite his great age, his mind was perfectly clear, and his recollections apparently accurate. In reply to my question if he had heard in his boyhood of Indians having lived in that region, he informed me that when his grandfather came from Hanover to the neighborhood of Beaufort in 1792 or 1795 (at which time the Morehouses settled in the locality since called Morehousetown), there were two families of Indians permanently living on the east side of the Passaic River at Swinefield Bridge: one on the north, and the other on the south side of the Swinefield road; and that they were the only aborigines he ever heard of in the vicinity. Mr. Tompkins was a basket-maker by trade, and at the time of my last visit to his house, when he had attained the age of ninety-nine, I determined that if he lived until the following year, I would then employ him to make a basket for me, thinking that it would form an interesting keepsake of a man who had rounded a full century. But during the ensuing winter, not long before the centennial of his birth, he walked from Beaufort to Caldwell to visit a married daughter, and a few days later walked thence to

Orange to visit another; and he sickened and died soon afterward, as a result, it was thought, of over-exertion.

My father's purchase at Livingston included not only the Homestead, properly so called, but also a low meadow near the Passaic River, lying west of Little Neck Road (now Beaufort Avenue) in Morehousetown, at a distance of about a mile and a half from the farm. This meadow was bought by the Elys at an early date,—about the time of the Revolution, I believe,—to furnish a supply of low meadow hay, and perhaps to afford additional pasturage for their cattle. The property has no frontage on any public road, but is surrounded by lands of other people, and access to it from Beaufort Avenue could be gained only by a private lane crossing an intervening farm. At one time this intervening land was owned by Mr. Sickles, a relative of General Daniel E. Sickles of the Civil War, a somewhat aggressive Englishman, who, in maintaining his own rights, was apt to infringe upon those of others; and who tried to prevent Uncle John from traversing the lane with his cattle or his loads of hay, despite my uncle's representations that he had no other means of reaching his property, and that the right of way was founded upon immemorial usage. I was told that Sickles was decidedly bellicose when my uncle encountered him in the lane, but although I never learned the details of the dialogue, I know that Uncle John, as a man of few words and quiet determination, would not have been willing to relinquish his rights, or even to discuss the subject. If, as I suppose, Sickles accused him of trespass, and warned him of dire consequences to follow a repetition of the alleged offense, my uncle probably suggested that he refer the matter to a court of law; but he did not resort to litigation, being doubtless advised that his position was untenable. The Sickles family left Morehousetown many years ago, but they were living there when we acquired the Homestead. Their property, I believe, was subsequently owned for a long time by William Hoffman, and now belongs to the latter's son. After our purchase we secured a different right of way to our low meadow, crossing the Beeler farm, which adjoined that of Sickles on the north; but my impression is that the change was due to the greater

convenience of the new route, and not to any objection to our use of the former one.

In the early seventies Uncle John carried out his long-contemplated plan of going west, and was absent for two or three years; living at one time at Manteno, Ill., and at another in De Kalb County in the same State. He then returned, and spent about a year at the old home, taking his final departure in the autumn of 1875, when seventy-two years of age, and settling in Manteno, where he passed the remainder of his life. For the moderate price of $1.25 per acre, he bought an entire section (640 acres) of government land situated on the prairie about a mile and a half from the village, which he eventually sold at a handsome profit, though not at as great a profit as he might have realized later. No roads had then been laid out in the direction of his property, but the prairie was so smooth that he could drive his buggy directly across it. When starting from the village to visit his land he would tie a rag around one of the spokes of his front wheel, and by watching the movement of the rag he could count the revolutions, a certain number of which covered the distance; and thus he could tell when he was approaching his holdings, and that it was time to look about for a government corner stake. Soon after his arrival in Manteno he embraced the doctrine of the Seventh Day Adventists, and became an enthusiastic supporter of that sect; donating $6,800 to a mission in Chicago, and purchasing and furnishing a church in Kankakee which he presented to the Illinois Conference of his denomination. He died January 21, 1894, in his ninety-first year, at the home of a worthy family of Manteno with whom he had boarded for some time; and by his will he left the bulk of his property to the church, reserving only a sum sufficient to cover his funeral expenses and the cost of transporting his remains to Livingston for interment in the Ely Cemetery. He was buried between the grave of his mother and that of his brother Abraham.

In the days when slavery was permitted under the New Jersey law, Grandfather Ely owned a valuable negro named Jack Buckly, who spent his boyhood on our farm, and was probably born there. My sister Maria had the impression that Grandfather gave

him his freedom, for although an emancipation law was passed in 1820, it applied only to slaves of a younger generation. After his manumission Jack left my grandfather, and worked for various other farmers of the neighborhood, although he was accustomed to return to the Homestead in winter when lacking employment, and at other times if incapacitated by illness; but, to the best of my recollection, he did not come back after we bought the property. He died April 11, 1857, at the age of seventy-one, in the home of "Si" (Josiah) Mulford, by whom he had been employed; and I remember going there with my father one day to visit him in his last illness. The Mulford farm, now owned by a family named Dougal, is situated on the north side of Cedar Street not very far from the new schoolhouse which stands on the corner of that highway and the road to Northfield. Buckly was interred in the Ely Cemetery. His grave is on the north side of the central path, near the middle of the graveyard, and is marked by a small marble slab which my father erected.

Commencing in 1853 we occupied the Homestead from June to October of each year, and those early summers in Livingston were among the happiest of our family life. To render the house more homelike, we brought to the country such pictures and pieces of furniture (chiefly parlor furniture) as could be spared from our residence in town. We made few changes in and about the premises during the first years of our occupancy, preferring to preserve the old home as it had existed in the days of my grandfather, and our only alterations were such as were deemed essential to the convenience of the family. We felt impelled to remove the old-fashioned sweep by which water was drawn from the well beside the kitchen door,—a crude and cumbersome contrivance which stood with its lower extremity projecting toward the garden,—replacing it with the more modern device of a pair of buckets with pulley and chain. We found it necessary, however, to improve the second story of the dwelling, in order to provide additional accommodation, by dividing the attic at the east end into two bedrooms, one at the front of the house and one at the back, which were separated by a sort of alcove communicating with the rear apartment. Ambrose occupied the front chamber,

while William and I shared the other, having our bedstead in the alcove; although in the summer of 1864 I had the front room over the parlor, which was allotted to William after his marriage. Smith chose the bedroom at the southwest corner, above the front door; Maria took the opposite room, beside the staircase; and Uncle John had the middle rear room over the back parlor, his apartment being heated in winter by an old-fashioned Franklin stove, made by Ross & Bird of Hibernia, Morris County, in 1782. These stoves at one time were in common use throughout the country, and proved very efficacious, the fireplace being generally closed with a fire-board to prevent the heat from escaping by way of the chimney. My parents' bedroom was an apartment on the ground floor, now represented by the rear half of the library, the front half being then the guest chamber. The latter was regularly occupied by Aunt Sally Halsey, whom we entertained more often than any other relative. Her visits to the old home revived her recollection of incidents that occurred there during her childhood, a large part of which was spent in Livingston, and I always found her reminiscences of interest. It was at this time that I obtained the items of family history which I attributed to her in the earlier chapters of my narrative.

The room in which Grandmother had slept (now the rear half of the parlor) we converted into a dining room. Its situation was an ideal one for metropolitan business men intent upon taking a hasty breakfast in expectation of catching an early train, for its windows commanded a view of the stable-yard, enabling us, while seated at table, to watch the progress of the hired man in harnessing the horses which would take us to the station, and to so regulate our allowance of food as to finish the meal the moment our equipage was ready.

The west wing of the house, containing the former kitchen, which is the present dining-room, could be entirely shut off from the main building, and in early days it was used as a separate residence for the employees. Uncle John, after his mother's death, was accustomed to hire some experienced farmer who was a married man, the husband to assist him in the work of the farm and garden, and the wife to serve as a cook and housekeeper. One of

my uncle's housekeepers some seventy years ago was Mrs. Oliver Meeker, whose little daughter Nettie was my sister's playmate. We employed for many years Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Baldwin, who lived on the south side of the turnpike in the direction of Morehousetown. During the winter of each year, while we were in New York, they occupied the Homestead as caretakers; Uncle John boarding with them during our absence.

Among the various farm-hands whom my uncle hired before he sold the property, I recollect a young man named Reinhardt, whose family lived on Hillside Avenue not far from the Ely Cemetery. Reinhardt worked for us after we bought the Homestead, and was one of our first employees in Livingston, his principal duty being to drive a yoke of oxen which my father owned. The oxen were stolen in the spring of 1857, but were recovered from a farmer who resided between Elizabeth and Springfield, to whom they had been sold at a price so far below their value that, in my opinion, the purchaser should have realized that they were not honestly come by. I still have one of the handbills which my father caused to be printed and posted, offering a reward of fifty dollars for the conviction of the thief.

The use of oxen in this part of the State has been so long discontinued that such animals are now a rarity, having been gradually replaced by horses, which are much more rapid in their movements; nevertheless Ambrose considered oxen indispensable for farming, and always kept a yoke at the Homestead, employing Elijah Squier as a driver for many years. After my brother's death, when our farming operations were curtailed to some extent, and the oxen were no longer needed, we found them a rather embarrassing asset, being a form of property which could not be readily sold; but at length we succeeded in disposing of them to Becker & Son, proprietors of a large dairy farm in Roseland. Some years later, when the city of Newark celebrated its 250th anniversary with a street pageant representing the various epochs of its history, and required a yoke of oxen and a cart to illustrate a certain period of development, the animals which we had sold to Mr. Becker were the only ones to be found in the entire countryside; and they, with the vehicle which they drew, formed a

$50 REWARD!

Fifty Dollars Reward will be paid for any information that will lead to the conviction of the Thief, who, on the night of the 23d ult.

STOLE

From the premises of the Subscriber, at Livingston,

ONE PAIR OF OXEN,

And the next morning sold the same to

Mr. Parcells, residing about one and a half miles from Elizabeth, on the Turnpike, towards Springfield.

The Thief is described as being a German, about 30 years old, Dark Hair, slightly turning Grey, Dark Complexion, Smooth Face, no beard, about 5 feet, 8 inches high; wearing a Drab Soft Hat, Brown Frock Coat, and respectably dressed. The money he received was mostly $10 bills on the Corn Exchange Bank, New York.

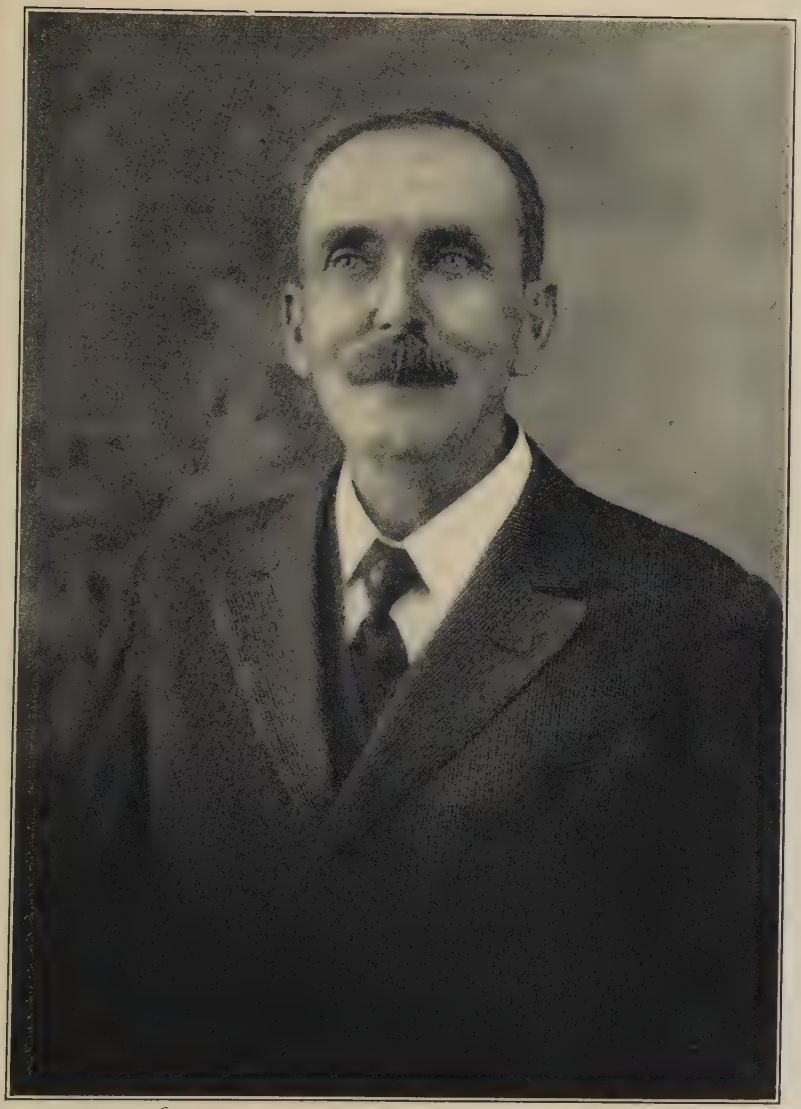
E. C. ELY,

New York, May 1, 1857. 31 FERRY STREET, N. Y.

realistic and interesting feature of the exhibition. I was amused to learn that an officious policeman had tried to prevent their appearance in the parade, as a violation of an ordinance prohibiting the driving of cattle through the city streets.

The foreman or superintendent of the Homestead Farm is Moses C. Meeker (a nephew of Mrs. Oliver Meeker), who entered our service in 1875, and has held the position continuously until the present time. The cottage he occupies was bought by Ambrose many years ago of Moses Courter, and stands on the north side of the turnpike west of the pond. The original plantation of Captain William Ely lay at a distance from the line of the turnpike, and although his children acquired part of the intervening land, they did not continue their purchases as far toward the west as his holdings extended; consequently our western boundary was very irregular, and Ambrose's object in buying the property of Mr. Courter, and a lot adjoining it on the west which was owned by Haines Smith, was to straighten our lines, and give the farm a more desirable and attractive shape.

Where a family has resided for so many years in the same community, and has numbered among its members individuals possessing the estimable and lovable qualities of my brothers, it is but natural that some retainer of unusual merit, steadiness and reliability should have developed—one deserving especial trust and confidence, and one who, from long association, seems almost as much a member of the household as if related by ties of consanguinity. Such is Moses Meeker, who has spent his entire adult life upon the Homestead Farm, and is regarded not merely as a valued employee, but as an esteemed neighbor and friend. He is a native of Livingston. His father having been permanently disabled by a serious wound received in battle during the War of the Rebellion, Moses was obliged to seek employment at an early age in order to support his parents, and had no opportunity to learn a trade, like many young men of his acquaintance. He entered our employ on March 24, 1875, a young, vigorous, active farmer; and in the course of his half-century of faithful service has given his best efforts to the management of the plantation intrusted to his care. His judgment has always been the guide of his em-



MOSES C. MEEKER

ployers, for with them his opinions carry great weight. Having been closely identified with the Homestead during the major part of his life, he feels a warm attachment to the farm, and displays as much interest in its future as he could be expected to do were the property his own.

While spending the summer season at Livingston, my father and brothers commuted to the city practically every day (Ambrose remained at home on Wednesdays, and William usually on Thursdays), leaving the house about 7.15 o'clock in the morning, and returning between 5.30 and 6. They drove over the mountains to take the train at Orange, where they left the horses and carriage at a livery stable until their return in the afternoon; and Ambrose often affirmed in his closing years that the health and vigor which he still enjoyed were attributable to his daily rides over the mountains in that clear and bracing air. These trips he was able to continue through the last summer and autumn of his life, although he reached the ripe old age of eighty-four.

Prior to the Civil War, the journey between New York and Orange was more circuitous than at present, for the Morris & Essex Railroad then terminated at Newark, and was not extended eastward to Hoboken until 1862. When leaving New York for Livingston in ante-bellum days, we crossed the Cortlandt Street Ferry, and proceeded to Newark by the New Jersey Railroad, which is now part of the Pennsylvania system. At the end of our train there were usually two, and sometimes three, cars of the Morris & Essex line, which were dropped at Newark, and drawn separately, by horses, through the city streets, to the Morris & Essex terminus. Here the cars were again formed into a train, and the westward journey resumed; but the locomotives of that period were so small and lacking in power that difficulty was always encountered in ascending the grade to Roseville. On leaving the Newark station our engineer would turn on a mighty head of steam, and rush toward the hill at furious speed, hoping that the momentum of the train would carry us to the summit; but the momentum was always spent, and the power was quite certain to fail, before we reached the top, compelling him to back down to level ground, there to gather strength for a second effort. My recol-

lection is that at least two attempts were invariably made before the ascent was accomplished, and that in some cases, further endeavors were necessary.

The extension of the Morris & Essex line from Newark to Hoboken was largely due to the interest and activities of the Stevens family of the latter place. The charter for a railroad between the two cities was obtained in 1860 by the Hoboken Land & Improvement Company, and the work was finished two years later. The extension connected with the Erie line west of the Hackensack River, and for several years our trains traversed the Erie tunnel beneath the Bergen Hill; but in 1868 the Morris & Essex road was leased by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, which subsequently constructed a tunnel of its own, completing it in 1877.

The scientifically graded and smoothly paved avenue which now crosses the mountains between Orange and Livingston, along which the modern automobile glides with scarcely a jolt or jar, gives no conception of the rough and stony road which we were obliged to travel at the time of which I write. No attempt had then been made to reduce the grades by cutting through the crest of the ridges, and raising the roadbed in the valleys, nor was any serious effort apparent to improve the surface of the highway. Still, as time was an object, and the grades long, we descended the hills at a rapid trot, despite the steepness of the slope and the roughness of the road; for we allowed only forty-five minutes for the six-mile drive, and that did not permit loitering by the way. Although the work of the horses was considered easy, since they were required only to draw a light vehicle to and from Orange, and were allowed practically the entire day to rest in the livery stable, a horse, nevertheless, was seldom able to continue these trips for more than two consecutive summers; for the strain of traveling the hilly and stony road so rapidly was quite sure to cause lameness, or some other disability, which rendered him unfit for further service except work upon the farm. Mrs. James Cook, who lived opposite the old Cook homestead near Livingston, was alarmed and worried each day at seeing "Cousin 'Paphras" and his sons dashing down the hill past her home at such

a reckless pace; but their freedom from disaster during a long period of years indicates that the danger was apparent rather than real. As far as I am aware, their many trips over the mountains were marred by only one mishap, when Smith was thrown from the carriage in front of the home of Andrew M. Teed, in the eastern part of our village. I did not witness the accident, and cannot clearly recall its particulars as described to me by my brothers; but my impression is that they were riding in a two-seat carriage driven by William, who, in turning out to pass another equipage, approached the side of the road where there was a deep gutter in which his own vehicle careened at a dangerous angle, when the wheel struck a stone or other obstruction, causing a sudden and violent jolt. Smith, who occupied the back seat, was thrown sidewise to the ground, and was carried into the Teed residence unconscious; but his injuries being merely superficial, he was quickly revived.

This reminds me of a similar misadventure which befell him in the city about the year 1865. In his younger days Smith prided himself upon his skill as a driver, and had a horse and buggy of his own, which he kept in a boarding stable, not far from our residence, during the winter months while we were living in New York. The Fourth Universalist Church, that of Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, was then in process of erection at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, and a quantity of building material was piled upon the sidewalk. Smith was driving down the avenue one day, when his horse took fright, and shied toward the gutter in front of this church, striking the wheel against the curb with such force that my brother was thrown out; but as he alighted upon a heap of sand, he escaped injury, and the horse being promptly caught by the workmen, had no opportunity to bolt.

I attribute Ambrose's immunity from serious accident during his long experience on the road to good luck rather than to good management. He was not an accomplished horseman, and often impressed me as rather careless, for, despite the rapid pace at which he generally traveled, he drove with so loose a rein (holding one rein in each hand, with his elbows bent and his hands raised

to the level of his shoulders), that he had little control of the horse. He, however, met with occasional mishaps of trifling character: it amuses me even now to recall the excitement which prevailed in front of Hanover Church one Sabbath morning many years ago, when, on starting homeward in our family coach accompanied by his parents and sister, he collided with, and tore a wheel from, another carriage which stood close by. I believe the vehicle thus damaged belonged to the Ketchum family of Mutton Lane on Hanover Neck. When I was young, a good many conveyances were driven to Hanover Church every Sunday from that part of the parish, but their number decreased when the erection of the meeting-house in Roseland afforded the residents of the Neck a more convenient place of worship. Mr. Ketchum, who was a Democrat, and as such was regarded with some disfavor in that stronghold of Republicanism, greeted my brother Smith with great cordiality whenever they met at the church, their similarity of political views forming a strong bond of fellowship. Mr. Ketchum's mother, I believe, was one of the few residents of that region who lived to be one hundred years of age.

On another Sabbath I was returning from Hanover with Ambrose in a buggy which he was driving. For some reason which I do not recollect he held the reins more tightly and firmly than usual, but without taking the precaution to brace his feet; and when descending the hill into Morehousetown the horse suddenly stumbled, giving the driver so vigorous and unexpected a jerk that he rose from his seat and fell upon the dashboard, which he completely crushed.

While spending the summers at Livingston we regularly attended the church at Hanover, occupying pew No. 26, which my father hired many years ago—the sixth seat from the front, on the left side of the east aisle. Some members of the family also worshipped in the Baptist Church of Livingston, where the Sunday service was held in the afternoon because the pastor preached at Northfield in the morning, both villages being then in the same parish. Our pew in the Livingston church was the fourth from the pulpit on the right side of the west aisle, behind the seat

of our cousin Moses Ely Halsey. On each side of the auditorium are three memorial windows, of which the central one in the west wall was erected in remembrance of Ambrose, and the one directly opposite, in memory of Smith; both of these windows having been donated by the parish.

CHAPTER XXII

How bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze
To him who flies
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,
Till far behind him like a hideous dream
The close dark city lies!

WHITTIER.

THE wisdom of my parents' course in establishing a summer residence in the country was evidenced by the excellent health and strength enjoyed by their children. I am confident that the lives of my brothers were prolonged by the possession of this beautiful home, with its high altitude and bracing air, where, in torrid weather, they were able to recuperate each night from the enervating atmosphere and nerve-racking noise of the hot and stifling city. In all my travels I have never found a place where the air is more salubrious than that of Livingston. To me, however, the acquisition of the Homestead was not so great a boon, for within a comparatively short time after its purchase I entered business in New York, and for several years my duties detained me in town during the summer season, permitting me to spend no more than the week-ends at the farm. These weekly visits, however, were more thoroughly appreciated because of the interval of physical discomfort and monotonous toil by which they were separated. It was a delight on Saturday afternoon to leave the sun-beaten streets of the leather district, in which I had sweltered for several days, and to inhale the fresh, invigorating air of the Orange Mountains; an inexpressible relief to relax in a comfortable armchair on our cool and shady porch, and forget the humdrum occupations of the workaday world. At such times the most commonplace features of our suburban home afforded me great satisfaction; even the song of birds in the trees of the door-yard during the hours of daylight, and the droning and humming of the insects after nightfall I found a source of pleasure.

Ambrose, who had a natural fondness for country life, as well as an attachment to his birthplace, took more interest in the management of the farm than any other member of the family. Smith, who resorted to the Homestead mainly to rest from the fatigues of business and politics, spent most of his time when at Livingston in lounging on the porch, wearing a loose-fitting coat of figured alpaca, and a soft felt hat; but although he never participated in the work of the farm, he occasionally busied himself in planting shade-trees or ornamental shrubs about the house to make the door-yard more attractive; and it was he who set out the double row of apple-trees in the field lying south of the turnpike opposite the residence. William, owing to his absorbing love of horses, derived his chief enjoyment from harnessing and driving his favorites, and to him the cultivation of the soil was a matter of secondary interest. Ambrose, however, was the farmer of the family, and although he could devote but little time to agricultural pursuits, being so engrossed with his business affairs that he was not willing to absent himself from the office except on Wednesday of each week, he never wearied of planning and directing the work of the plantation. He often amused himself on Wednesdays by assisting his employees, especially when press of work rendered an extra pair of hands of particular value; as, for instance, when he had a large quantity of hay to be brought in and time was limited.

One very hot day during the haying season Ambrose concocted some "switchel" for the refreshment of his men. This was an old-fashioned beverage which the farmers throughout the country used to make, and which ordinarily consisted of nothing more than molasses and water with a dash of vinegar, ginger, or rum; but my brother, wishing to produce a drink of unusual potency, added some other ingredients, such as the juices of berries (perhaps elderberries) or something of the sort, which was a radical departure from the orthodox recipe. He not only regaled his employees with this libation, but partook of it very freely himself; and in the evening was seized with a violent attack of cholera-morbus, necessitating the dispatch of a messenger to summon the family physician, Dr. Calvin Anderson of Madison,

who, no doubt, was duly impressed by his patient's injunction to "spare no expense" in his efforts to effect a speedy cure. Although we felt the deepest sympathy for the sufferer, we could not but regard his plight with amusement, for during the preceding afternoon he had gone about extolling his switchel, and urging the other members of the household to sample it. As the farm-hands experienced no gastric disturbance, we regarded Ambrose's collapse merely as the natural revolt of a system unaccustomed to so stimulating a beverage; indicating that the quantity he had consumed rather exceeded the bounds of moderation and prudence. The incident made a lasting impression on my memory, because, until stricken with his last illness, I never knew my brother, at any other time, to complain of indisposition, or to require the services of a doctor.

Another home-made potation which the old-time farmers were accustomed to drink while working in their fields was "metheglin," a composition of water and honey boiled and fermented, with the addition of spices to give it zest. I recollect seeing my cousin Oscar Gaines brew this concoction during one of my boyhood's visits to his home, but I do not remember that Ambrose ever attempted to make it. I presume he found the effects of the switchel so extremely unpleasant that he had no desire for further experiment.

An incident of our life at Livingston which I vividly recollect was the striking of the house by lightning in the course of a summer shower—a somewhat surprising phenomenon, inasmuch as the building was equipped with lightning-rods which were supposed to afford perfect insulation. The thunderbolt struck the southeast corner of the structure with a deafening report, but did no harm beyond splitting and splintering the clapboards; and as all the members of the family happened to be in a distant part of the dwelling, we suffered no ill effects from the shock. Many years later the stable was similarly damaged during a very heavy shower. This was an old building which stood a short distance south of the present stable, and was demolished when the new and larger one was built. The lightning was attracted by a wire fence running from the turnpike to the stable,

between the house-lot and the field where the windmill stands, and it followed the wires to the southwest corner of the building, loosening three of the clapboards. The horses within, a pair of handsome blacks which William had purchased in New York, were thrown to the floor by the concussion, the one occupying the stall nearest the point of contact receiving a spinal injury, perhaps a result of the fall, which rendered him of no further value; but the other arose immediately, soon recovered his equilibrium, and seemed none the worse for his startling experience. Two of the employees, Moses Meeker and Michael Cannon, who were seated upon the feed-bins near by, felt that they had narrowly escaped very serious injury.

From the time of our purchase of the Homestead until they were well advanced in life, Smith and William were accustomed, in the course of each summer, to take a fishing trip to the lake region of Morris County. There being no convenient communication by rail, they traveled from Livingston by horse and carriage, devoting about half a day to the journey, and usually remained at the lakes for a week or more. This practice was an old one in our family: I have been told that my father, my uncle Joseph Kitchell, and some of my other relatives occasionally drove to Lake Hopatcong to enjoy a few days' fishing before I was born. I myself took less interest in the pastime, and while I sometimes accompanied Smith, I seldom cared to visit the lakes without him; although I recall driving from Livingston to Green Pond with my cousin James Ingersoll one Sunday many years ago.

Smith and William always looked forward to these excursions with pleasurable anticipation, and found enjoyment in planning and discussing them; so that by listening to their conversation, I became familiar, in name at least, with the principal places of resort. William often spoke of a hotel kept by Mrs. Tuttle at the cross-roads in Littleton, near Morris Plains, which was quite celebrated for the excellence of its fare, and was very popular with the young people of the countryside, who dubbed it "Mammy Tut's Tavern." My brothers seldom traveled together, for each had his favorite fishing grounds which he considered superior to all others, Smith being a great admirer of Green Pond, while

William preferred Lake Hopatcong; and each had his particular chums or cronies who were ready to furnish companionship whenever desired. In their younger days they both took occasional trips to Greenwood Lake, to which their attention was called by former Mayor Abram S. Hewitt of New York, whose family, as well as that of Edward Cooper, his brother-in-law and predecessor in office, had extensive property interests in that region, particularly in the vicinity of Ringwood. Mr. Hewitt was one of the promoters of the New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad, and when that corporation, like many new enterprises of the kind, be-

came involved in financial difficulties as soon as the road was completed and ready to operate, Smith, at Hewitt's request, took a leading part in its reorganization.

Green Pond, Smith's favorite retreat, which derives its name from a peculiar greenish tinge of its waters, measures some two miles in length and a half-mile in width, and is situated at a high altitude not far from the village of Newfoundland. It is considered by many the most beautiful of the Morris County lakes. It lies in a narrow valley sheltered by Copperas Mountain on the east and Green Pond Mountain on the west, the wooded slopes of the latter descending precipitately to the water's edge, while at its

northern end there is a broad and sandy beach. The lake has no inlet, but is fed from beneath by numerous springs, many of which can be located by the perceptible coolness of the water directly above them. Its outlet, Green Pond Brook, at its southern extremity, also drains Denmark Pond on the other side of Copperas Mountain.

Beyond Green Pond Mountain is the Berkshire Valley, through which William often drove when coming from Lake Hopatcong. To reach Green Pond by the public road he was obliged to drive around the northern end of the mountain by way of Newfoundland, but I think I have heard him say that he sometimes took a short cut over its crest, following a cart-track made by the charcoal burners.

Split Rock Pond, a smaller lake, which is separated from Green Pond by a distance of about three miles, was also the scene of Smith's outings, particularly in the later years of his life. At the time of which I speak, the beds of both Green and Split Rock Ponds were owned by Andrew B. Cobb of "Cobb's Corners" in Parsippany, together with the northern and western shore of the former and the entire shore of the latter; he having inherited the property from Lemuel Cobb, an early surveyor and farmer, who bought it of the East Jersey Proprietors about the time of the Revolutionary War. Andrew, who achieved greatness as a local politician of the Democratic persuasion and had been elected to Congress, was a warm friend of Smith, and when having occasion to visit New York he usually called on my brother at the office in Gold Street.

In the early years of our excursions to Green Pond the locality seemed as remote and solitary as could well be imagined. The lake was seldom visited in those days save by occasional parties of young people from Boonton or other towns in that vicinity, who resorted thither at somewhat rare intervals to enjoy a day's fishing, though they did not remain overnight. James L. Davenport, the owner of a farm at the north end of the lake, kept a small hotel for the accommodation of fishing parties, and there were perhaps two or three other farmsteads near by, but with these exceptions the region, as I remember it, was uninhabited. In

the course of time the lakes of Morris County began to attract large numbers of visitors from the cities who now form a summer colony of considerable size, some of them spending the season in camps, while others have erected small bungalows of inexpensive construction; and in my opinion the pleasures of the lakes in general, and of Green Pond in particular, have been greatly diminished by the annual influx of these vacationists, for they have completely destroyed the restful solitude in which, to my mind, the charm of the locality formerly lay.

Jim Davenport was an eccentric old fellow, who cultivated a gruff and testy manner, although possessed of a kindly and good-natured disposition. He was celebrated as the distiller of a famous brand of applejack, having on his farm a cider-mill and still-house supplied by an extensive orchard; and he not only dispensed this ardent beverage to the guests of his hotel, but sold it in large quantities to liquor dealers in Newark. He had some rowboats which he rented to fishermen, but after several years the use of his boats was prohibited by Andrew Cobb, whose action in excluding anglers from the surface of the lake virtually terminated his business; for fishing could not be satisfactorily carried on from the shore, a large part of which was not readily accessible owing to the density of the forests. Not long afterward Jim's tavern was destroyed by fire, and owing to Mr. Cobb's antagonism he did not care to rebuild it. The present hotel, a much larger and more pretentious building, was erected, I believe, by the Cobb family. The use of boats is no longer forbidden, and the present-day campers and bungalow-dwellers spend much of their time upon the water.

During several successive summers in his early years Smith invited a party of friends to accompany him to Green Pond—William H. Dunlap, the well-known hatter of New York, our cousin William M. Jelliffe of Brooklyn, and an acquaintance of the latter, by name Professor Adolph Werner, tutor of History and Belles-Lettres in the New York Free Academy—all enthusiastic fishermen like himself. I joined this party once or twice, but did not continue to do so, for its members were my seniors by several years, and I naturally preferred the society of more youthful companions. During the evenings, spent in Davenport's

cozy tavern, the host, who prided himself upon his skill in such matters, was always happy to brew a bowl of delicious milk punch for our refreshment.

In later years, when the pleasure which Smith had so long enjoyed at Green Pond was marred by the inrush of summer visitors, who not only rendered the place less exclusive and restful, but materially reduced the supply of fish, he began to spend his holidays at Split Rock Pond instead. He was already familiar with the latter, having occasionally resorted to it in early life accompanied by his cousin Charlie Thompson, although I do not know that he ever went there with the party mentioned above. During his last few years I bore him company (I do not remember that I ever went there alone to remain overnight), and we invited William J. Meeker of Florham Park to share our enjoyment; putting up at a neighboring tavern owned by Mr. Cobb and leased to a man named Francis, who died not long ago. Split Rock Pond, though picturesquely situated among high and wooded hills, is inferior to Green Pond both in size and natural beauty; but it afforded us better sport in recent years because it was not frequented by hordes of fishermen from the cities. About the time that Smith's visits ceased, it was sold by the Cobb estate to a water company of Montclair, and from this corporation the exclusive privilege of fishing in it was leased for a term of years by the Bait and Fly-casting Club of Newark. In 1923 it was acquired by Jersey City for the purpose of a water-supply, and the effect of this transaction is to destroy all its former associations; for the erection of a great dam, and the consequent raising of the water level could not fail to totally alter its outline and general appearance with which I have been familiar so long.

The road from Green Pond to Split Rock descends the eastern side of Copperas Mountain by one of the steepest and most dangerous grades in the State. I remember it as a mere wagon-track which had been worn by teams into a deep rut on either hand, leaving the centre so high and rough that a horse could find a secure footing only at the side. This road we generally avoided because of its dangerous grade, preferring to approach Split Rock from the opposite direction, by which latter route it is

only four or five miles from Boonton. William, when recalling some of the experiences of his youth, used to describe a certain driving tour through the lake country to which he invited a number of his relatives, traveling in a large wagon drawn by four horses; and he said that when about to make the perilous descent of Copperas Mountain, he advised his passengers to alight and follow the vehicle on foot, in order to avoid the risk of accident; and, to his surprise, Anna Bertholf, with whom he shared the driver's seat, a girl who, ordinarily, was very nervous and timid, was the only lady in the party of sufficient courage to remain in the wagon as it bumped and jolted down the precipitous slope.

William, as I have said, preferred Lake Hopatcong to these other resorts. I remember that in his early manhood he occasionally drove to Budd's Lake, but his object in so doing was to visit acquaintances who had a summer home there—the family of Daniel B. Wagner, a confectioner of 760 Broadway, New York—rather than to enjoy the pleasures of fishing. Most of his outings were spent at the home of John Canine at the head of Big Cove on the eastern shore of Lake Hopatcong, a short distance south of Nolan's Point. "Uncle Johnny," as he was generally called, did not, as a rule, receive boarders, but for the moderate price of one dollar a day, he was willing to entertain those whom he regarded as personal friends. His home was a favorite resort of several of our relatives, Uncle Doctor and Aunt Phebe Gaines, together with our cousins Oscar and Julia Gaines and Walter Beach, being among those who often enjoyed his hospitality. William and his wife and Henry Kitchell and his wife occasionally visited his house for two or three weeks at a time; and a friend of William's, George Briscoe, a composer and music teacher of New York, with Mrs. Briscoe, sometimes accompanied the party. William and his cousin Oscar were bosom friends, and in vacation time they were seldom separated.

Canine was very hospitable, always giving us a hearty welcome, and, like the patriarchs of old, making haste to kill a sheep and dress it for our refreshment. His residence was an ancient farmhouse of stone, with old-fashioned beam ceilings, which stood only a few rods from the spot where the Minnisink station was

located when, at a later date, a railroad was built through that region. A curious feature of his farm was a power churn, the power being generated by a treadmill operated by a dog. His wife, whom we called "Aunty Canine," was assisted in her household duties by her adopted daughter Mary Jane, who married a man named Van Over, and lived thereafter on an adjoining or neighboring farm, though I believe she eventually inherited the homestead.

After a lapse of about ten years this neighborhood also began to deteriorate (at least from my point of view), being invaded by large numbers of summer residents from the cities, most of whom were Germans. The first hotel in the vicinity was built on the south shore of the cove opposite Nolan's Point, within a short distance of Canine's residence, and near the place where I was accustomed to bathe—a large, barn-like structure which Uncle Johnny always called, with an air of great respect, "the big house." I last visited the locality in 1922, and found it changed beyond recognition. The Canine family had passed away eight or ten years before, their house had been demolished, and the appearance of the neighborhood altered to such extent that I could not identify the site of their dwelling; while the vicinity of the lake was so crowded with summer visitors, and so filled with bungalows and other buildings of recent erection and more or less unsightly appearance, that in my opinion its charm and beauty of by-gone days were totally destroyed.

Speaking of our summer excursions reminds me of the Gaines picnic, which was held every summer for many years, and was regarded by us and our numerous relatives in that part of the State as the great social event of the season. It was a strictly family affair, the attendance being limited to our kinsfolk, and as it afforded opportunity to meet some whom we seldom saw at other times, it formed a very enjoyable family reunion. The scene of the gathering was Rockaway Neck, at the home of "Donny" (Jonathan) Dixon, a veteran of the Civil War, who, having been disabled by wounds, earned a somewhat precarious livelihood by entertaining picnic- and fishing-parties from the cities in a grove which extended along the shore of the Rockaway River on the side

of the road opposite his dwelling. He had erected a large pavilion in the grove, containing two long tables, where he supplied the excursionists with fish- and chicken-dinners, his *pièce de résistance* being roast pig.

The Gaines picnic was so called in honor of Uncle Doctor Gaines, by whom it was inaugurated many years ago, perhaps about 1845, with the assistance of his friends Henry D. Farrand, of Powerville (a former sheriff of Morris County), and Thomas D. Willis of the same place, together with Uncle Joseph Kitchell, Cousin John Kitchell, the family of Aunt Polly Dixon, and several other relatives. It was held in August of each year, but no precise date was fixed prior to the marriage of my brother William; thereafter the anniversary of his wedding, August 30th, was chosen. The picnic was never postponed on account of inclement weather, but we were almost always fortunate in having bright sunshine; a storm on the appointed day being quite exceptional. When Dr. Gaines and his contemporaries had passed away, the representatives of the younger generation seemed somewhat less interested in the annual outing, and its organization each year at length devolved solely upon William and his cousin Oscar Gaines. After the latter's decease, which occurred on Christmas Day, 1906, to be followed six or seven weeks later by the death of my brother Ambrose, William had no heart to promote further picnics, and the delightful gatherings, which had enlivened the summer season for over half a century, were unfortunately held no more.

CHAPTER XXIII

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay.
When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

MRS. NORTON.

THE year 1859 was marked not only by my brother's purchase of the business property in Gold Street, which has played a very prominent part in the history of our family, but also by another change of residence. During the opening months of that year, my parents determined to leave Seventh Street, and to move farther up town, being influenced in reaching this decision by the same conditions which brought about our removal from Second Street to Seventh many years before, namely, the gradual deterioration of the neighborhood. This deterioration, it is true, was not as pronounced and rapid as in the earlier case: our block in Second Street was surrendered almost entirely to the occupancy of foreigners before our departure, while Seventh Street remained fairly select for a short time after we had gone; but although the erection of tenements had not yet reached our neighborhood, we knew that the foreign-born population was steadily increasing, and we perceived that the district they inhabited was expanding in our direction. Consequently my father decided to embrace the first favorable opportunity to sell our house in Seventh Street, and to purchase another in a more exclusive locality. Such an opportunity offered in April, 1859, when he bought of Henry Baylis the latter's home on the southwest corner of Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, and a few days later sold the house in Seventh Street to Simeon Gutmann for $7200—a gratifying increase over and above the amount it cost.

The Baylis house was a much more handsome and commodious dwelling than any we had previously occupied, and as Twenty-third Street from Lexington Avenue to Madison Square was at that period strictly residential in character, its environment was quite aristocratic. I felt highly elated at the thought of moving into a four-story mansion in a thoroughfare one hundred feet in width, and was convinced that our family was rising in the world.

Our new house, which was twenty-five feet wide, was one of a uniform row of elegant brownstone residences which filled the block on the south side of Twenty-third Street from Fourth Avenue to Lexington, having been built on speculation by Brown Brothers, the celebrated bankers of New York and London. At the time of our purchase, a corner building in this row was not considered of much greater value than any other, its desirability for business purposes not being appreciated, for no one supposed that commerce would ever invade that block; and I doubt if the price my father paid—$19,000—was more than a couple of thousands higher than that which would have been asked for the house adjoining.

The dwelling was ornamented with a grass-plot in front and a narrower one at the side, enclosed by a neat iron fence, the stoop was guarded on either hand by an iron balustrade, and there was an iron balcony before the parlor windows; the parlor being on the east side of the entrance hall, as in our two previous residences. The back yard was concealed from Lexington Avenue by a high brick wall which I regarded as a great protection to the rear of the house, but one day when a parrot belonging to a neighbor escaped from its cage and flew into our enclosure, my feeling of security was rudely shattered on observing the ease with which the wall was scaled by a crowd of idlers who assembled to watch the movements of the bird. Our basement was entered at the rear, through the yard, by way of a gate in the wall, for the area entrance beneath the stoop on Twenty-third Street was never opened. There was a rear door at the end of the hall on the parlor floor, from which a flight of steps led down to the yard. The builder had taken but little advantage of the side light which the situation afforded; there were no side windows on the parlor floor, and

only a single one (lighting a middle room) on each of the stories above.

The parlor windows extended to the floor, giving access to the balcony, the window-shades being raised and lowered in the old-fashioned way, by means of cords passing over miniature pulleys attached to the jambs—an inconvenient device which we were glad to discard when the modern Hartshorn roller was invented. The hall on the parlor floor was paved with marble,—this being an embellishment which our previous dwellings lacked,—consisting of 9-inch tiles of white marble, each having at its corners a black marble "dot," about two inches square. Such floors for entrance halls were then considered the height of elegance, and were extensively introduced in the houses of the aristocracy erected in the Madison Square district; but they were not wholly satisfactory, and after a comparatively few years, passed out of fashion, for the tiles generally loosened in the course of time, and would move and rattle unpleasantly under foot.

Architectural changes and improvements were constantly being devised in those days as at present, and about the time that the house in Twenty-third Street was built, the fact was realized that the space on the top floor was too valuable to be devoted solely to attic purposes. Although the fourth story windows were much smaller than those below, the ceiling was of full height, permitting the construction of comfortable and attractive rooms—a spacious apartment in front, and a smaller one at each end of the hall. The rest of the fourth floor, however, was an old-fashioned garret (where I used to smoke an occasional cigar), which originally extended to the back of the house; but later a bedroom for servants was divided off at the rear by means of a board partition, the remaining part of the attic being lighted by a side window overlooking Lexington Avenue.

We dined in the front basement, and also used that apartment as a sitting-room, for in the winter evenings it was warmer than the back parlor on the floor above, being heated by a latrobe, or Baltimore heater, which also tempered the air of the front parlor upstairs. There was a hot-air furnace in the cellar, but it did not heat the building adequately, and stoves were required in some of

the chambers. My parents slept in the rear room on the second story, allotting to Maria the middle room adjoining, and reserving a guest-room in front. My brothers and I had our quarters on the third floor, where Ambrose chose the back room, Smith the middle one, and William the one facing the street; while I had the front and rear hall-rooms, sometimes occupying one and sometimes the other, as fancy dictated.

The house was originally distinguished as 86 East Twenty-third Street, but about 1869 or 1870 its number was changed to 132, in compliance with a uniform system which the civic authories devised, whereby the designation of the houses commenced with 1 at Fifth Avenue, 100 at Fourth Avenue, 200 at Third Avenue, &c., irrespective of the number of buildings on each block. We were opposed to the innovation because the higher figure implied a greater distance from the aristocratic centre of the city, and my brother Smith, who was then active in politics, exerted all his influence to prevent it; but as the ordinance applied not to our street only, but to the entire upper part of town, and as the new system was a manifest convenience, he was of course unsuccessful.

Our block, as I have said, was quite select at the time of my father's purchase, but its tone was somewhat lowered in later years, owing to the construction of a double track railroad by the Twenty-third Street Railway Company, which operated cars of the "bob-tail" type, drawn by a single horse. The main line, between East and West Twenty-third Street ferries, was opened about 1873, and in the following year a branch was built, going up Second Avenue to the ferry at Thirty-fourth Street.

The subsequent conversion of Twenty-third Street into a business thoroughfare has caused a complete transformation of the block on which our residence stood, the mansions of former days having been, in a few instances, remodeled for stores, offices and studios, but in most cases demolished, and replaced with new structures of commercial character. East of Lexington Avenue, however, the appearance of the street has remained practically unchanged: the College of the City of New York, formerly called the New York Free Academy, still occupies the south side of the way between Lexington Avenue and Third, while the opposite side

has always been filled with small buildings containing stores, in which there has been little, if any, alteration.

Twenty-fourth Street and the adjacent parts of Lexington Avenue, at the time of which I write, were largely devoted to the sale of horses. Sale and exchange stables were numerous, and the avenue was enlivened at all hours of the day by the dealers and their employees riding and driving their horses up and down for exercise or exhibition. There were also some livery or boarding stables in Twenty-second Street between Lexington Avenue and Fourth. Although the demand for horses has been greatly diminished in recent years by the introduction of automobiles, there are even now a few stables and auction rooms in East Twenty-fourth Street where animals in limited number are still bought and sold.

I recollect but few of our neighbors in Twenty-third Street. The most prominent resident of our block in the early sixties was Francis Skiddy, a wealthy broker of Wall Street, who occupied the dwelling on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue, which, because of its situation (the avenue being then filled with elegant residences), was considered the choicest house in our row. Eight or ten years later he was elected president of a line of Hudson River steamboats, and one of the vessels was named in his honor. About 1882, he having moved away, his house became the headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the basement being converted into a store, having its entrance on Fourth Avenue, which was leased by Meyrowitz Brothers, the celebrated opticians.

The National Academy of Design, a reproduction in exterior appearance of the Doges' Palace in Venice, stood on the northwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; while on the northeast corner was the College of Physicians and Surgeons, then a comparatively small institution, housed in a building resembling a private residence, which was approached by a double flight of steps winding up in a semicircle from the Twenty-third Street sidewalk. No. 80 (afterward 126) East Twenty-third Street, where the Madison Square Post Office now stands, was the home of the Rhinelander family, consisting of two elderly spinsters; while directly in our rear, in No. 14 Lexington Avenue,

lived Dr. John R. Conway, a successful physician, his next-door neighbor on the south being a chemist named James M. Farr. Dr. Conway had a large practice among the Irish residents of the city, and I was somewhat surprised to learn one day that Tom Curran, the porter of our store in Gold Street, was one of his patients.

No. 105 East Twenty-first Street,—adjoining the property of Calvary Church, which occupies the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue,—was the home of Lorin Ingersoll, who married Aunt Sally's daughter Rebecca. He and his family were residents of Morrisania during my boyhood, but they removed to New York after the close of the Civil War. Aunt Sally lived with them in Twenty-first Street, and their household also included their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Compton, and the latter's children. It was there that Aunt Sally spent the closing years of her life, and I remember visiting her in that house during her last illness.

Former Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, who was related to the Coopers by marriage, lived on the southeast corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-second Street; and his dwelling, No. 9 on the avenue, which was the home of Peter Cooper from its purchase by the latter in 1848 until his death in 1883, is still owned and occupied by the Hewitt family. Edward Cooper, Hewitt's brother-in-law, lived opposite. Cyrus W. Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable, resided on the northeast corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-first Street, opposite Gramercy Park; his brother, David Dudley Field, owning the house adjoining on the east. The corner dwelling was afterward bought by Henry W. Poor, editor of *Poor's Manual*, who altered it quite extensively, among other changes constructing an entrance on the avenue, and closing the former one on Twenty-first Street. Mr. Poor spent many years in collecting rare books which covered a great variety of subjects, his library being eventually sold at auction. I examined the catalogue issued at the time of the sale, but the titles, in the main, did not impress me very favorably, for although he had confined his purchases as a rule to first editions, a large number of his books were not particularly *recherché*.

EDWIN A. ELY
1864

The year 1864 was saddened by the loss of both my parents, my mother dying at our residence in Twenty-third Street in the early spring, and my father during the ensuing summer at Livingston.

I have referred in a previous chapter to my father's failing health, which occasioned his withdrawal from business about 1860. During the years which followed, his bodily vigor gradually declined, and although but sixty-nine at the time of his decease, he appeared older, having been aged by sickness and suffering. The progress of his malady, combined with other infirmities, caused, or at least aggravated, a nervous trembling or jerking of the hands, which almost incapacitated him from writing, and rendered difficult even the signing of his name. Sometimes when about to use a pen he would place his wrist against the edge of the desk or table, and lean his body against it, in a futile effort to steady his hand. His sister, Aunt Sally, was also afflicted in her old age with this nervous disorder, which has appeared from time to time in other branches of the Ely family, but I am thankful to say that my father's children escaped it. During his closing years he spent most of his time each day in Ambrose's office, taking interest in the commercial activities of his sons, and finding great enjoyment in meeting and talking with his old friends among the leather merchants who called at frequent intervals, chiefly for the purpose of transacting business with Ambrose and Smith, but often for the mere pleasure of a chat with him.

His delicate health compelling him to eat sparingly, his lunch, as a rule, consisted simply of a roll and an apple, the latter roasted on the rim of the office stove. For several years he suffered from Bright's disease or some similar malady, and although his condition was benefited by drinking large quantities of a certain mineral water imported in stone bottles from Nassau, near Coblenz, in Germany, which he obtained at John Neergard's pharmacy, No. 1183 Broadway, nothing seemed to afford him lasting relief; his disease was progressive in its nature, and caused a slow but steady diminution of his strength. One day during the last autumn of his life, when the family was at Living-

ston, he undertook, for amusement and exercise, to do a little ploughing with a single horse in the west end of the garden behind the residence; but the exertion, gentle as it was, proved too great for his enfeebled vitality, and on entering the house he fainted from weakness, causing my mother a painful shock. Her constant and long-continued anxiety about his illness, acting upon a constitution naturally delicate, was too severe a strain, and through the following winter her health and strength failed so rapidly as to give unmistakable warning of her approaching dissolution. She had never found it necessary to employ more than a single servant in the house, for she and my sister were accustomed to do many of the things which made us live so comfortably, but during her last winter my father was obliged to engage a housekeeper to relieve her of the household cares. She came down stairs in our Twenty-third Street home for the last time on the 14th or 15th of February, and in the evening, when she returned to her bedroom (the second floor back), I met her on the staircase as I was coming down, and she told me, to my great distress, that she had hardly sufficient strength to make the ascent. She did not leave her bed after that evening. Her condition grew steadily worse during the ensuing fortnight, the end coming at 2 P. M. on Friday, the 4th of March, 1864, a clear, cold, winter's day. It is a coincidence that her great-granddaughter, Marjorie Smylie, who died in 1919, passed away on the same day of the month. My mother's funeral was held in our Twenty-third Street residence on Sunday morning, March 6, at nine o'clock, Rev. Dr. William Adams of the Madison Square Church officiating; and she was interred on the same day in the Ely Cemetery at Livingston.

We were all of the opinion that my mother died of no specific disease, but of exhaustion caused by anxiety and care. She was naturally possessed of a nervous and apprehensive temperament, and during her whole life was accustomed to fret and worry about matters of trifling moment—an unfortunate propensity which told terribly against her when real trouble came. Her constitution was always delicate; as a child she was less hardy and vigorous than her sisters, and not so well able to withstand

the hardships of country life in the severe winters common to that period. There has been a perceptible change in our climate within my recollection, the winters being much milder and shorter nowadays than in former years, and the "open" winters which we now enjoy from time to time were entirely unknown when my mother was a girl. I often heard her say that in her childhood the snow came in November of each year, and remained on the ground until April, its depth at times being sufficient to conceal the fences; and her attendance at the village school under such conditions involved exposure which she was not well able to bear. Although she seldom complained of indisposition, she suffered from headaches as long as I can remember, and had frequent recourse to smelling salts of her own manufacture, filling a little green bottle with gum camphor, ammonia and water, the fumes of which seemed to afford relief. For a long time before her death she had a distressing cough, which was especially troublesome in the morning, but Uncle Doctor Gaines insisted that this was a symptom of gastric disorder, rather than an indication of pulmonary weakness. It was, I think, hereditary, in part at least, for her father and sisters were afflicted for many years with asthma; and although Aunt Phebe and Aunt Eliza were completely cured, in Grandfather's case this difficulty, coupled with an obstinate cough, was thought to have augmented the debility incident to advanced age which caused his death.

My mother's medical attendant during her last illness was our old family physician, Dr. Alfred Freeman, who then lived on the southwest corner of Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue (No. 48 East Nineteenth), his block on the avenue being improved with three large and handsome mansions, each standing in its own grounds. During the fortnight in which she was confined to bed she was faithfully nursed by her elder sister, Aunt Phebe Gaines, who, at my father's request, came from her home in Boonton, N. J., for this purpose. As there were no trained nurses in those days, the care of the sick was often intrusted to a relative or friend known to possess the requisite experience and skill, and Aunt Phebe, being the wife of a physician, was well fitted to perform the service. She herself was far from strong, having

but recently recovered from a serious illness, and would have considered herself unable to leave home had the circumstances been less urgent. My brother William drove to her house with his horse and buggy to convey her to New York, for the railroad through Boonton had not yet been built, and the journey would otherwise have involved a more tedious and fatiguing ride in the stage-coach.

My mother was always delighted to receive a visit from Aunt Phebe, and the latter's presence at the time in question was most comforting. There was a very strong bond of affection between them, and they were always in perfect accord. Their relations with Aunt Eliza Bertholf were not quite so harmonious, for she was younger than her sisters, and, holding opinions which in some respects differed from theirs, preferred to rely upon her own judgment in matters of household government and economy rather than upon the suggestions and advice which they felt that their seniority and wider experience qualified them to give; and her frequent disregard of their counsel was a source of vexation and chagrin. Aunt Phebe spent about three weeks in our home at this time, for she remained a week after my mother passed away; and I recall that Uncle Doctor Gaines came to New York at least once to assure himself that she was bearing up under the strain.

It has always been a matter of deep regret that we have no picture of my mother. Though often urged to do so, she never posed for her portrait, and in the late years of her life her disinclination to be photographed was increased by the conviction that her features had been altered by loss of flesh. During her last winter she yielded to the oft-repeated request of her relatives to have her picture taken, and it was agreed that Aunt Phebe should come to New York and accompany her to the studio; but before the appointed time arrived she became so enfeebled that the opportunity to secure a photograph was lost.

My mother, in Aunt Phebe's opinion, resembled *her* mother more strongly than any of the latter's other children. Her personal appearance was not closely reproduced in her sons and daughter, who bore little resemblance to their parents or to each

other, although a certain featural likeness could be traced between Ambrose and Maria, which became more marked as they approached old age; and some of our relatives declared that Ambrose favored his mother, inasmuch as his hair and complexion were lighter than those of her other children. There was a great similarity, physical and temperamental, between my mother and Maria, both being of medium height, slender build and delicate constitution, and both possessing an unusually gentle, amiable and lovable disposition. My mother, having a light complexion, brown hair, and eyes of dark blue, differed from her sisters, whose coloring was much darker; Aunt Eliza's eyes being black, and Aunt Phebe's dark brown, both having black hair.

My mother always wore a lace cap about the house, for this was an article of dress without which a married woman who had reached her thirties would not, in those days, have considered herself presentable. She was very particular about her caps, and would buy them only at a certain store where she believed that the best article could be obtained. The caps were plain, but very pretty; though not set off with colored ribbons, they were embellished with a bow on each side, and two long streamers reaching almost to the waist, which were sometimes, though not always, knotted beneath the chin. She had three of these caps of varying degrees of elegance: one for common use, and another of somewhat superior quality which she assumed when receiving callers, while the third, of which she was especially choice, was reserved for social functions of a more formal nature. The latter she took with her when visiting friends or relatives, carrying it in a small covered basket of ornamental design which was purchased expressly for this purpose.

My father's health declined still more rapidly after his bereavement, for he seemed to have no wish to prolong his life, and made little effort to combat the progress of his disease. He lingered only until the following July, when we were again at Livingston, he, as usual, occupying the bedroom on the ground floor which, with the front room adjoining, was afterward converted into the present library. He was confined to his bed for

two or three weeks prior to his decease, and his sister, Aunt Sally Halsey, who was visiting us at the time, acted as his nurse, the attending physician being Dr. Timothy Kitchell of Whippany.

Dr. Kitchell must not be confused with Timothy Kitchell of Hanover Neck, whom I have previously mentioned. His house in Whippany still stands on the south side of the turnpike opposite the Methodist Church, and is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Clara Wilson. Beside it on the west there was formerly a lane leading across the river to the Kitchell homestead farm, which was acquired by the family in Colonial times, but has long since passed into other hands. The doctor made his rounds on horseback, leaving his steed untied to graze along the roadside during his calls, and carrying in his saddlebags a variety of medicines among which were salves which he distilled from flowers that still grow in Mrs. Wilson's garden. His practice was so widely extended that he was often obliged to ride as far as the Orange Mountains, and not infrequently slept in the dwelling of a patient when overtaken by nightfall at a long distance from home.

Dr. Kitchell's visits to our house at this crucial period did not occur more often than two or three times a week, for there was little that he could do to relieve the sufferer. My father had a sinking spell in the course of his last day, and I distinctly remember my hurried ride on horseback to Whippany to summon the physician. Ambrose sat up with the invalid that night, arousing the family when it was evident that the end was near, and supporting my father when he breathed his last, shortly before midnight—a stifling summer's night—on Sunday, July 17, 1864. The funeral was held at the Homestead on the following Tuesday at 2 P.M., and was conducted by Rev. John M. Johnson,* then pastor of the Hanover Presbyterian Church.

My brother William was appointed administrator of my father's estate.

From the numerous passages relating to my father in the

*Mr. Johnson had a son named Findlay, who married into the Pitney family of Morristown. He was accustomed to call at the office in Gold Street from time to time to visit Ambrose Kitchell, with whom he was well acquainted. He eventually left Morristown, and I never knew what became of him.

pages of this volume the reader can form an idea of his character and temperament: of his business sagacity and caution, his scrupulous honesty and his kindly and genial disposition. He was quiet in manner and deliberate in speech. He possessed a keen sense of humor, and though seldom attempting witticisms of his own, fully enjoyed the pleasantries of others. He derived great amusement from a good joke or a funny story, yet his laughter, however hearty, was quiet and repressed, and he seldom, if ever, indulged in boisterous mirth; being in this respect more reserved than any of his children, except, perhaps, myself. My father had black hair,—as had each of his children except Ambrose,—but his locks commenced to whiten at a comparatively early age. As he and my uncles retained most of their hair through life, the baldness of my brothers and myself could not have been inherited from the Elys of a former generation, but rather from Grandfather Kitchell, who, in his declining years, lost his hirsute adornment, with the exception of a narrow fringe at the back and sides of the head. Ambrose, William and Maria had eyes of blue or gray, while those of my father and my brother Smith (like my own) were dark brown.

I should like to mention my father's height, and that of the other members of my family, but I am confronted with the difficulty that, for the purpose of this record, the feet and inches should be stated with precision, yet the practice of exaggeration in this particular is so general that the true figures, standing alone, would be misleading. A person's height is a subject about which strict accuracy is never to be expected; even clergymen are apt to add a few inches when questioned as to their stature (not, it need scarcely be said, with intent to deceive, but through error caused by the misstatements of others); and consequently our correct measurements, if presented without explanation, could not fail to create the impression that my parents and their children were noticeably undersized. To obviate this difficulty I have recourse to the expedient of placing in one column the actual height, and in another what may be called the "conventional" height; that is, the figures which by common acceptance are understood to mean the stature in question.

	Actual Height.	Conventional Height.
Epaphras C. Ely,	5 feet 7 inches	5 feet 11 inches
Julia Ann Ely,	5 feet 4 inches	5 feet 8 inches
Ambrose K. Ely,	5 feet 7 inches	5 feet 11 inches
Smith Ely, Jr.,	5 feet 8 inches	6 feet 0 inches
William H. Ely,	5 feet 11 inches	6 feet 3 inches
Edwin A. Ely,	5 feet 9 inches	6 feet 1 inch
Maria L. Ely,	5 feet 2 inches	5 feet 6 inches

As regards his personal habits, my father was simple in his tastes, and by no means given to luxury or indulgence; refraining from even the innocuous pleasure which tobacco affords. I have been told that he learned to smoke cigars in his early manhood, before my own appearance upon the scene of action, having been advised that a certain digestive disorder which then troubled him could be relieved by the frequent expectoration which smoking would excite. A cure was in fact wrought, but whether accomplished simply by smoking and expectorating, or by the more orthodox means of a course of medicine, it would be difficult to say. Finding, however, after his health was restored, that he had acquired a fondness for the fragrant weed, and being unwilling to yield to the mastery of a bad, or at least a foolish habit, he abruptly ceased its use—his abstinence setting an example which, I regret to say, was not followed by his younger sons. William and I acquired a taste for a good cigar many years ago, but we always smoked in moderation, and I have often refrained for weeks and even months at a time. One day while at Livingston, when commencing my career as a smoker, I ventured to try a pipe, but unfortunately chose tobacco of too strong a variety, which caused so severe a headache that I confined myself thereafter to cigars. My preference has always been for a twenty or twenty-five cent grade, but William, who liked a mild brand, found a cheaper make equally satisfying. Ambrose never used tobacco in any form, though as a boy he resorted to a substitute, smoking pieces of rattan obtained in the store of Uncle Smith Ely, who was a dealer in rattans for many years. My brother Smith, when in conference with his political associates, who ex-

pected him to partake of the customary refreshments, would often accept a cigar in preference to a glass of beer, and make a pretense of smoking it; but it never afforded him the slightest pleasure, and he would discard it at the first opportunity to do so unobserved.

About the time of my parents' decease, our relatives Mr. and Mrs. John North suggested that they be permitted to reside in our Twenty-third Street home during the summer months while our family was absent from the city; and as we had no occasion to occupy the house at that season, we granted their request for two consecutive years,* during which period I boarded with them, being compelled by the ties of busines to spend my summers in town. John North was a dealer in gloves, in partnership with his brother Nelson. His wife, Elizabeth, or "Lib" as we generally called her, was a cousin of my mother's, her father, David Mulford of Hanover Neck, being a brother of Grandmother Kitchell, while her mother, Phebe Mulford, was a member of the Vincent family of Lower Montville, whose old home, if I am not mistaken, is now known as the Van Riper place. I have no recollection of her father, who died about 1865. Her sisters, Sarah Wardwell and Martha Campbell, were on terms of intimate friendship with our immediate family, the latter visiting us so often that she was virtually a member of our household for many years.

Lib had an elder brother who was a lawyer practising in San Francisco, and at the time of the gold fever her younger brother, Lewis, formed a plan to go to California, visit the lawyer, and try his luck in the gold fields. My brother William was very eager to accompany him, but could not obtain my mother's consent; and whether or not Lewis started on his contemplated journey I do not know.

Lib employed as a housemaid a young Irish girl named Ellen Connolly, who had recently come to New York from Salem, Mass. She was a very faithful and efficient girl, and when the Norths moved away on the return of our family from Livingston,

*At a later period we employed for several years a certain Mrs. Tompkins to occupy the house as a caretaker while we were out of town.

we decided to take her into our service. She entered our employ soon after my father's death, as is proven by her recollection that Maria was in mourning at the time, and remained with us for several years. After my sister married and commenced housekeping, Ellen became her cook, and held the position until 1916, when she resigned, owing to the infirmities of age, and lived thereafter with relatives in Jersey City; having completed fifty-two years of faithful service in the same family. She had a younger sister named Bridget, whose acquaintance I made when she called on Ellen in Twenty-third Street from time to time. Bridget was also an attractive and intelligent girl, and although she was a seamstress by occupation, Maria employed her for a few years as chambermaid and waitress.

The year 1864, which was saddened by bereavement, was brightened by the marriage of my brother William to Maria Josephine, daughter of Abel H., and Caroline Rogers. Mr. Rogers, a native of the Province of New Brunswick, who espoused a sister of Uncle Doctor Gaines, was engaged in business in New York as a manufacturer of blocks and pulleys for sailing vessels. His family, consisting of one son and five daughters, used to visit relatives in Montville and Boonton every summer, and we made their acquaintance there. When we lived in Seventh Street, their home was No. 20 Sixth Street, between Second and Third Avenues, and, like ourselves, they attended the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church; but they afterward moved uptown, and resided at 176 East Fiftieth Street for several years. William's engagement to Josephine, which covered a considerable period, was not encouraged by his parents, for they did not favor his marriage, naturally dreading the first break in the home circle; but they withdrew all opposition when they realized that their end was near.

William and Josephine were united in matrimony by Rev. Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield on August 30, 1864. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride in Fiftieth Street, and, owing to our recent bereavement, was very quiet and simple, none being present but the members of the two families. After their wedding trip the young couple took up their residence at our

WILLIAM H. ELY

JOSEPHINE ROGERS ELY
AND DAUGHTER JULIA.

house in Twenty-third Street, where the two front rooms on the second story were set apart for their use.

Two children were born of this marriage: Julia, her grandmother's namesake, and Alice, whose baptismal appellation was suggested by me. The selection of a name for the latter was a matter of great perplexity, for none occurred to her parents, or was proposed by their friends, which was wholly satisfactory. One of the participants in the discussion of the subject was Uncle John, who wished the baby to be christened "Amanda," in memory of the lady to whom he had been engaged in his earlier years, and he was much disappointed when his request was denied. At length I thought of "Alice," reminiscent of Lady Alice Fenwick, wife of Colonel George Fenwick, one of the organizers of the Saybrook Colony in Connecticut, whose sister married Richard Ely, the founder of our family in America. William and Josephine were deeply interested in the romantic story of Lady Alice as related by me, and the name being a pleasing one, they decided to accept my suggestion.

At the time of the draft riots in the Civil War, the Rogers family felt that they were in considerable danger, for East Fiftieth Street was in a Republican district toward which the fury of the mob was likely to be directed. As the metropolitan police force was completely demoralized by the disorder, a number of gentlemen residing in the neighborhood formed themselves into a sort of vigilance committee to patrol the streets, particularly at night. They were heavily armed, and could communicate in the hours of darkness by means of pistol shots, having agreed upon a code of signals. The riots occurred during William's courtship, and he, together with the young men who were paying attention to Josephine's sisters, remained in the Rogers house until a late

hour each evening, and possibly all night; prepared to assist Mr. Rogers and his son if the dwelling should be attacked. I remember that William's part in this business was a source of much anxiety to his parents.

Many autobiographers who lived in New York during the Rebellion have increased the interest of their pages by recounting their experiences in the draft riots; but I am sorry to say that to their descriptions of that exciting chain of events I am unable to add any impressions of my own, for when the outbreak occurred I was enjoying a short vacation at Livingston, and knew nothing of it until I read the metropolitan newspapers next day. At that time of slow communication the papers did not arrive until the morning was so far spent that I could not conveniently go to New York to ascertain how matters stood, and accordingly postponed the trip until the day following. By that time order had been restored in the section I had occasion to visit, and as everything appeared as usual, I concluded that the tumult had been suppressed; but in this respect I was in error, for, as I afterward learned, the scene of the disturbances had merely shifted to other parts of town, where rioting still continued in greater or less degree.

Our occupancy of the house in Twenty-third Street covered a period of about thirty-three years, and came to an end in 1892, when the neighborhood, having assumed a commercial character, ceased to be a desirable place of residence. In 1891 Ambrose embraced the opportunity to purchase from a family named Hazard a four-story brownstone dwelling, No. 47 West Fifty-seventh Street, and spent several months in altering it for our use; the principal improvements being the addition of two extra floors to the two-story extension at the rear, and the installation of a new system of plumbing throughout the house. Our former home, 132 East Twenty-third Street, was sold after our departure to David Lindenborn for $20,000, and was thereupon remodelled for business purposes.

CHAPTER XXIV

The wind blows fair! the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
Oh, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And longed with breaking heart to flee
On cloud-like pinions o'er the sea!

WILLIS.

IN the autumn of 1868 our household was thrown into a state of mild excitement by the marriage of my sister Maria Louise to George B. Vanderpoel, son of Jacob Vanderpoel, of No. 607 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Vanderpoel senior was a mahogany dealer and real estate operator, whose place of business was No. 26 Cherry Street, and as he had frequent occasion to pass Ambrose's store on his way to or from his office we regarded him as one of our neighbors. He and his wife were accustomed to spend part of each summer at Saratoga Springs, and they made Maria's acquaintance when she was visiting that resort in company with her brother Smith. They met her in the Grand Union Hotel, which Smith preferred to any other in the town since it was the annual rendezvous of the Democratic politicians; while Mr. Vanderpoel patronized it because of his acquaintance with its proprietors, the Leland brothers, who also kept the Sturtevant House at Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, New York, and, I believe, the leading hotel in Albany, as well as one in Washington, D. C. Mr. Vanderpoel used to call occasionally at our residence in Twenty-third Street, being a friend of Smith, and on January 1, 1867, when he paid us a New Year call accompanied by his son, Maria met George for the first time.

George was then a student in Dartmouth, which his parents

preferred to any other college because of their acquaintance with its president, Dr. Asa D. Smith, and he graduated in June, 1868. He and Maria were united in matrimony at noon on Wednesday, the 14th of the following October, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, by our pastor, Rev. Dr. William Adams, and they immediately started on a wedding trip to Europe, accompanied by Smith and myself. Some of the principal features of the marriage ceremony were a departure from the prevailing mode; the hour itself was rather unusual, for daytime weddings were less frequent at that period than at present, and instead of the conventional bridal gown, Maria wore a green traveling dress of Irish poplin, for she and George planned to board the ship without delay, and she would have lacked time to change her costume. She had no bridesmaids, but in the absence of the customary attendants, her four brothers and her sister-in-law stood up with the bridal couple. The church was well filled with admiring relatives and friends, and Uncle Martin Thompson, who occupied a seat in the gallery, pronounced it the prettiest wedding he had ever seen. Ambrose, who, after the death of his parents, filled a father's place in relation to Maria, gave the bride away. He was troubled at the time with a painful boil on his cheek, and his effort to conceal the disfigurement by holding his handkerchief to his face throughout the ceremony led many of the guests to think that he was overcome with grief at the thought of losing his sister. To add to his embarrassment, his carriage, in which he had left his hat when about to enter the church, was taken through error by the bride and groom when starting for the pier after the ceremony, and he was obliged to follow them in another vehicle without his accustomed headgear.

A transatlantic journey at that period was generally regarded as a great undertaking, and it excited more interest and comment on the part of the voyager's acquaintances than the circumnavigation of the globe would arouse today; for the number of travelers who ventured to cross the ocean was very small, and the longer time required for the passage made the distance to Europe seem far greater than it now appears. Our party, consisting of George and Maria, Smith and myself, sailed on October 14th by

JACOB VANDERPOEL

HOME OF JACOB VANDERPOEL, 607 5TH AVENUE

BUILDING SHADED TO DISTINGUISH IT.

PHOTOGRAPHED 1908 DEMOLISHED 1924

the steamship *Java* of the Cunard Line, reached Queenstown on the 23rd, and spent several months in touring the British Isles and the Continent; generally traveling together, although Smith and I sometimes left the others for a few days or even weeks, to visit places in which they were less keenly interested. In order to explore the country, and study the manners and customs of the inhabitants to the best advantage, we did not confine ourselves to the beaten paths of travel, but visited many places of interest which were remote, notwithstanding such deviations often involved much discomfort and inconvenience. For example, at Listowel in County Kerry, Ireland, where we arrived on a market day when the hotel was crowded, Smith and I could obtain no accommodations other than a small room containing a single bed, which my brother felt that his age and dignity entitled him to occupy, while I slept upon the floor. Europe could be visited much more satisfactorily in those days than at present, for travelers were few, and they received a warmer welcome and more courteous attention in the hotels and public buildings; while places and objects of interest could be inspected with a thoroughness, deliberation and enjoyment which are nowadays precluded by the great crowds of tourists encountered on every hand.

Although I had long cherished the hope of enjoying a trip to Europe and an opportunity to visit places made famous by many of the leading events of history, my principal object in crossing the Atlantic at that time was to try the water cure in some reliable sanitarium as a possible means of relief from the rheumatic condition resulting from my arduous labor in Ambrose's store. My information respecting foreign watering places was very meager, but I had heard of Spa, in southern Belgium, and supposed that resort to be the best for my purpose; thinking that, as our word "spa" is derived from the name of this city, its hydropathic establishment was doubtless the oldest, most celebrated and most effective in Europe. I accordingly repaired thither from Paris, accompanied by Smith, after devoting several months to sightseeing. Spa, however, proved quite disappointing; it impressed me as a health resort which might have been a success at some earlier period of its history, but which, at the time of my visit, was decidedly

passé. The town appeared cheerless and unattractive, the air at that season of the year (early in May) was raw and penetrating, and the inclement weather which then prevailed gave the place an aspect which was gloomy and dismal in the extreme. We remaioed there over Sunday, and then, realizing that a prolonged stay amid such unpropitious surroundings would have a most dispiriting effect upon the mind, by no means conducive to physical improvement, I abandoned all thought of the water cure, and returned with my brother to Paris feeling greatly disheartened and depressed.

We encountered in Paris one of Smith's political friends in the person of John Kelly, then sheriff of New York County, who held several public offices from time to time, and eventually succeeded William M. Tweed as the Democratic "boss" of New York. Mr. Kelly had come to Europe for his health, having been referred by his physician to a specialist in Paris, for he was afflicted with various ailments, the disorder of which he chiefly complained being insomnia. His son had died in the preceding autumn after a lingering illness, and his prolonged vigils at the sufferer's bedside had robbed him of the faculty of sleep. He was accompanied by his two daughters, and by an attendant named John Regan, who himself appeared far from well, and was staying at a hotel which faced the Opera House in the rear of the Grand Hotel where we lodged. (I have always patronized the Grand in preference to any other when visiting the French capital.) Mr. Kelly had been advised by the Parisian specialist to try the water cure in the sanitarium of Dr. Vidart at Divonne, and on learning from Smith of my recent disappointment, he suggested that I go there with him, in the hope that Vidart's establishment might prove more inviting and promising than the one I had seen at Spa. His suggestion impressed me favorably, and soon after his departure from Paris, Smith and I followed his party to the south of France.

Divonne is in the Department of Ain, close to the Swiss border, about three miles from Lake Geneva, and ten from the city of that name. In those days it was a tiny hamlet, containing only one store that I remember, and a mere handful of houses—a place of so little consequence that it was shown on few maps, and

was usually spoken of, to identify its location, as near the larger village of Gex; the railroad station being at Coppet, on Lake Geneva, some four miles away. It is pleasantly and picturesquely situated upon high ground which slopes gradually down to the lake, and is about a mile from the foot of the Jura Alps, which form a lofty barrier completely obstructing the northward view. These mountains are very precipitous, and the road which I was told surmounted them must have followed an oblique and serpentine course in making the ascent. The only prominent dwelling in the place, which was called "the Chateau," was the home of the Compte de Divonne, who, some years afterward, was attached to the French legation in Washington. The temporary absence of the count, who had gone to Paris, permitted me to enter and thoroughly inspect his residence, which, though comparatively large, was very plain and unpretentious, and no more elaborate in its interior appointments than the country homes of many wealthy Americans.

The village, if I may call it such, was bordered by a small stream the width of which was hardly greater than double the distance that a man could jump, and this brook not only marked the limits of the hamlet, but formed the boundary between France and Switzerland. It was spanned by a wooden bridge, at one end of which the French government maintained a guard house and sentinel, though I recall no similar precaution by the Swiss government at the other. The surrounding fields were not enclosed with fences, and the winding road, covered with a white, chalky dust, could be traced with the eye for a long distance.

Nothing could surpass the beauty of the view from Dr. Vidart's windows, of Lake Geneva and the mountains beyond. When the weather was favorable it was possible to discern the range of which Mount Blanc is part, fifty miles away, the snowy peaks resembling loaf sugar; but the exceptional condition of the atmosphere which permitted this distant prospect occurred only at intervals of perhaps a fortnight, for at other times, although the air seemed quite as clear, those mountains were not visible.

Dr. Vidart's hydropathic establishment was a small and poorly

equipped institution, which could not be compared with a modern sanitarium. I secured a comfortable room, however, and could find no fault with the table; the food, though plain, being wholesome and abundant. The patients were furnished with a mild but very good wine called "Mercury," resembling claret, which was purchased in casks as we buy cider, and supplied to them at thirty cents a bottle; and to relieve the tedium of their existence in so uninteresting a place, concerts were occasionally given in an attractive sun parlor which the doctor had constructed in a neighboring building.

Dr. Vidart was a courteous and intelligent man, possessing a fluent command of English, but after our conversation on the day of my arrival, when I bargained for a course of treatment, I had little opportunity to talk with him, beyond exchanging a few commonplace remarks when we met in the parlors or corridors. During the conference I mentioned the recent death, from tuberculosis, of Mr. Kelly's son, whereupon the doctor observed that the Kelly girls were suffering from the same disease, and could not live more than two years—a prediction which I think was verified, although I could scarcely credit his assertion, for the health of the ladies appeared to a layman like myself to be perfectly normal.

One of the patients was a young man of twenty-five or thirty years named Haughwout, the son of Eder V. Haughwout, a dealer in bric-a-brac and *objects d'art,* of 490 Broadway, New York, who lived on Woodland Road in Madison, N. J., and there may have been one or two other Americans among the invalids; but the great majority were French, and had it not been for the society of Mr. Kelly and his daughters, I would have felt decidedly lonesome after my brother went away. The water was absolutely pure and extremely cold, but it possessed no medicinal properties, and I am inclined to think that the remedial effect of the treatment was derived almost entirely from the skilful and scientific massage which always followed the baths.

The course prescribed by Dr. Vidart was heroic, but undoubtedly beneficial for those of sufficient stamina to endure the incidental strain. At five o'clock in the morning of my

first day, an attendant entered my room carrying a sheet and a pail of water, and, wringing out the sheet in the ice-cold fluid, he wrapped me in it from head to foot, and enveloped me in a couple of blankets, which, in the course of an hour, induced a profuse perspiration. I was considerably alarmed by this proceeding, for I feared that the application of the wet sheet would inevitably cause pneumonia, but to my surprise and great relief, it was followed by no ill effects. Further treatment was administered in the bath house (a separate building), which was very lacking in equipment, being totally devoid of the mechanical appliances for bathing that modern science has supplied. In lieu of shower baths, needle baths, &c., the attendants merely threw bucketfuls of water at and over the patient; while in the more advanced stages of the course, the victim was hurled bodily into a tank of ice-cold water several times a day.

Smith left me on the 24th of May to continue his travels through southern Europe, promising to return in the course of three weeks; and he again departed from Divonne on the 16th of June for a trip through Sweden and Russia. In Petrograd he happened to meet Fernando Wood, one of his political associates, who had been mayor of New York and a member of Congress, and also encountered the Russian ambassador to the United States, whose acquaintance he had made in Washington, and the three traveled together as far as Moscow. In one or the other of those cities Smith and Mr. Wood visited the menagerie, and had there a very unpleasant experience which might have resulted in serious injury. The keeper, strange to say, was intoxicated, and when showing his visitors the ferocious wolves for which Russia is famous, he declared that for a certain number of kopecs he would release the animals from their cage, which he then proceeded to do, without awaiting the production of the desired gratuity. Smith and Mr. Wood, finding that their shouts of protest were absolutely ignored, earnestly besought their interpreter to tell the keeper that they would give him a larger number of kopecs to keep the wolves confined; and although some difficulty was experienced in making their wishes comprehensible to the fuddled custodian, the cage was closed again before any of the

beasts escaped. One, however, had thrust his head through the aperture, and would doubtless have been free had the door remained open but a few moments longer.

After a sojourn of about six weeks, I left Divonne for a brief period of travel, thinking that a short respite from Dr. Vidart's strenuous treatment, as well as a welcome change of scene, would benefit both mind and body. I joined my sister and brother-in-law at Lucerne on the 3rd of July, and spent nearly three weeks in traveling with them through Switzerland, following an itinerary which I had previously mapped out. I returned to Dr. Vidart on the 21st, and completed my course of treatment, although to do so I was obliged to remain abroad after the rest of the party had returned home. They sailed for New York on August 12th, while I followed them about a month later.

I took final leave of Divonne on August 26th, Mr. Kelly (who was obliged to remain longer under the care of Dr. Vidart) accompanying me to the station, and evidently regarding my departure with a regret which was not unnatural in view of the excessive dullness of the place, and the lack of interesting companions among the patients. I could not see that he had derived much benefit from the waters, but he afterward recovered, and lived for many years, although he finally died of the complaint which then afflicted him. I devoted several days to a trip through Switzerland and southern Germany, which I briefly outlined in the following letter to Maria, who was then in New York:

Hotel des Quatre Saisons,
Munich, Sep. 3rd, 1869.

DEAR SISTER:

I have not much time to write, but take this opportunity to say that I am here, and as well as the miserable weather will permit. I left Divonne Aug. 26th, went to Geneva, same day to Bern, next morning examined the objects of interest critically in two hours, and left for Interlaken; reached there about 1½ o'clock, and walked to Lauterbrunnen, and spent the night. Next day took a ride over the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald, stopped all night, and in the morning walked to Interlaken. Next day, diligence to Lucerne, boat to Weggis, and horse to Rigi-Kulm. After I reached there it commenced to rain, and continued all night, but held up in the morning so that I rode down without being rained on. Next day expected to go to Schaffhausen and Constance, but in consequence of the rain, continued to this place, which I find to be a pleasant city, clean and quiet, but not equal to Dresden. There is not any great painting in the gallery; none that I shall recollect over a week. In fact I am disappointed, having seen better

work of all the artists. I expected to have stopped here about four days, but do not think it necessary. The place is like most others that we read of in guide-books.

I expect to leave to-day for Nuremberg and Baden-Baden, Strassburg and Paris. I sail Sep. 25th in Steamer China from Liverpool, having engaged passage through Brown, Shipley & Co. before I left Divonne. Mr. Kelly returned to the Water Cure about the same as when he went to the Rigi. He took no treatment while there.

Do not write any more after receiving this. I have not received any news from home since I saw you. Remember me to George.

Yours affectionately,

EDWIN A. ELY.

The Cunard Steamship *China,* in which I sailed from Liverpool on September 25th, was similar to the *Java,* both vessels having a tonnage of about 5,000, and both, if I remember correctly, being of the paddlewheel type. They were afterward transferred to the Mediterranean line of the same company. The upper deck was open and unprotected, and I recall placing my chair directly behind the single funnel in an effort to find shelter from the wind.

At the time of my departure from Divonne I was under the impression that I had derived no advantage whatever from the waters, and I felt grievously disappointed; but as time went on I perceived an increase of bodily vigor, and after the lapse of about a year I became convinced that Dr. Vidart's treatment was of substantial benefit. True, it failed to cure my rheumatism, which was the only ailment from which I sought relief, but it produced a noticeable improvement of my general condition—a marked stimulation of appetite and a consequent gain in strength. Since then the health I have enjoyed has been exceptional: the scarlet fever from which I suffered at the age of eleven was my last serious illness, and for seventy-eight years I have not been confined to bed by indisposition for a single day. It would be too much, perhaps, to ascribe this remarkable record solely to the effect of the waters, but there can be no doubt that the hydropathy of Dr. Vidart wrought an increase of stamina, enabling my system to resist disease, which has been an especial blessing with the approach of the period of life when the debilities of age are to be expected.

At this point in my narrative it will be advisable to describe

my subsequent trips to Europe, although to do so will necessitate a departure from the chronological order of the events I am attempting to record. During the seventies I again crossed the ocean, this time by the Cunard liner *Gallia,* but was unfortunately taken ill with an intestinal disorder soon after leaving the ship—on the way from Liverpool to London. At my hotel in the latter city I could not obtain food prepared in the manner I desired, despite the distribution of liberal gratuities, and the medicines prescribed by the house physician seemed of no avail. I afterward learned that this individual held his position simply because he was a stockholder of the hotel company, and that his practice was confined to the employees. Knowing that Daniel Wickham, father of Mayor William H. Wickham, a New York jeweler and a friend of my brother Smith, was then in London, where he had a branch store or purchasing office in High Holborn, I obtained his address from the city directory, introduced myself to him, and asked him to recommend a reliable doctor, which he kindly did. His physician soon effected a cure, but the feeling of desolation I experienced when sick and friendless in a foreign country, three thousand miles from home, completely destroyed my interest in the trip; and, yielding to a sudden impulse, I returned by the *Gallia* on her very next voyage; my absence from New York not exceeding a month.

In the spring of 1882 I accompanied Smith to Europe, crossing again by the *Gallia,* which was much larger than the *Java* and *China,* having a tonnage of ten or twelve thousand. She was considered when launched the last word in the art of shipbuilding, and was still, with perhaps one exception, the best vessel in the Cunard fleet. On the outward voyage an incident occurred which afforded us much amusement, I being the innocent cause of considerable disquietude on the part of our fellow-travelers. As it was early in the season, the first cabin passengers were few, and they were accordingly quite sociable, total strangers soon becoming well acquainted. I suffered to some extent from seasickness, and being for this reason disinclined to conversation, I avoided their company; making it a practice, when they were grouped on the sunny and sheltered side of the vessel, to place

my deck-chair, or take my promenades on the windward side, where the deck was practically deserted. An ocean voyage is so monotonous that any incident, however trivial, is eagerly seized upon for speculation and comment, and my desire for seclusion was soon noticed and discussed. My conduct, which at first occasioned mere surprise and curiosity, soon aroused suspicion; some of the passengers conceiving the notion that I was a Fenian head-centre, who was crossing the ocean for the purpose of attempting, by some act of violence, to weaken the British government in Ireland, while a few of the more imaginative feared that I was bent upon the destruction of the ship itself. The ladies became alarmed by my ominous reserve, but at length they were somewhat reassured by one of the gentlemen, who told them that when in the smoking room each evening, although I spoke to no one, I had been observed to laugh heartily at the jokes cracked by the *habitués* of the apartment; and he argued that my evident sense of humor and care-free spirit were incompatible with the idea of crime. One of our fellow-voyagers was William H. H. Moore, a Wall Street banker and an old friend of Smith, who asked the latter one day if he was traveling alone. "No," was the reply, "my brother is with me." "Your brother?" repeated Mr. Moore. "I am not acquainted with him, and I can not seem to identify him among the passengers." Smith described my personal appearance, whereupon Mr. Moore exclaimed, "Why, that's the mysterious man!" and told him of the suspicion and apprehension which my strange behavior had aroused.

While in England in the course of this tour, Smith and I endeavored to gather information, further than that already possessed, respecting the early history of our family; this being a subject in which we both were deeply interested. We visited the village of Wonston, six miles north of Winchester, whence our forefathers are thought to have come, obtained permission to make an examination of the ancient records of the parish, and succeeded in tracing the family back to a certain Christopher Ely who was mentioned in 1582; but the search involved more labor than we anticipated, and we were unable, in the limited time at our disposal, to unearth new facts, or to establish the connection, if any,

between the Elys of Wonston and those of Plymouth, from which city our ancestors emigrated to America in the reign of Charles the Second.

Smith went to Europe alone in the autumn of 1888, sailing October 27th by the Cunarder *Etruria,* for an extended trip which carried him to such distant and widely separated points as Tangier and Constantinople. I was rather surprised that he was willing to again submit to the discomfort of an ocean voyage, for he was always a great sufferer from seasickness, which affected his head in a manner more destressing and persistent than the usual nausea. In one of his letters he told us, with a quiet humor which often distinguished him, that on arriving at the hotel in Liverpool, he seated himself upon the bed, and ate a stale New Year cake bought some time before in Chellberg's bakery at the corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-third Street (which store was regularly patronized by our family), and that it was the first food he had eaten with relish in many days. During the following summer (1889), Maria and her family, accompanied by William's daughter Alice, crossed the Atlantic, leaving New York by the Cunard steamer *Aurania* on June 1st, met Smith in Paris, and journeyed with him through Germany and Switzerland. In August I went over by the *Etruria,* joined the party in London, traveled with them to Scotland, and returned with them by the *Aurania,* which sailed from Liverpool on September 7th.

My last European journey was taken in the summer of 1890, for the sole purpose of trying the sulphur baths at Aix-la-Chapelle to relieve the rheumatism which had troubled me so long. I engaged passage on the *Etruria,* sailing from New York July 5th; and as the departure was scheduled for a very early hour, I left my sister's home in Chatham, N. J., where I was visiting, on the previous evening, and spent the night on the ship as it lay at the pier. Aix-la-Chapelle, which I reached on July 15th, is a place of the greatest interest to the tourist and the historian, but my impression of the bathing establishment was not favorable, and I never repeated my visit. Aside from a slightly higher percentage of salt, the water is much the same as at Richfield Springs, N. Y., with which I was already familiar,

EDWIN A. ELY
1890

but the accommodations at the baths were more unsatisfactory in all respects, and the service far inferior. At Richfield I could almost always take the treatment at the time which best suited my convenience, while at Aix the bathers were so numerous that I had to submit to undesirable hours and to hasty and indifferent attention. Leaving Aix-la-Chapelle on July 28th, I next visited Paris, where I remained until August 1st, and then went to London; returning to America by the Cunarder *Umbria,* which left Liverpool on the 16th of August, and reached New York on the 23rd. I purposely arranged to spend but little time in England, for I feared that the cold, damp climate would have a tendency to aggravate my rheumatism, and to counteract the benefit derived from the baths at Aix. I was told by an Englishman whose acquaintance I made in London that when a resident of the British Isles contracts this disease, he has little hope of relief without emigrating to the colonies or some foreign country where a drier atmosphere prevails.

The most pleasing feature of this my last trip to Europe was a visit to Boscobel House, near Wolverhampton, in England—the scene of the romantic escape of King Charles the Second after his defeat at Worcester. My interest in this adventure of the Merry Monarch was aroused by William Harrison Ainsworth's popular novel "Boscobel," and was increased by a subsequent perusal of various authentic histories which describe the occurrence with more regard for accuracy and detail; having purchased three or four standard works on the subject, the earliest of which was printed about 1660. Boscobel House, at the time of my journey, was seldom visited by American tourists, and, indeed, I never conversed with any who even knew of its existence. Those with whom I discussed the matter were familiar with the story of the Royal Oak, but were uninformed respecting its exact location. It afforded me great satisfaction to see the oak (not the veritable tree in which his Majesty hid, but one subsequently grown from an acorn on the same spot), and to examine the ingeniously contrived hiding-places in the neighboring mansion. When in London I made a point of finding the grave of Richard Pendrill, whose family occupied the Boscobel estate in the days of Charles the

Second, he being the member of the household who was most active in aiding the king's escape.

I now retrace my steps, chronologically, to 1869, when I returned from my first European tour. Finding that the waters of Divonne had failed to cure my rheumatism, I wrote to Ambrose while abroad that I wished to resign my clerkship in his office, and devote myself exclusively to the recuperation of my health. I had no hesitancy in leaving his employ, for I knew that the handling of leather in his store could well be done by William with the aid of the porter, and that my services were not indispensable.

In accordance with the plans I had formed for the benefit of my health, I dismissed all thought of business on returning to America, and arranged to spend the entire summer of each year (June to September) at the Homestead Farm in Livingston. Realizing the importance of remaining as long as possible in the open air, I devoted certain hours each day to light work upon the farm,—a form of exercise which is very healthful and invigorating if not carried to excess,—and adopted carriage-driving as a means of relaxation. I discovered, however, that I lacked the strength and vitality which arduous farm labor requires, for on one occasion when Uncle John was bringing in the hay, and requested me to assist the hired men in the loft of the red barn, I was almost overcome by the heat, and was obliged to confine myself thereafter to work which involved less exertion. I busied myself one season in clearing our woods on the Riker Hill of undergrowth and dead trees, with which undertaking I was occupied for several weeks; my little niece Alice assisting and encouraging me by occasionally carrying refreshments from the house to the place where I was working. As a result of my efforts, our wood was rendered much more attractive, and I employed Lewis Rathbun, a carpenter of Hillside Avenue, to erect a summer-house in it when my self-appointed task was done; the site selected for the structure being a commanding elevation on the Riker, from which a pleasing view of the residence, the barns and a large part of the farm could be obtained.

About that time I purchased a handsome black horse of Frazee Snedeker, a dealer of Florham Park,* had a buggy made by Williams & Condit, the well-known carriage-builders of East Orange, and spent much time in driving about the country. My father had a large map of Morris County published in 1853, by J. B. Shields of Morristown, from surveys of Lightfoot and Geil, which was probably bought at the time of its publication, and as it showed all the roads of the county, I found it of great assistance in planning my excursions. Concluding, about two years later, that horseback riding would be more invigorating, I resold the horse to Snedeker (who was willing to give me the full price I had paid, since the animal had improved on my hands, and had even developed speed), gave the buggy to my cousin George Beach, and bought a gray saddle-horse, which I rode whenever the weather permitted. I had previously received instruction in horsemanship in the academy of Charles W. Dickel, on the second floor of the building which then occupied the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street;** but I never considered myself a finished rider, for I had no taste nor aptitude for equestrianism, and rode for exercise rather than enjoyment. My longest excursion from Livingston was to Little Falls and Paterson, which I made an all-day trip, lunching at a restaurant. I eventually sold this horse to Carnot Meeker of Florham Park, and within a couple of months thereafter I heard that the animal had developed blind staggers. He never showed the slightest trace of this disease while in my possession, and I considered myself lucky that he had not been seized with it when I was mounted upon his back.

The mention of Paterson reminds me of an agricultural fair held in that city about the time referred to, which I attended in company with my friend Smith Lewis, who exhibited a trotting

*At a later date Snedeker removed to Newark, where he conducted a sale and exchange stable in Vroom Alley, in partnership with his son Augustus. His home in Florham Park, situated on the west side of Hanover Avenue not far from the corner of Brooklake Road, is now the property of Andrew Niven.

**In earlier days a riding school was maintained among the various attractions of Vauxhall Garden—a popular pleasure resort between Fourth Avenue and Lafayette Place which existed for approximately a hundred years. Facing the avenue was a large building which contained the school on the second floor, and the garden was laid out at the rear.

horse named "Granite," raised by him from a colt. The fair-ground lay to the north of Paterson in what was then open country, but it was on the south side of the river, and I presume is now within the city limits. Lewis lived at that time with his parents in Florham Park, on the farm now owned by Lloyd Smith, but he became a resident of Madison after his marriage. He conveyed me to Paterson in his wagon with a party of friends, and I remained at the fair until he was ready to return —probably about two days. The tavern being crowded, I slept on the hay in the stable near the race-track; and in the early mornings I could see some of the exhibitors exercising their horses on the track before any other spectators were stirring. On our return I rode "Granite" as far as Livingston, and Lewis led him behind the wagon from that point homeward.

Having been advised to try electric baths for my rheumatism, I commenced this treatment in Dr. Elihu Miller's sanitarium, No. 13 Laight Street, New York, two or three years after my return from Divonne, and finding it beneficial, continued it with but few interruptions until 1922; becoming one of the oldest patrons of the establishment. Dr. Miller's busines was removed in the early seventies to a more suitable building in Twenty-sixth Street adjoining Dickel's riding academy, and about 1910 to an old mansion in Twenty-ninth, near the Church of the Transfiguration, popularly known as "The Little Church Around the Corner," where it still remains. Miller himself has long been dead, but his name is retained.

I have always had a fondness for the study of history, and during the summers spent in Livingston I decided, as a further means of recreation and enjoyment, to set aside part of my time for historical research; taking for my subject the boundary lines of the plantations of the first settlers of northern New Jersey, as indicated by the original surveys—this being a field which students of local history had never fully explored. I made voluminous extracts of the archives in the office of the Secretary of State, and obtained corroborating material from the early records of the counties of Morris and Essex, but my chief source of information was the chronicles of the Boards of Proprietors of East and

West Jersey. While driving about the country, I gathered additional data by visiting the aged residents of the region, and questioning them as to any facts which had come down to them from their ancestors concerning the ancient lines, corner monuments, or other landmarks of their respective farms. The old people always seemed interested in discussing these matters, and although most of those I approached were strangers to me, I was never treated with discourtesy or even coolness.

In those days the records of the East and West Jersey Proprietors were very jealously guarded, and their examination by the general public was not allowed. At a later date the lawyers secured the passage of a statute which compelled the two Boards to permit general access to their archives at certain times each week, the basis of such legislation being the claim that the ownership of these records is vested in the State as well as in the proprietary bodies; but during the period of which I write, being previous to the enactment of that law, the public was denied the privilege. I accordingly asked my brother Smith, who was then in Congress, if he could obtain for me admission to the West Jersey record office through his acquaintance with some influential Congressman from that State, and he succeeded in so doing by the kindness of Hon. Clement H. Sinnickson of Salem, who represented what was then the First New Jersey District. He and his wife were lifelong friends of Smith. Armed with his letter of introduction to the registrar of the West Jersey Board, I went to Burlington (the ancient capital of the western province), and remained there two or three days, copying from the old and dusty tomes a large number of entries relating to the settlement of the present county of Morris.

The East Jersey records were somewhat easier of access than those of West Jersey, and a letter of recommendation was not required. On making my request of the registrar, John Lawrence Boggs, who was an official of the United States Custom House in New York, I was told that I could obtain the key of the record office at Perth Amboy by application to the keeper of a neighboring hotel in that town. In the course of five or six weeks I went to Perth Amboy fifteen or twenty times, and searched the books for

items of local interest with great success; but the registrar apparently understood that the privilege was to be confined to a single occasion, and when he casually learned from the hotel-keeper that I had repeatedly applied for the key, he prohibited further visits, saying that it was not the policy of the Board to allow unlimited access to the records. Fortunately I had become so expert in examining the libers for local data, and was able to work so rapidly, that I had practically completed my researches at Perth Amboy before this objection was made.

The information obtained from these various sources enabled me to map the first plantations in the territory extending from Hobart Hill, east of Chatham, to Morris Plains, and reaching northward to include Livingston, Hanover, Hanover Neck and Whippany,* and the plotting and fitting together of the early surveys I found a very enjoyable and even fascinating pastime. The collecting and classifying of this material occupied my leisure hours for perhaps ten or twelve years. At one time I seriously contemplated publishing the result of my work, for my researches covered a subject which had escaped the historian's pen, and I felt sure that much of the data I had unearthed, which had never appeared collectively in print, would throw new light upon the settlement of the district now known as Morris County and the region surrounding it; but after mature consideration I abandoned the project, reflecting that any attempt to properly round out the work by tracing the sub-divisions of the original farms, and the successive ownership of each, through the Colonial period, and to so prepare this material as to present it in an attractive and readable form, would involve more labor than I cared to undertake; and doubting, after all, if a volume which dealt solely with that phase of New Jersey history would meet with any popular demand.

On the approach of our centennial year (1876), the newspapers allotted much space in their columns to descriptions of the manner in which it was proposed to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth, and they published in this connection

*The first proprietary survey west of the Orange Mountains which I found in the course of these researches covered land near the Passaic River in Horseneck, west of Two Bridges.

many interesting articles describing noteworthy events of the Revolutionary War. These features of the daily press, as well as the historical research with which I was occupied, turned my thoughts to the collecting of rare books of historical character, particularly such as referred to New Jersey, in which State I was interested because it had so long been the home of the Ely family; and I accordingly purchased, as opportunity offered, rare books, maps, pamphlets and manuscripts of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, being one of the earliest collectors of "Jerseyana." There was some competition among antiquarians, even at that time, for articles of the kind which had reference to New York, but there was little demand for those relating to New Jersey, with the exception of about five volumes printed in Edinburgh prior to 1700, which were scarce when my attention was first directed to the subject. My chief competitors in those days were Edmund D. Halsey of Rockaway, and Samuel H. Hunt, of Sussex County, whom I used to see at the book-auctions of Bangs & Company; but they were both conservative, and seldom bought at prices which were then considered high. I, too, was obliged to proceed with deliberation, since my funds were limited, but I nevertheless succeeded, during the ensuing years, in building up a historical library which at present could hardly be duplicated. Not long ago I presented a large part of my collection to the New Jersey Historical Society, of which organization I became a life member in 1875, and, in point of seniority, am now the seventh on the roll. I am also affiliated with the New York Historical Society, but my connection with the latter is much more recent, dating from 1908.

CHAPTER XXV

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

MOORE.

AFTER their return from Europe in 1869, my sister and brother-in-law, Maria and George Vanderpoel, established themselves in our house, No. 132 East Twenty-third Street, and lived with us for several years; using as their sitting-room the second floor back, which had been my parents' bedchamber, and sleeping in the middle room adjoining it, which Maria had occupied from the time when the building became our residence. For a few years they spent the summers in Madison, N. J.; residing at first in the boarding-house of Lewis T. Janes, on Madison Avenue, nearly opposite the main entrance of Drew Theological Seminary, and later hiring the cottage of Professor James H. Worman of the Drew faculty, whose property adjoined the Janes place on the north. Mr. Janes was a son of Bishop Edmund S. Janes of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His house in after years became the home of the late Stephen H. Paulmier, and is still owned by the latter's family, while the Worman cottage is now the residence of Herbert K. Saxe.

Drew Seminary, the leading theological school of the Methodist Episcopal Church, occupies a tract of about one hundred acres which, in the early days of the last century, formed the nucleus of the estate of the Gibbons family, then the wealthiest and most prominent residents of that region. The estate as a whole included some two hundred and thirty acres, made up of a number of

plots representing different purchases; and in the course of my examination of the early farm lines of Morris County, I had occasion to draw a map of this property, showing all its component parts. The Gibbons family came originally from Georgia, and on their return to the South after the death of William Gibbons, the last occupant of the estate in Madison, the property was placed in the market, and I remember that a broker offered it to my brother Ambrose for $160,000. In 1867 it was bought for $140,000 by Daniel Drew of Wall Street fame, who presented the most valuable portion of it to the Methodist denomination for a theological seminary; his gift representing an outlay of $250,000, for it included not only the land and the family mansion, but also some substantial buildings which he erected for college purposes. He also donated the adjoining lot upon which the church edifice is built. My brothers and I were rather surprised at his munificence, for we had supposed that he was too worldly-minded to take so keen an interest in religious affairs; his constant manipulations of the stock market seeming to us hardly in keeping with the rôle he had assumed of a bright and shining light of the sanctuary. On an occasional Sunday evening I used to stroll from my home in Twenty-third Street around the corner to St. Paul's M. E. Church at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second; and when, in the course of the service, "Uncle Dan'l" moved down the aisle and held the collection-plate expectantly before me, I could not help thinking with disapprobation of his activities in Wall Street.

Professor Worman, who served the seminary as a teacher of German, was accustomed to give outside instruction during vacation, and George's sister Mary Elizabeth, who occasionally visited him in Madison, was enrolled in the professor's class. I believe she last heard of Worman in 1903, while traveling in Europe, at which time he was the United States Consul in Munich. George's brother Waldron was also a summer visitor, and being unable to secure accommodation in the boarding-house, he hired a room in Asbury Hall, one of the dormitories of the seminary.

George was much interested in politics for several years after his marriage, and held various offices in New York. He was

appointed deputy tax commissioner for the Twelfth District in 1870, and served as such until 1873. In 1875 he received the Federal appointment of examiner in the United States Appraiser's Office, then situated at the corner of Washington and Laight Streets, and was at first assigned to duty as damage appraiser in the Second Division, but in the same year was promoted to the rank of seizure examiner in the seizure room of the Custom House. He resigned in 1876, when my brother Smith was elected mayor, in order to accept the appointment of mayor's secretary, which position he held during Smith's term; and thereafter became a commissioner of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, serving from 1879 to 1884. The Tax Board, consisting of three commissioners, had its offices in the brownstone building now occupied by the City Court, on the south side of Chambers Street east of the County Court House.

In 1872 George's father commenced the erection of a summer residence on the homestead farm of the Vanderpoel family at Chatham, N. J. He demolished the former dwelling—a Colonial farm-house which had belonged to his grandfather—and improved its site with a commodious mansion which he intended to occupy every year with his wife, his children and grandchildren. His architect was John Rogers of the New York firm of Rogers & Brown, of No. 84 Nassau Street, and his builder, Harvey Lum of Chatham. His plan being frustrated, however, by the untimely death of his wife, he abandoned the project while the house was in process of erection, and presented the property to George and Maria, who took possession in the spring or early summer of 1874, before the dwelling was fully completed, finished it, and made it their summer home thereafter. But although Mr. Vanderpoel senior had thus parted with its ownership, he always retained a regard for the farm which had been his grandfather's, and upon which many of the happiest hours of his own boyhood had been spent; he felt a lively interest in the completion of the house by his son, sending from his home in the city some furniture and pictures with which to furnish it, and purchasing from the Italian sculptors Casoni & Isola, of 1155 Broadway, a few small pieces of statuary to ornament the grounds which George laid out

GEORGE B. VANDERPOEL

MARIA ELY VANDERPOEL

about the building. He and his brother, Dr. Edward Vanderpoel, frequently visited the place in the summer season, to remain for several days; hiring a horse and buggy at a livery stable in Madison, and devoting a large part of each day to driving about to call on their friends and relatives whose homes were scattered throughout the surrounding country. As Chatham is separated from Livingston by a distance of only five or six miles, it was convenient for our people to drive there to call on Maria or to spend the day with her, and I often resorted to her home for several days at a time. The Fourth of July was particularly enjoyable, being always celebrated by a fairly large gathering of her relatives and friends. George's father, uncle, brother and sister were generally present, in the course of a more or less prolonged visit to the country, and during the morning of Independence Day Ambrose and Smith would drive from Livingston to join the company at dinner. When at Chatham I often met my cousin Susan Dixon, daughter of Aunt "Tildy" Dixon of Hanover Neck, for she was a skilful seamstress, and was accustomed to spend a fortnight with my sister at least twice during the summer to take charge of the household sewing and mending.

Maria's first child, Julia Louise, was born in our house in Twenty-third Street, and the second, Catherine Ann, her paternal grandmother's namesake, first saw the light in Madison. "Kitty," as the latter was generally called, died in infancy of an affection of the throat to which children are often subject; for the nursery maid was inefficient, owing to advanced age, and failed to notice the child's condition until the malady had become acute. As my sister herself was incapacitated by illness, the village physician, Dr. James Van Wagner, advised that the baby be placed in the care of Mrs. Smith Lewis, then living on Ridgedale Avenue diagonally opposite the mouth of Myrtle Avenue, who was very skilful in ministering to the sick; but in this case her efforts proved unavailing, and Kitty died in her house at the age of ten weeks. The funeral was held at the Homestead in Livingston, with interment in the Ely Cemetery.

The death of Julia Louise of diptheria, after a fortnight's illness, which occurred in our Twenty-third Street home when she

was between four and five years of age, cast a deep shadow over our household. The attending physician was Dr. Jared G. Baldwin, of No. 8 East Forty-first Street, who had succeeded to the practice of my parents' medical adviser, Dr. Freeman, and he was assisted by Dr. George E. Belcher, of No. 43 East Twenty-first Street, whom he called in consultation. Diphtheria appeared at that time to be a comparatively new disease, which was not thoroughly understood by the profession; the simple medicines of the period were ineffectual in this instance, and the expedients adopted by the faculty in later years to combat severe cases of the kind were not then known. When the physician announced that hope was gone, George immediately summoned his uncle, Dr. Edward Vanderpoel, together with an experienced and celebrated practitioner, Dr. Ezra S. McClellan of 51 St. Mark's Place, but both declared that they had been called too late. Dr. Vanderpoel was present on the evening when the little patient passed away—so quietly that he at first thought she had merely fainted, which he pronounced a discouraging, but not necessarily fatal development; but he soon ascertained that life was extinct. The bereavement was a blow from which our family did not soon recover. My brother Smith told one of his friends that he was so deeply affected by the loss of his little niece that he could not bear to look at the playthings displayed in the windows of the toy stores for many weeks thereafter.

Maria's third child was born at Chatham, and was named for my brother Ambrose. He was a cunning little fellow when he grew old enough to run about, and as I have always been very fond of children, I soon became much attached to him. Whenever I called at my sister's sitting-room in our house in Twenty-third Street for a few minutes' conversation with her, he seemed to think that I had come for the express purpose of playing with him, and would promptly engage in a grand frolic with "Uncle Eddie." One winter I afforded him great delight by building a railroad track for his trains to run upon, having purchased a few simple tools, such as a hammer, a saw, a square, a gimlet, a screwdriver and one or two chisels. My first attempt was merely an inclined plane down which the cars would run by gravity. From the

shop of a neighboring carpenter whom Ambrose employed for occasional repairs, I obtained two narrow boards, along the edges of which I nailed strips of flat moulding to prevent the cars from falling off. One end of the first board was placed upon a table or similar piece of furniture, with the other end resting upon a lower support which I made for the purpose, while the second board continued the descent from the support to the floor. I afterward improved upon this idea by designing a track with rails represented by strips of one-inch "cove" moulding nailed upon the boards, and replacing the wheels of the cars with sash-pulleys, which, being made with a double flange to hold the sash-cords, would run upon the rails in a very businesslike manner. I also planned a curved track, but this I never constructed. The work not only gave the little boy a great deal of pleasure, but furnished me with agreeable occupation and amusement in the stormy days of winter.

George and Maria lived in our residence during the winter of each year until 1882, when they decided to commence housekeeping uptown, hiring a house in the section between Fifth and Sixth Avenues south of Central Park—a residential district more select than our own, for Twenty-third Street was then beginning to assume a commercial character. Our cousins the Comptons, who had previously resided in the home of the Ingersoll family in Twenty-first Street, also moved farther uptown about that time; hiring rooms for a season in the Gilsey House at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, thence going to the Langham Hotel at the northeast corner of Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, and later to the Buckingham Hotel at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.

The increase of our household at Livingston during the summer months, resulting from William's marriage, and the entertaining of our relatives and friends from New York who liked to spend a few days in the country from time to time, emphasized the shortcomings of the primitive farm-house of 1811, and directed our thoughts toward a new and larger dwelling better suited to the taste of those accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of modern life. In the early seventies William and Josephine dis-

cussed with Ambrose the advisability of demolishing the old residence on the Homestead Farm and erecting a more commodious building in its stead; but Ambrose, with a degree of sentiment never displayed by him in any other connection, refused to abandon the house which his grandfather had built, and in which he himself had been born. Expressing, however, a willingness to spend any reasonable sum in enlarging, remodeling and beautifying the old home, he undertook the difficult task of altering it into an artistic villa; and despite the numerous obstacles encountered,—for the plain, old-fashioned farm-house did not readily lend itself to the contemplated improvement,—he succeeded in so transforming its exterior and the rooms of the parlor floor that these features of the building give no intimation of its age and original outline. But although we were at first delighted with the result of the work, and were well content with our summer home for many years thereafter, we realized more and more clearly as time went on that Ambrose's attempt to modernize the old structure instead of erecting a new one had been an error of judgment. So radical were the changes that the appearance and type of the house as built by Grandfather Ely were completely altered, and its sentimental value correspondingly diminished; the improvement cost as much as a new residence, and in the end we had only an old, inadequate dwelling with small and poorly ventilated bedrooms, which, after all, was not sufficiently commodious to meet the requirements of our family, and failed in various ways to conform to modern standards. It is now apparent that Ambrose would have been wiser had he preserved the old house unchanged, perhaps using it as a foreman's cottage, and built a more suitable mansion near by.

He received an excellent suggestion from Smith Lewis of Madison, which, however, he declared came too late, namely, to jack up the house, without material alteration, and build a new story beneath it. By this means its original characteristics would have been preserved, for if the present first story had thus been converted into a second, its rooms could have been used for sleeping apartments with little, if any, change; while the construction of a new parlor floor would have cost no more than the remodeling

of the old one, and would have permitted higher ceilings, and possibly a more convenient arrangement of rooms.

The improvement was commenced in 1874 with the introduction of plumbing on the second story. An alcove in the centre of the east end of the building, communicating with the northeast bedroom, was converted into a bathroom supplied by a tank in the attic; the alcove being partitioned off from the adjoining chamber, and a doorway constructed opening into the hall. The room of which the alcove had been an adjunct was occupied by me, and the primary effect of the change was to greatly curtail my accommodations. The apartment was cramped by the sloping roof of the house, leaving little space for furniture, and the only place for my bedstead, which previously stood in the alcove, was directly in front of the door, standing north and south, with its head against the northern wall, so that I had to walk around it when entering or leaving the room. The windows were very small, and I always had difficulty in obtaining proper ventilation in the stifling summer nights.

During the same year (1874) the present carriage house was built on or near the site of the old shop which I have frequently mentioned; but the horse-stable (since demolished), standing on the opposite side of the driveway, dated from an earlier period.

In the early spring of 1875 Ambrose resumed his operations on a much more extensive scale,—so extensive that the appearance of the house was totally changed. The architect who planned and supervised the work was Joseph Dodd of Orange, and the builder was Charles B. Meeker of the same place, a cousin of our foreman Moses Meeker, and son-in-law of Jacob Baldwin, then one of our employees. There was some thought of awarding the contract to one of our neighbors, Lewis Rathbun of Hillside Avenue, a carpenter whom we often employed for repairs about the house and barns; but Mr. Rathbun was then engaged in other work, and his services were not available. Few important alterations were made at this time in the upper story, other than constructing a gable in the centre of the front and rear, enlarging the dormers, and fashioning more artistic

chimney-shafts, but the parlor floor and the exterior of the building were completely transformed. The outside work included new clapboards, a new and ornamental roof, and a front piazza terminating at the east end in a *porte-cochère*. The first story was largely torn out and rebuilt. The two east rooms were thrown into one, to form the present library, the front window being converted into a door opening upon the piazza; and, at William's request, a small easterly extension, containing a bedroom, was added at the rear of the library. The severely straight lines of the parlor were relieved by a large bay window in front, with sashes extending to the floor, and the size of the room was doubled by the removal of the partition separating it from the rear apartment which had been used by Grandmother as a sleeping chamber, and afterward by us as a dining room. The kitchen in the west wing was converted into a new dining room, with a cozy bay window, facing west, which contained Ambrose's favorite armchair; a butler's pantry was provided, and a new kitchen and laundry constructed at the rear; the kitchen replacing a small extension which was no longer needed. Other changes consisted of hardwood floors, paneled doors and trim, larger windows, a new staircase, handsome marble mantelpieces and ornamental plastering. The builder had in his employ two very expert cabinet makers, Skinner and Hoffman by name, whose skill is evidenced by the paneling of the hall and staircase, and the scrolls of the columns and eaves of the piazza. This work was sawed entirely by hand, the carriage-house being used by the mechanics as a carpenter shop.

I have always been glad that I secured a photograph of the old house as it appeared in the days of my grandfather. Learning that Ambrose planned to completely remodel it, I went to Newark in the spring of 1875, shortly before the work was commenced, and engaged T. F. Crane of 769 Broad Street, who was reputed to be the best landscape photographer in the city, to go to Livingston and take a picture of the building at a cost of twenty dollars,—a round sum in those days,—I furnishing a horse and buggy for his transportation. His photograph was a large and handsome one,

ELY HOMESTEAD, MOUNT PLEASANT AVENUE, LIVINGSTON, N. J.

BUILT BY MOSES ELY, THE AUTHOR'S GRANDFATHER, 1811.

ELY HOMESTEAD, MOUNT PLEASANT AVENUE, LIVINGSTON, N. J.

SHOWING ALTERATIONS.

suitable for framing, and I ordered two or three copies of it for my brothers and sister.

The wood-shed on the west side of the driveway near the turnpike, which appears in the left foreground of the photograph, was demolished soon after the dwelling was finished.

On the completion of the alterations, we employed John White, a landscape gardener of Florham Park, to lay out suitable grounds about the residence; reducing for this purpose the size of the garden, which had previously extended to the east wall of the house. Mr. White constructed the drive which encircles the dwelling, and planted the hemlock trees which form a distinctive feature of the dooryard, shading the house on the south and east. He also set out the row of maples along the front fence, and a picturesque group of hemlocks on the south side of the stable.

During a large part of the winter and spring of 1875 Ambrose was busily occupied with the drawing of plans, the obtaining of estimates, the execution of the contract and the superintending of the work; these matters forming his chief topic of conversation at the dinner table in our Twenty-third Street home. He took great pleasure in describing the details of the proposed improvement, in discussing the relative merits of various builders with whom he was acquainted or who had been recommended, and later in telling us of the progress of the work, and the steps taken to overcome occasional difficulties. It was his expectation that the house would be finished before the first of June, when we were accustomed to leave town for the summer, but he was disappointed by the various delays invariably incident to building, and moving day arrived before the dwelling was ready for occupancy. As the city was not an agreeable place of residence in hot weather, we all went to Maria's home in Chatham, and remained with her for a month or more, awaiting the completion of the alterations; although William and his family, who, after a few weeks, grew impatient at the delay, removed to the Homestead before the work was entirely finished. In the Vanderpoel house, William and Josephine occupied the chamber over the dining room, their children sleeping in an adjoining apartment at the rear; Ambrose and Smith had the guest rooms on the west side

of the hall; and a back room on the third floor was assigned to me. George's brother Waldron, then an undergraduate of Dartmouth College, was also visiting Chatham at the time, and I believe he had a bed in a small rear room on the first floor which was designed for an office or study. We, of course, went to business in New York every day; George, who also commuted to the city, conveying us in his wagon to the railroad station in Summit. His hired man, Patrick Wall, drove the vehicle home after our departure, and came with it to the station in the afternoon to meet us on our return.

George and Maria suffered a serious misfortune a few years later in the loss of their house at Chatham, which was totally destroyed by fire of unknown origin on Sunday, December 31, 1882. They were then occupying a New York residence, No. 51 West Fifty-fifth Street, which they had leased for the winter, it being the first season after their departure from Twenty-third Street; while the house at Chatham was in the care of Patrick Wall and his son Richard, who lived in the basement, the upper stories being closed. On the day of the fire, the elder Wall, returning from the village about noon, found his son standing near the basement door in conversation with Edward Houston, one of the neighbors, entirely unaware of the blaze which was even then raging in the upper part of the house. On entering the building, his attention was arrested by a peculiar noise upstairs, which he attributed to the presence of intruders, although Richard declared that the sound was caused by rats. Patrick discovered the fire by walking around the house and peering through the windows of the dining room; and he instantly dispatched his son to the Presbyterian Church, where the morning service was being held, to summon assistance. The male portion of the congregation promptly responded to the alarm, but found on reaching the house that the blaze was beyond control, and they accordingly turned their entire attention to saving the contents of the rooms which the flames had not yet reached. They stripped the parlor, the library and one or two of the bedrooms, but could not penetrate the rear of the building where the fire had evidently originated. Among them were several mechanics, who, with such improvised

and inadequate tools as they could find, removed the front doors, and the blinds of the lower windows, unscrewed the chandeliers, and even tore out the marble mantelpieces and saved them intact—preserving, in short, everything that could be moved in the limited time at their disposal. The service thus performed was of inestimable value, for many of the pieces of furniture and other articles saved had been in George's family and our own for more than one generation, and possessed a sentimental worth which no amount of insurance could equal. But the loss was a great one, nevertheless, for the back rooms, which could not be entered, contained a few similar heirlooms which were, of course, destroyed.

There was no fire department in Chatham at that time. Some of the members of the hook-and-ladder company in Madison heard of the conflagration, and gathered at their headquarters awaiting a call; but an attempt to summon them was unsuccessful, for the telegraph operator in Madison was not at his post on Sundays, and telephones had not been introduced. George had a garden hose for use in connection with the pump on the well, with which, in experiments tried during the preceding summer, water had been thrown as high as the roof of the house; but the pump was now found to be frozen and useless, and, moreover, the flames when discovered had made such headway that no ordinary supply of water would have produced any perceptible effect.

George received news of the calamity in the early afternoon by telegram sent by Richard H. Allen who lived opposite the Vanderpoel homestead, but he had no immediate means of reaching Chatham, for the railroad company did not then operate Sunday trains. Mr. Allen's message, containing the brief statement, "Your house is burning," was soon followed by another giving a few details, and in the evening he wrote a letter to George containing a full account of the occurrence, which read as follows:

9 P. M., Sunday eve.

My dear Sir:

Patrick Wall has just brought to me your telegram calling him to town tomorrow, and I send this by him, first to express my own and Mrs. Allen's sincerest sympathy with you & your wife in your great loss, and to tell you briefly about it.

We were called out of church a few minutes past twelve today by Richard, who announced that your house was on fire.

All the men in the congregation left the church, and on reaching your house I ran around to the rear & saw the flames bursting out from the 1st. and 2d. stories at the S. E. corner under so much headway that I felt that we could do nothing but attempt to save the contents. On reaching the front of the house, several of the men appealed to me to know what should be done, as Patrick declared "that no one should take anything out, for everything was insured." I asked them to save the best pictures & furniture, but meanwhile others had taken the matter into their own hands and nearly stripped the parlor, library & your bed-room. There was the usual amount of misdirected zeal & foolish management, but a few of the young men worked to good advantage, and most of your books, some of the best furniture, carpets, piano, & bedding were saved & are in the old house or my house or at Mr. Wallace's. Your father's portrait and other handsome pictures were saved, but I am sorry to say that nothing could be got out of the dining room where I believe your little daughter's picture hung.

As soon as I could do no more at the house I wrote you my telegram which I sent off at 12.15. In a few minutes the whole interior was in a blaze, & I stood at the front door, the last one to look at that beautiful hall a mass of flame.

The tower fell about 1.15, the west chimney about 2 P. M., and before 3 o'clock everything was down to the cellar walls & partitions. The ice house is saved & its contents unhurt. So are the barns, but some of the pines are ruined as you may suppose.

I received your answer to my dispatch at 4.08, & at once replied with "house entirely destroyed, saved some furniture, books, pictures, piano & barns," & at 5 o'clock I rec'd your second dispatch asking for details—this evidently having crossed my second to you.

I regret that you are not to be out tomorrow—my house is of course at your service—but if not, I would suggest that you instruct Patrick as to the east & south chimneys which look to me dangerous & should come down I think.

I have just come from the ruins where we have been at work for some time, hoping to quench the fire near the wine cellar & save that; but while at work there the roof fell in, and I am sorry to say that it is now all gone.

Patrick can give you details. I write in haste, pretty well tired by the excitement of the day; only deeply regretting the little that your friends could do for you, but we all did our best. Please present my kindest regards to Mrs. Vanderpoel, & believe me,

Yours sincerely,

R. H. Allen.

Send word as to anything I can do. My men will be up all night & Patrick is to be up also.

George and Maria decided to build a new dwelling on the site of the one destroyed, and wishing to continue their summer residence in Chatham without interruption, they spent two summers (1883 and 1884) in Mr. Allen's home, which they leased from May 1st to November 1st of each year. During the first summer they were occupied in adjusting the loss with the insurance com-

VANDERPOEL RESIDENCE, CHATHAM, N. J.

PHOTOGRAPHED 1882 DESTROYED BY FIRE DECEMBER 31, 1882

VANDERPOEL RESIDENCE, CHATHAM, N. J.

ERECTED 1884 ON SITE OF DWELLING DESTROYED BY FIRE

panies, and in conferences with an architect respecting the design of a new house, for they preferred not to reproduce the old one, but to build on a totally different plan. So pleased were they with Mr. Allen's residence, a most attractive country home, that they determined to adopt a similar arrangement of rooms on the parlor floor of their new house, although the lines of the exterior were suggested by a certain dwelling in Short Hills. The architect was John Rogers of New York, who had been employed by George's father to design the house which burned, and the builder was Isaac Parcells of Morristown. Work was commenced in the early summer of 1884, and, in consequence of various unavoidable delays, was not finished until a year later; George and Maria taking possession of the house on the first of May, 1885, before it was entirely completed.

About the time of the fire, I perceived that our residence at Livingston was becoming uncomfortably crowded in the summer season, for as my nieces grew up, the number of visitors naturally increased, and the building, despite the alterations which Ambrose had made, was not a spacious one. My room was small and unattractive, and I realized that I would have greater personal comfort and would enjoy the summer more thoroughly if I could spend it each year with Maria and her family. My previous visits to Chatham had been comparatively brief, but after the fire I arranged with my sister to pass the entire season in her household, and this I continued to do from 1883 to 1899.

Prior to this arrangement I had spent my summers at Livingston since my return from Europe in 1869, with the exception of occasional pleasure trips of short duration. My favorite excursion was to Point Comfort, Va., by the Old Dominion Steamship Line, which trip I found so delightful that I sometimes enjoyed it twice in the same season, remaining for two or three days; and I repeated it every year until a comparatively recent date. The hotel at Point Comfort was, I think, the most homelike caravansary I have ever known, and the voyage was never unpleasant, for I was careful to choose a time when the weather was favorable, and thus avoided a rough passage. For four or five years while staying at Livingston I journeyed to Block Island every season

by the New London steamboat, and remained there for a week or ten days; but I discontinued these latter trips when Chatham became my summer home. Once or twice I found P. T. Barnum and his wife among the guests of the hotel, Block Island being within easy traveling distance of their home in Bridgeport.

P. T. Barnum was undoubtedly the greatest showman the world has ever known, and was held by the little folk in particular veneration. The arrival of the circus every year, to fill its regular engagement in Madison Square Garden for the month of March, was regarded as the big event of the season by the boys and girls of fifty years ago, who hailed with delight the preliminary announcement:

P. T. BARNUM, I AM COMING;
KEEP YOUR EYE ON DAY AND DATE.

The building in which the circus was exhibited while in New York, occupying the block formed by Fourth and Madison Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, was originally a railroad station, jointly used by the Harlem and New Haven lines, and was named Madison Square Garden when altered for a place of amusement. It was here, I believe, that Barnum first introduced a 3-ring circus, the previous advertisement of which excited much curiosity, for the public could not imagine the object and purpose of so many rings, and could hardly credit the rumor that three separate and distinct performances were to be given simultaneously in the same show. The Madison Square Garden was a rough, barn-like structure, and after several years it was replaced by a more suitable building of the same general character, which was chiefly designed to house the annual horse show, for several years the most fashionable event of the season; though the arena was also used for athletic contests, musical productions, commercial exhibitions, political rallies and social gatherings without number. The demolition of the old Garden and the erection of the new compelled the circus to exhibit under canvas when filling its regular New York engagement in March, 1890; an enormous tent, said to be the largest ever made, being pitched in the vacant lots just north of Central Park. The new Garden was much more attractive than

the old one, but the circus men complained that it was not as well adapted for their purpose, since the size of the arena had been reduced by the construction of a playhouse in one corner — the Garden Theatre at Madison Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. For the past ten or fifteen years the Garden, though in frequent use, has ceased to be a paying investment (the theatre has been closed for several seasons), and its removal has long been the subject of discussion. I cannot say for how many years it was generally understood each spring that the circus was performing there for the last time; but the passing of the Garden, though so long deferred, has now (1925) become a reality, which the old residents of the metropolis cannot but regret.

My first two summers at Chatham were spent with my relatives in the house of R. H. Allen, where I occupied the northwest room on the third floor. Nothing out of the ordinary occurred during our sojourn at Mr. Allen's, except two incidents which were the cause of much interest and some little excitement in our family circle, both of which happened during the second season,—a slight earthquake which was felt in the afternoon of Sunday, August 10, 1884, and the partial destruction of a large blackwalnut tree by lightning in the course of a heavy shower. This tree stood beside the drive leading to the west gate, being so near the house that we were considerably startled by the phenomenon, and felt that we were fortunate in escaping injury. As I was sitting in my favorite rocking chair near the window of the dining room, and happened to be looking in that direction, I witnessed the fall of the thunderbolt, which resembled a great ball of fire descending the trunk of the tree, accompanied by a deafening report. The lightning tore off a large splinter resembling a fence-rail, from which George had some canes made by a carpenter in his employ. They were handsomely grained, being composed of the light as well as the dark wood of the blackwalnut, and formed a pleasing souvenir of the incident. George had one for himself, one for his son and one for me; giving a fourth to Mr. Allen, and a fifth to the latter's father-in-law, William C. Wallace, who lived near by.

During my first few years at Chatham I was deeply immersed in the historical research described in the last chapter, and devoted

much time and energy to this pursuit. I went at frequent intervals to Morristown, where I gathered data from the early records of the county to aid me in my work, and occasionally enjoyed an interesting conversation with some old resident of that town who was versed in its history; chief of whom was my friend Alanson Vance, the editor of *The Jerseyman,* of which newspaper I was a reader for several years. Frank M. Budd of Chatham kindly allowed me to examine a collection of ancient documents in his possession which had belonged to his ancestor John Budd, one of the leading members of the West Jersey Board of Proprietors in Colonial days. John Budd was a very extensive landowner, and his papers, which were sufficiently numerous to fill two small trunks, consisted of memoranda, surveys, land warrants, leases, cancelled mortgages and the like, the oldest dating from 1684, all of which related to his holdings in various parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, particularly in the neighborhood of Whippany, and furnished me with many facts of great historic value respecting the settlement of that region, which could not have been obtained from any other source.

While pursuing these investigations in the realm of history, my attention was directed to the sensational murder of the Sayre family of Morristown in 1833. The story of this crime was already familiar, but my interest in it was stimulated by Arthur N. Bonnel of Madison, whose acquaintance I made in 1885, a gentleman who retained a personal recollection of the event, and was able to describe the circumstances in a very vivid way. Mr. Bonnel, a managing clerk of the firm of Day & Searing in Waverly Place, was a recognized authority on local history, having gathered a great store of information respecting the early days of Madison and the surrounding country. He lived in Elizabeth when a boy, being about sixteen years of age at the time of the Sayre murder, and he walked from that city to Morristown, a distance of some eighteen miles, to witness the execution of the assassin.

Samuel Sayre, an elderly and highly respected citizen of Morristown, resided with his wife and a colored maid-servant on the west side of South Street a short distance north of the corner of

Madison Avenue. The dwelling still remains, and is now the property of the Lidgerwood family, but it has probably been enlarged and otherwise altered since the days of its original owner. At that period a Frenchman named John P. Fusier kept a boarding-house at No. 75 Fulton Street, New York, which was largely patronized by his countrymen, especially those who had recently arrived from Europe; and the employers of foreign labor frequently resorted thither to hire men. On or about the 29th of April, 1833, Mr. Sayre appeared at Fusier's, wishing to employ a gardener, and engaged the services of Antoine Le Blanc, who had reached New York only three days before. Although the stranger's knowledge of English was very meager, Mr. Sayre seemed pleased with his personality, and chose him in preference to a number of other applicants; but the man proved to be a moral degenerate, who, within a week thereafter, planned to murder the family of his employer, rob the house, and return with his plunder to his native land. He determined to commit the crime on the night of Saturday, May 11, thinking that his guilt would not be discovered until the following Monday, and that the delay would afford additional time and opportunity for escape.

After nightfall on the fatal evening, he induced Mr. Sayre to accompany him to the stable, pretending that something was wrong with the horses, and there terminated the old gentleman's existence; pursuing the same course with his employer's wife, whom he inveigled to the barn by representing that the animals had injured her husband. Hastily and imperfectly concealing the bodies of his victims beneath the manure heap, he quietly entered the house and slew the colored maid as she lay asleep. Then gathering all the money and jewelry that he could find, together with a large quantity of wearing apparel and other goods, which he packed in pillow cases, he saddled and bridled one of the horses, and started for New York, intent upon taking the first ship to France. The animal proved restive on leaving home at so unusual an hour, and in his efforts to subdue his mount in the road before the house, the murderer dropped part of his booty, the sight of which, early the next morning, apprized the neighbors that something was amiss, and led to a prompt discovery of the crime.

Le Blanc pressed toward New York with all possible speed, but at Madison he left the direct course, owing to his unfamiliarity with a road which he had traveled but once; and instead of following the Morris Turnpike by which he had come from the city, he turned to Hanover, and continued his eastward journey over the Mount Pleasant Turnpike through Livingston and Orange. His cupidity, however, proved his undoing, for he had stolen a greater quantity of goods than he could securely hold, and dropped various articles from time to time, by which his route was easily traced. When between Morehousetown and Livingston he discarded his horse, continuing his journey on foot,* and although the exact spot where this change was made is unknown, I have always thought that probability favored a short section of the turnpike just east of Hillside Avenue in front of our Homestead Farm; for at that place, in former years, the highway was flanked on either hand by a dense and scarcely penetrable thicket which afforded some concealment. Prior to the rebuilding of the turnpike when it became a county road, its bed at that place was as high as the fences, being a narrow causeway with lower ground on each side; and the bushes formed a barrier which protected travelers at night from the danger of the adjacent declivities.

On Sunday morning the sheriff and his deputies commenced the pursuit, and overtook the criminal at the old Mosquito Tavern on the Hackensack Meadows between Newark and Jersey City, which building stood at the intersection of the Newark and Belleville Turnpikes, remaining until those highways were raised to a much higher level, not many years ago, in order to eliminate the neighboring grade crossing of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. Following the trail of the fugitive, the officers passed through Hanover when the members of the Presbyterian Church were assembling for morning worship, the announcement of the crime creating great excitement; and while they continued the pursuit in the direction of New York, the meeting was dismissed, and the men and boys of the congregation commenced a

*Among the many witnesses sworn at Le Blanc's trial were David Morehouse of Morehousetown, who, on Sunday morning, discovered the horse wandering along the turnpike from the direction of Newark; and Joseph Courter and Peter Cook of Livingston, who testified that they had seen the culprit passing their respective homes about sunrise on Sunday morning with a large bundle on his back.

search for the murderer in the immediate neighborhood. A similar course was adopted in other villages through which the sheriff passed; and my cousin William Watson, who resided in Livingston at the time, told me that the woods lying south of his property, and those in other parts of the town, were filled with searchers who came and went throughout the day, and did not relax their vigilance until the officers returned with their prisoner on the way to Morristown, in the late hours of the afternoon.

Norman Genung, an aged resident of Livingston, now deceased, who in recent years was employed on the Homestead Farm, told me that he recollected the day of Le Blanc's flight and capture, but was able to give me no information respecting the circumstances of the case beyond that which I already possessed.

The culprit was brought to trial on August 13th in a special term of the court of Oyer and Terminer, convicted of the crime, and sentenced to be hung on the 6th of the following September. The execution took place in the park in Morristown, and was witnessed by a great multitude assembled from all parts of the surrounding country. The gibbet was erected on or near the present site of the liberty pole, and was guarded by a strong body of militia, of whom Isaac P. Genung of Chatham was said to be the last survivor. The body of the murderer was delivered to Dr. Isaac Canfield, a local physician, for the purpose of dissection, and the skeleton was believed to have been articulated. The skin was tanned, and certain portions of it used in the manufacture of pocketbooks and similar mementos of the occasion, one of these gruesome souvenirs being now in the possession of the New Jersey Historical Society.

An account of the crime with a report of the trial and the confession of the assassin was published in pamphlet form soon after the execution, and I have in my library a copy of this brochure which formerly belonged to Fred De Mott, a lawyer of Morristown, who married Julia Cobb, daughter of our old friend Andrew B. Cobb of Parsippany. The pamphlet was first printed in Morristown, New Jersey, but during the same season a second edition appeared, bearing the imprint of Morristown, New York, which differed from the first in having on its title page a woodcut

representing the execution. The publication of the second edition in so distant a place is perhaps explained by the fact that among the residents of Morristown, New York, was a family named Ford, related, I believe, to Hon. Gabriel H. Ford of Morristown, New Jersey, the judge who presided at the murderer's trial.

The Sayre monument in the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church of Morristown, bears the following brief inscription:

Sacred
to the Memory of
SAMUEL SAYRE,
Aged 62 years,
and of his wife
SALLY,
Aged 58 years,
who were interred
Monday, May 13,
1833.

Another old-time tragedy of this region, the story of which similarly aroused my interest, was the murder of Baltus Roll on the night of Washington's Birthday, in 1831. The story of this crime is occasionally revived in historical articles published by the local newspapers, but the most authentic account is found in a pamphlet containing the official report of the trial of the suspected murderer, which was printed during the same year.

The memory of Baltus Roll is perpetuated by the Baltusrol Mountain, east of Summit, upon which he lived and died, the Baltusrol post office and railroad station not far from its base, and the Baltusrol Golf Club, whose links beautify its eastern slopes. Baltus is said to have been a son of Abraham, and a grandson of John Roll, the latter a native of Germany, who came to this country about two hundred years ago, and settled on the mountain in the days when Springfield was the nearest village. Baltus was born May 3, 1769, married Susan Jennings of Elizabeth, and resided all his life in the house which his father and grandfather had made their home.

The situation of this dwelling was lonely in the extreme. The country was sparsely populated, and the homes of the nearest neighbors were quite far away. It was reached by a lane or cart-track leading up the mountain from the main highway connecting

BALTUSROL CLUB-HOUSE

Springfield and Westfield, which lane, at the time of the murder, was largely obliterated by snow; and as it ended near Roll's residence, there was then no way of driving over the mountain toward the west. The lane is now represented by Baltusrol Road, which leads to East Summit, and the house in question stands on the east side of the road not far from the dividing line between Springfield and Mountainside. The building, which was purchased since the World War by Amos Batchelder, and is now occupied by his widow, has been considerably enlarged and otherwise improved by its present owner, although it is still but one story and attic in height.

Baltus Roll and his wife lived alone in this solitary situation. They were well-to-do people, who were thought to receive and pay out considerable sums of money from time to time, a rumor being circulated that as much as $1,000 was concealed beneath the hearth in their kitchen. On the night of February 22, 1831, two strangers suddenly burst into the house, roughly jerked Mr. Roll from his bed, pulled him down the stairs, inflicting serious though not necessarily fatal injuries, and dragged him across the dooryard to the gate, where they murdered him by strangulation. They then ransacked the house, but found no money nor other articles of

value. Mrs. Roll fled when the assault was committed, and, fearing to return, she wandered about during the remainder of the night; at daybreak alarming the neighbors, who discovered her husband's body lying lifeless in the snow.

The finger of suspicion pointed to Lycidius Baldwin of Newark and Peter B. Davis of Camptown (Irvington), for whose arrest warrants were promptly issued. Baldwin, learning of his danger, fled from Newark on the night of March 1st, reached Morristown the next day, and engaged a room in the United States Hotel, in which, on the night of March 2nd, he died from a large dose of laudanum; his suicide being generally regarded as a confession of guilt. Davis, who was brought to trial in Newark on June 28th, at a special term of the Essex County Court of Oyer and Terminer, relied upon an alibi, insisting that at the time in question he had gone to Chatham to sell a horse; and one or two witnesses testified to his presence on the night of the murder in the tavern of Samuel Condit, which stood upon the property now occupied by Mr. Allen's residence. The prosecuting attorney was prepared to prove certain remarks made by Baldwin shortly before the assassination which would have implicated Davis, but this testimony was of course inadmissible, and the evidence without it was not sufficiently clear and unequivocal to warrant a conviction. The jury was therefore obliged to acquit the prisoner, although no one entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt.

Davis, however, did not escape the consequences of his crime. He had uttered a promissory note upon which he had forged the signature of his brother, and soon after his acquittal of murder he was arraigned for forgery; whereupon the judge, who evidently believed him responsible for the death of Baltus Roll, pronounced a much heavier sentence than a forger would ordinarily receive. The prisoner was indicted on four counts, to three of which he pleaded guilty, and was condemned to eight years' imprisonment on each count, making a total of twenty-four years' servitude, which, in view of his age at the time, was considered equivalent to a life sentence.

For many years I tried in vain to locate the house in which the murder of Baltus Roll occurred. My information respecting

its whereabouts was decidedly vague, for the pamphlet report of the trial was far from specific upon this point; variously describing the murdered man as a resident of Springfield Township and of Westfield Township, and containing no reference to the location of his home beyond the rather indefinite statement that he lived on the side of the mountain. I presume that in those days the vicinity was largely a wilderness, and as the house was at a distance from any village, or even from a highroad, its situation could not be readily designated. Not until a few years ago (since the close of the World War), did I learn, in a conversation with a resident of Summit, that the dwelling of Baltus Roll is still in existence, and that its site is nowadays very easy of access.

CHAPTER XXVI

Man's rich with little, were his judgments true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
These few wants answered bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.

YOUNG.

WHILE I was living with my sister and her family in R. H. Allen's residence at Chatham in 1883, we were visited by Smith Ely, of Ely, Vermont, my father's younger brother, whom I had not seen for several years. He had previously been identified with the mercantile life of New York, and had been rated among the capitalists of that city, but for the past fifteen years or thereabout he had resided in Vermont, and had there become involved in financial difficulties which engulfed his entire possessions. In the summer of 1883, stricken in years and broken in fortune, he returned to receive the sympathy and assistance of his relatives, having planned to spend the season at the Homestead in Livingston; and learning on his arrival that Maria's place of residence was not far distant, he paid two visits to her home: one of about a fortnight in July, and the other in the latter part of September, at which time he stayed a month or more, until she and her family prepared to remove to New York for the winter. In fact, he remained at Chatham after my departure, for it has always been my practice to return to the city in the autumn a few weeks in advance of the other members of the family.

Uncle Smith's career was more romantic and spectacular than that of any of his brothers. In his aristocratic tastes, lofty ambitions and fashionable environment, he was the antithesis of Uncle Moses, who was a tanner of Washingtonville, N. Y., and of Uncle Abram and Uncle John, who were farmers of Livingston, N. J. Not only was their occupation totally devoid of anything approaching romance, but such enrichment of their lives would have been neither desired nor welcomed. My father, as a merchant of New

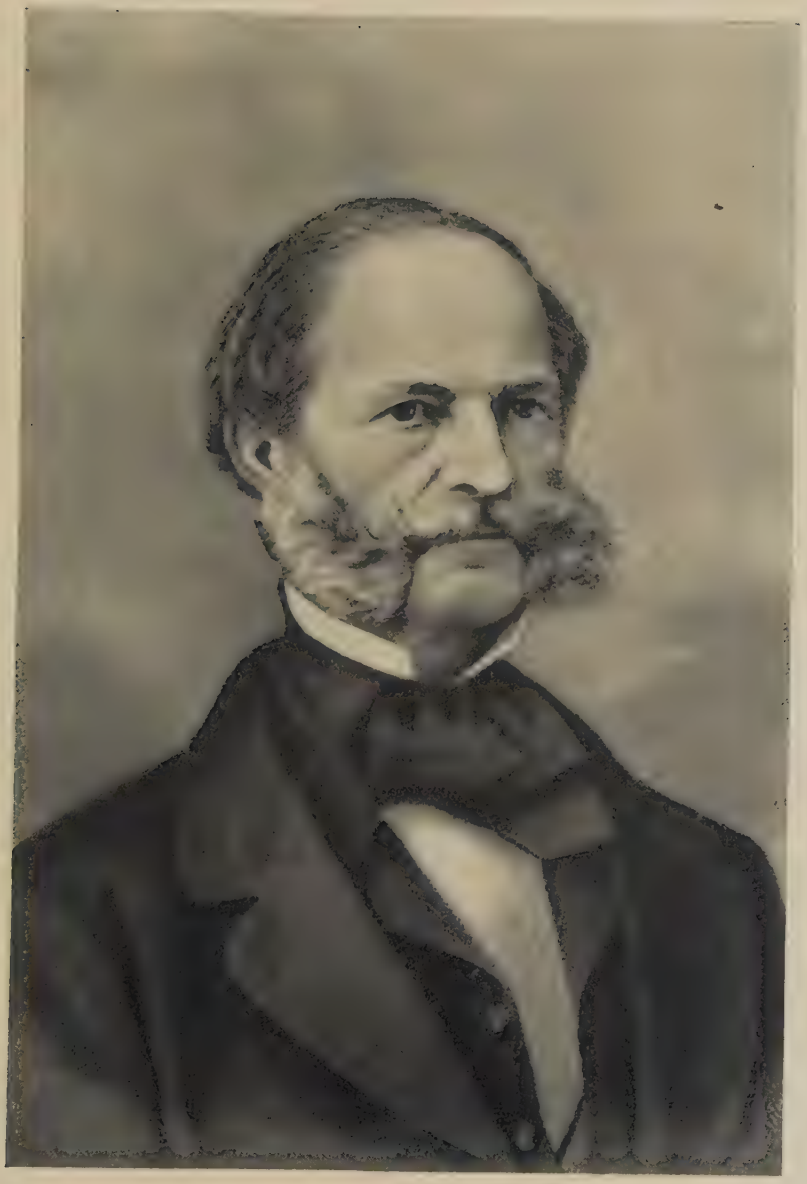
York City, rose to a higher commercial plane, but his business was inconspicuous, and his home life resembled theirs in its old-fashioned simplicity; while Uncle Smith, on the other hand, was a power in the world of commerce, and he rivaled the first citizens of the metropolis in the style in which he lived. So profoundly was the family impressed by his business ability and his many estimable qualities, of which he gave indications at an early age, that both my father and Uncle Moses named a son in his honor, and one of Uncle Benjamin's grandsons was also his namesake. He would sometimes make fun of my father, in a playful and good-natured way, about the latter's cautious and conservative policy, pointing with satisfaction to his own dashing and daring progress along the road to fortune; but the ease with which he acquired wealth seemed to be counterbalanced by periodic strokes of ill-luck, or occasional errors of judgment, resulting in its loss, so that his career was checkered with alternate seasons of affluence and deprivation. My brothers often remarked that Uncle Smith had made and lost two or three fortunes in the course of his life, though as I was not familiar with the facts, I cannot tell whether their observation was literally accurate; but the circumstances of the final crash, which swept away the last remnants of his property, and transformed him in his old age from a merchant prince to an aristocratic pauper, were brought more particularly to my notice, and will be fully described in the following pages.

Uncle Smith's chief characteristic was his inordinate self-esteem, which at times almost amounted to childishness, which warped his business judgment, and in the end contributed to his financial ruin. Failure to treat him with the deference which he considered due his social and mercantile standing was resented, and discourtesy on the part of those with whom he came in contact was long remembered and not readily overlooked. He often remarked that "no one could tread on his toes without sooner or later hearing from him," and would tell us, in illustration, how he once repaid a real or fancied slight offered him by Alexander T. Stewart, the drygoods king. He had submitted to the latter a business proposition which was rejected without the consideration he thought it deserved, and consequently, when Stewart, some time later, sent a representative to treat with him in regard to a

proposed contract for handling his goods, he curtly informed the messenger that there was nothing in his store which Mr. Stewart could buy. His satisfaction in thus rebuffing the man who had offended him was equalled only by the pleasure he afterward derived from recollecting and describing the incident. That his wife, Aunt Abigail, shared this irrational pride in equal if not greater degree was unfortunate, for her influence tended to encourage his weakness rather than overcome it. She considered social intercourse with her husband's relatives utterly beneath her dignity; I have no recollection of ever seeing her in our house; and I often heard my mother express annoyance because Aunt Abby would not condescend to call on her. But Uncle Smith himself was always sociable and friendly, and he paid us frequent visits, both in our home and in our place of business.

My uncle was born May 22, 1800. He was not given to describing incidents of his early life on the Homestead Farm in Livingston, for he probably took no pleasure in contemplating his humble origin, and the only anecdote of his childhood which I have heard was that his father once sent him on horseback to the grist-mill in Whippany to deliver a message, when he engaged in a race with another boy, similarly mounted, and attained so high a speed that on reaching his destination he could not check his headlong flight, but collided with the wall of the building. When he grew old enough to learn a trade, he mastered the art of chair-making (very possibly under the tutelage of his uncle, Thomas Cowperthwaite), and some of the chairs which he made in his early manhood have been preserved by our family, and are still in daily use.

Uncle Smith left Livingston and went to New York about 1823 or 1824, opening a chair factory at 36 Broad Street, at first with a partner named Edwards, and later with one named Nuttman; these partnerships together covering perhaps five years, after which he carried on the business alone. He owned the factory in Broad Street, which is said to have stood on or near the present site of the Stock Exchange, and it is unfortunate that he sold the property in his early years instead of holding it to obtain the much higher price which its rapid increase of value would have



SMITH ELY OF ELY, VERMONT

FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY WALTER.

commanded later on. He missed several opportunities of this kind. At various times he was the owner of many pieces of New York City real estate situated in choice localities, which his occasional periods of financial embarrassment may have forced him to sell; and although it is probable that he always realized a profit, the prices obtained could have borne no relation to the values these properties possessed in the late years of his life. Perhaps his most noteworthy purchase was a private residence, one of two white marble mansions two stories in height, called the "colonnade houses" in reference to the giant columns of a Grecian portico with which the entire front of each was ornamented. These buildings were erected by Elisha Bloomer on the east side of Broadway (Nos. 714 and 716), directly opposite Washington Place; they remained standing as long as Uncle Smith lived, and, with the single exception of the Goelet residence, were the last stylish dwellings in that thoroughfare. A picture of them is contained in Pelletreau's "Early New York Houses." No. 714 was bought by my uncle in 1836, and was occupied by him for about two years, while No. 716 was the home of his father-in-law, Caleb Bartlett.

Uncle Smith afterward lived for many years in New Brighton, Staten Island, where, for a time, he took an active interest in politics, and was elected to public office; being a member of the Board of Supervisors of Richmond County, and also representing his county in the House of Assembly. Among the occurrences of my childhood, I remember going one day to New Brighton with my father and my little sister to call on him and his family. Maria must have been quite young, for she was considerably frightened and began to cry when she perceived that the ferry-boat was moving away from the dock; it probably being her first experience in navigation. I myself was occupied in reflecting what fun it would be to sit upon one end of the walking-beam, and enjoy a glorious see-saw while the boat steamed along. My recollection of Uncle Smith's residence is rather indistinct, but I remember it as an imposing mansion with a tower, which stood upon a hill, on the west side of the main street, not far from the ferry, and commanded very extensive and beautiful views. One of the nearest houses

was the home of Richard L. Allen, who had previously been the editor of the *American Agriculturalist,* and was then a dealer in agricultural implements and machinery in New York. He was the father of our friend of later years, Richard H. Allen of Chatham.

Uncle Smith and Aunt Abby had one child, a daughter named Adelaide, who married Leonard W. Goddard, the son of an Episcopal clergyman of Staten Island. Although I do not know that such was the case, I think it highly probable that while living in New Brighton my uncle and his family attended the church of which the elder Goddard was the rector. Leonard was killed by a fall from a carriage in which he was standing, the sudden and unexpected starting of the horses throwing him to the ground and inflicting fatal injuries. He and Adelaide had two children: a son, Smith Ely, his grandfather's namesake, and a daughter, Catherine Maud. The boy considered the cognomen "Smith" much too commonplace, and he therefore changed his name, with his grandfather's consent and his mother's approval, from Smith Ely Goddard to Ely Ely Goddard, or rather E. Ely-Goddard, as he invariably wrote it.

After living for several years on Staten Island, Uncle Smith resumed his residence in New York. When advanced in life, and shortly before his removal to Vermont, he bought a handsome dwelling, having a garden beside it, No. 24 East Forty-second Street, then one of the most elegant residential streets in the city. He soon sold the garden, which he did not require, but the house he retained after his departure, occupying it during his occasional visits to the city; and it was probably sacrificed at the time of the reverses which caused his final downfall.

Again referring to my uncle's business activities, it appears that he vacated his chair factory in Broad Street about 1834, and transferred the scene of his operations to Fulton Street. About that time or a little later he ceased to manufacture chairs, and became a dealer in rattan, which he supplied in great quantities to furniture makers throughout the country; handling at first rough rattan only, and later a manufactured article called split rattan, which he obtained from the Wakefield Rattan Company. He employed as a bookkeeper his nephew Eugene, Uncle Moses Ely's eldest son,

who, to his indignation and chagrin, was superseded in his uncle's office by his brother John, and thereafter dealt in paper or paper stock in the same building. For many years Uncle Smith conducted his business at 71 Fulton Street, but when I grew old enough to take interest in his affairs, he had moved a few doors westward and was established in No. 79, on the northeast corner of Fulton and Gold. During the Civil War he again changed his place of business, going at this time to 409 Pearl Street; and was followed in the Fulton Street building by a cracker-baker named John T. Wilson, who, at a later date, was one of the founders of the National Biscuit Company. My uncle had a managing clerk named William W. Silleck, in whom he reposed such confidence that about the time of his removal to Pearl Street he formed a partnership with him under the firm name of Smith Ely & Company; and when he retired, preparatory to leaving New York, the business was continued by Silleck as his successor. I was told that Uncle Smith sold his interest in the concern to the Wakefield Rattan Company for $60,000, taking stock of that corporation in payment, and I always believed this stock to be one of his best and safest investments.

Uncle Smith's removal from New York was brought about by his connection with the Vermont Copper Mining Company, which owned and operated a mine in the village of Vershire, in Orange County, Vermont, distant twelve or fifteen miles from the nearest station on the railroad which runs up the valley of the Connecticut, —the Passumpsic River Railroad, now a subsidiary of the Boston & Maine. This mining company was concerned, directly or indirectly, in some business transaction in which my uncle was engaged soon after the close of the Civil War; he therefore desired full knowledge of its financial status, and after gathering all the information available in New York, he went to Vershire to examine the company's plant, and make further inquiry respecting its assets and liabilities. But the general manager of the mine refused to answer his questions, and treated him with a degree of insolence which aroused his most bitter resentment; he returned to New York boiling with rage and vowing vengeance, proceeded without loss of time to buy a controlling interest in the Vermont

Copper Mining Company, elected himself president of the corporation at the next meeting of the directors, and, as his first official act, summarily discharged the man who had so grossly affronted him. Having thus invested the bulk of his fortune in the mine, he decided to make his future home in Vermont, the better to look after his business interests. At first he did not live in the village where the mine was situated, preferring the neighboring town of West Fairlee as a place of residence, but he removed to Vershire in the middle or late seventies.

Not only was Uncle Smith the president of the company, but, by the purchase of additional stock from time to time, he became the virtual owner of all its property. Its management was directed solely by him, and no interference on the part of his subordinates was tolerated. As an illustration, the story was told that at a certain board-meeting, the treasurer ventured to oppose or criticize some step which my uncle desired to take, and was promptly informed by the latter that if he did not approve the proposed action, he was at liberty to resign his office and withdraw from the company. In reply, the treasurer pointed out his inability to dispose of his shares of the corporate stock in order to withdraw, since the security was not quoted on any exchange, had no definite market value, and could not be easily sold; whereupon Uncle Smith cut short these protestations by declaring that he would buy the treasurer's stock himself.

The company had previously been an organization of limited resources, operating the mine on a small scale, but the outpouring of my uncle's wealth revolutionized its methods, gave a new and added impulse to the enterprise, and transformed the quiet village into a town of bustling activity. The installation of powerful machinery of the most approved type, and the employment of a numerous and efficient working force, materially enlarged the annual output, which in turn resulted in a gratifying increase of profits, and for a few years Uncle Smith had reason to be well satisfied with the return from his investment. According to the statement of a Vermont newspaper, the corporation, during the "boom" of 1869, divided $100,000 at a single dividend. Under his administration the Vermont Copper Mining Company became

almost a family affair, for many of his relatives were influenced by his advice or encouraged by his success to make it the depository of their savings; he and his friends owning over ninety thousand shares of the one hundred thousand into which the capital stock was divided. Uncle Moses' sons were prominent in its directorate: Eugene was a heavy stockholder, and John C. was appointed to the office of treasurer, while Moses, Jr., a lawyer practicing in New York, was the general counsel; his office, No. 191 Broadway, being the company's metropolitan agency.

Uncle Smith's home was not enlivened by the presence of his family, for his wife passed away not long after her departure from New York, and his daughter, Adelaide Goddard, had established herself in Paris in order to give her children the doubtful benefit of a foreign education. It is not surprising, therefore, that after a residence of five or six years in Vermont, my uncle began to experience a feeling of loneliness, and a desire for the companionship of a relative who was nearer and dearer than his nephews. The gradual decline of his vital powers incident to advancing years could not be ignored, for he had passed his seventieth anniversary; he was commencing to feel the weight of care and responsibility which the personal supervision of his business involved, and to realize that the time was approaching when age would compel him to relinquish the reins of government. It was all-important that the administration of the company should pass into competent hands when he was forced to retire, and he determined to send for his grandson, E. Ely-Goddard, who had recently attained his majority, to train him in the business of mining and smelting copper, to stimulate his interest in the activities of the corporation, and to instruct him in its control, so that he might be qualified to eventually assume the management of the industry which his grandfather's energy and wealth had built. Ely Goddard was then in Europe with his mother and sister, but on learning of the plans which had been formed for his future, he returned alone to the United States, and was soon installed as his grandfather's ostensible understudy (1876). Whether he was given a salaried position in the company I do not know: he may have been an assistant secretary, and assistant treasurer, or something of the

sort; but I imagine that his office, if any, was a mere sinecure. Uncle Smith, who had previously erected a palatial mansion for himself, now built a similar dwelling for Ely; and as the latter was not married at the time, he shared his home with Mr. and Mrs. Frank White,—friends of about his own age,—Mr. White being a minor official of the corporation.

Ely Goddard was a talented young fellow of more than ordinary abilities, and had he received the advantage of a practical education, either mercantile or professional, his life would doubtless have been crowned with a measure of success which few have attained; but, unfortunately, his mother had no higher ambition for his future than that he should dazzle the social world as a lion of fashionable society, and his training in the French capital had been directed solely to that end. Insofar as her design was concerned, Adelaide's hopes were fully realized, and her faith in her son completely justified. Endowed with more than the usual allowance of good looks, favored with a charming personality, and possessed under all circumstances of an ease of manner which spoke well for his mother's discipline, Ely was admirably fitted for the career which in her sight embraced the sum-total of earthly honors. While entirely free from affectation, he had acquired an engaging air of *haute société,* which Wilkie Collins humorously but aptly terms "the varnish from foreign parts." He was intelligent, well-read and quick witted, and could converse fluently and entertainingly on all subjects of current interest. His family connections and his grandfather's wealth, coupled with his own personal attractions, assured him the *entré* of the most exclusive circles, and after his return to America he threw himself into the fashionable life of the large cities and the select summer resorts as fully and freely as his distant and somewhat inaccessible place of residence permitted; reaching the pinnacle of his social eminence when honored with an invitation to the Vanderbilt ball in New York, to which only the *élite* were bidden. This function was a fancy dress affair, and Ely chose as his costume the uniform of a colonel of hussars.

Uncle Smith was then at the zenith of his meteoric career. He was a man of ample fortune at the time of his departure from

COLONEL E. ELY-GODDARD

IN UNIFORM OF THE VERMONT NATIONAL GUARD

BILLIARD ROOM IN HOME OF E. ELY-GODDARD

COLONEL GODDARD (IN FOREGROUND) WITH MR. AND MRS. FRANK WHITE.

New York, and during his first few years in Vermont his wealth was greatly augmented by the profits of his copper industry. Believing that he had in the mine an unfailing source of boundless riches, and that there was no need to lay anything in store against a possible day of adversity, he spent his income in a most lavish manner. The style in which he lived astonished the natives of the quiet village, for men of unlimited means were not then as numerous as at present, and had not adopted the modern plan of selecting more or less remote localities for their magnificent country seats. While Uncle Smith's prodigality and ostentation are now duplicated on every hand, such practices were then undreamt of—at any rate in the sparsely populated sections of rural Vermont. Within a short time his fame extended not only throughout his own State, but into adjacent parts of New Hampshire as well.

Ely Goddard's arrival from Europe was a signal for further extravagance. His grandfather indulged him in the most reckless expenditure, furnishing him with all the money he desired, and leading him to think that its supply would never be interrupted or curtailed. Ely lost no time in introducing the manners and customs with which he had become familiar while abroad, and with his horses and his dogs he soon achieved a clever reproduction of English country life. His grandfather, who was extremely fond of society, encouraged him to invite his friends from New York to a constant succession of house-parties, picnics, dinners, country dances, and similar *fêtes* which the leaders of fashion had decreed the proper form of entertainment for an out-of-town home. The old gentleman was intensely gratified by the wonder and admiration which Ely's doings excited, and was flattered by the credit reflected upon himself. He had always a taste for ostentatious display, though its indulgence had been limited during his younger years by lack of funds or by pressure of business; but in his old age he took the keenest delight in its vicarious enjoyment, heartily approving and promptly carrying out the numerous plans which Ely formed for his own amusement and the diversion of his friends. He built a spacious club-house, in which Ely's visitors were royally entertained, and in which, if I am not mistaken, a private theatre was constructed, where plays were oc-

casionally presented by theatrical companies engaged for him in Boston. This building was also the scene of boxing exhibitions, which, though generally staged by amateur talent, were sometimes graced by the appearance of pugilists from the cities, who were professionals, but not, of course, celebrities. Goddard was an enthusiastic devotee of the manly art, and he was said to have developed a proficiency with the gloves which bewildered the local champions,—rough-and-tumble fighters,—whom he challenged to a set-to in the ring. My uncle erected a large and well-appointed training-stable, where Ely, who was a connoisseur of horse-flesh, bred and sold horses of the famous Morgan stock, and he laid out an excellent race-track upon which many exciting contests were witnessed; this latter amusement being varied by the attractions of a neighboring cockpit.

While indulging himself in a life of unstinted luxury, Uncle Smith in one respect was most abstemious: he was inexorably opposed to the use of tobacco and intoxicants; and although he provided a liberal supply of these articles for the entertainment of his guests, he steadfastly refrained from their personal use, and insisted that Goddard should do the same. The latter was accustomed to enjoy an occasional pipe or cigar with his mother's knowledge and consent, but the fact had to be carefully withheld from Uncle Smith, who believed that the smoker's paraphernalia in his grandson's home were intended for the exclusive use of visitors.

Ely Goddard's favorite diversion consisted of driving a tally-ho, this being an added source of wonder to the countryside, for although coaching was indulged in by a limited number of social aspirants in the cities and the fashionable watering-places, the fad had not yet penetrated the agricultural districts. The first appearance of this pretentious equipage, gracefully tooled by Ely in

a bizarre driving-costume, while a guard in outlandish livery awakened the echoes with the blare of a post-horn, filled the simple rustics with amazement. They were, of course, thoroughly familiar with the four-horse stage-coaches which accommodated the traveling public in districts where steam transportation had not been introduced, but that Ely Goddard should purchase a vehicle of similar type, and drive it about the country as a pastime, seemed to them as eccentric and incomprehensible as it would if some multi-millionaire of the present day should buy a locomotive, and operate it in person upon the railroad for mere amusement. Ely once took his four-in-hand to Montpelier, and invited a party of his friends among the State officials to an extended driving tour, the objective point of which was Newport,—then as now the most fashionable resort on the New England coast,—where he entertained his guests with princely munificence.

Employing as he did a large force of men in and about the mine, who, with their families, doubled the former population of Vershire, Uncle Smith was naturally a political power in his State and county. He was on terms of intimate friendship with the officials of the State government, whom he frequently entertained in his home, and many of them undoubtedly owed their position in great measure to his support. Governor Roswell Farnham, the chief executive of Vermont from 1880 to 1882, was a warm friend of my uncle, and in compliment to the family he appointed Ely Goddard to his staff with the rank of colonel, by which military title the latter was thereafter generally addressed. Through his grandfather's influence Goddard was twice elected to the lower house of the Vermont Legislature on the Republican ticket, representing the Township of West Fairlee in 1878, and the Township of Vershire (or Ely as it was then called) in 1880; and although the Democrats declared his election to be fraudulent, inasmuch as the ballots bearing his name were distinguished by colored paper, which the employees of the mining company were compelled to vote under penalty of dismissal, the charge apparently received no attention, and his seat in the House of Representatives was not officially questioned. The following brief mention of his political record is found in the Vermont Legislative Directory of 1880:

ELY ELY-GODDARD, Ely, republican, was born in the city of New York in 1855. He is not at present engaged in any business. He located in West Fairlee in 1876, and represented that town in the general assembly of 1878, serving on the committee on banks; and in 1879 he removed to Ely. Was educated at the institutions of learning in Europe, graduating at Ecole des Sciences Diplomatique, Paris. Religious preference, Roman Catholic.

CHAPTER XXVII

> You think I'll weep;
> No, I'll not weep.—
> I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
> Or e'er I'll weep.
>
> KING LEAR.

DURING the late seventies the good fortune which had attended Uncle Smith's commercial activities since his arrival in New England began to wane. The books of the Vermont Copper Mining Company commenced to disclose a diminution of income, which steadily progressed until the profits not only ceased, but were replaced by actual loss. This disquieting state of affairs was attributable partly to a depression of the market, which necessitated a deep cut in the price of copper, but chiefly to the fact that the immense depth to which the mine had been excavated prevented its further operation on a paying basis. For so great a depth the company's machinery was inadequate, and the cost of installing a suitable equipment in the face of unfavorable market conditions rendered future success problematical. It was obvious that with such a handicap the enterprise could no longer be continued except at a loss, and that sound business policy demanded its discontinuance, but to this Uncle Smith would not consent, for his faith in the mine and his pride in the industry did not permit him to view the situation in any other light than as a temporary and insignificant period of commercial depression. Convinced that better machinery would afford a panacea for the company's woes, he negotiated the purchase of a new and larger outfit, and ordered its installation, in the meantime insisting that the business should be carried on without retrenchment; and when the inevitable depletion of the treasury compelled him to draw upon his personal resources, he liquidated his investments in New York and elsewhere, and poured the proceeds into the mine

in a determined effort to keep the company on its feet until the operation of the new equipment should have restored its former income. He faced the situation boldly, his pride impelling him to endeavor in every possible way to prevent his embarrassment from becoming generally known, and for two or three years the people of Vershire had no suspicion that the Croesus who dwelt among them was rapidly traveling the road to insolvency and ruin.

Uncle Smith's wealth and prominence during his era of prosperity led to a movement on the part of his neighbors to honor him by changing the name of their village and township from Vershire to "Ely," for they had found him particularly susceptible to flattery, and believed that he would be certain to acknowledge so handsome a compliment by the gift of a town hall, a public library, or other tangible expression of his gratitude. The proposed change, which had been under consideration for some time, was laid before the Legislature in 1878. By that body the matter was referred back to the electors of the township, and at a town meeting called for the purpose, the name ELY was duly adopted by popular vote. Needless to say, my uncle was immeasurably pleased by this evidence of public admiration,—the crowning glory of his career,—and he thereafter desired to be known and always referred to as "Smith Ely of Ely, Vermont."

It was an instance of the irony of fate that this action of the townspeople in demonstrating their regard for my uncle by paying him the highest compliment in their power, which action had long been the subject of consideration and discussion during the years of his opulence, was not accomplished until the tide of his fortune had turned, and he was in such dire financial straits that the donation it was designed to bring about was utterly beyond his means. The citizens, exasperated by his failure to recompense their courtesy by a gift worthy of the honor, and knowing nothing of the precluding circumstances, applied to the very next session of the Legislature (which convened every second year) to restore the original town-name. This move to recall the compliment was gall and wormwood to the heart of Uncle Smith, who opposed it by every means at his command, retaining an able and celebrated lawyer to combat the measure before the legislative committee. I

have a printed copy of the attorney's argument, and as many of its allegations throw light upon the doings of Uncle Smith and Ely Goddard, I will quote it verbatim. It is chiefly of interest as showing the peculiar turn of my uncle's mind and the extent of his vanity: that, while beset on every hand with financial difficulties of the most serious nature, and with absolute ruin staring him in the face, he could still squander part of his rapidly shrinking capital in employing expensive counsel for a matter of so little consequence. To the average man so harassed and distracted the name of the place in which he lived would have seemed of trifling moment.

THE TOWN OF ELY.

Argument of the Hon. Luke P. Poland

BEFORE THE SPECIAL COMMITTEES OF THE LEGISLATURE UPON THE SUBJECT, AGAINST THE BILL TO RE-CHANGE THE NAME OF THE TOWN OF ELY TO VERSHIRE; DEC. 8TH, 1880.

Stenographically Reported by HENRY OVIATT

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee:

On some occasions and under some circumstances I should regret that I was so hoarse as to be scarcely able to talk at all. But I do not regret it particularly on this occasion, because I have never been exceedingly fond of talking at any length, if there did not seem to be anything to talk about. I have always been in the habit of having some proposition or other about which it was incumbent upon me to give some argument or idea, in order to sustain some controverted position. But we have here an issue—if it be an issue—which does not involve the slightest material consequence in the world. It is not of one cent or one farthing's pecuniary importance to any living human being by what name this six miles of territory over in the mountains is called. It won't produce any more potatoes; it won't produce any more timber; it won't produce any more copper ore under one of those names than it will under the other,—nor any less. It is purely a question of sentiment and will; nothing else. And therefore I am about the poorest man in the world to be called upon to discuss it, and my brother Heath is the best man; because I can say of him as Artemus Ward

said of his boy—and I don't say this in any invidious sense. Artemus said that he came home and found his boy Augustus "playing onto a floot;" his boy Augustus, he said, "was an etherial cuss." [Laughter.] So it needs some gentleman of his peculiar etherialness to argue upon a subject which has nothing in it but will and sentiment.

Two Years Ago.

Now, two years ago a portion of the inhabitants of this town, then called Vershire, petitioned the Legislature to change the name of the town and thereafter to call it Ely. And after listening to all that was said upon both sides—and there was a good deal said—the Legislature said: "This is a matter which affects nobody in the world except yourselves; we won't decide it; we will leave it to you to decide. If you in your judgment, or in your pleasure, or for any reason, or without any reason; if you see fit to change the name of your town and call it Ely instead of Vershire, we submit it to you to do. But," the Legislature said, "we won't have any trifling about this. It shall not depend upon the vote of a mere majority. There must be at least two thirds of the legal voters of the town who shall be in favor of the proposition to change the name before it shall be valid." In accordance with the prescription of the Legislature a town-meeting was held, at which very much more than two thirds of the whole number who participated and cast their ballots, voted in favor of the proposition to change—68, I believe, more than the requisite two thirds.

No Reason for a Change.

Now, this Legislature is petitioned, your committees are called upon to advise the Legislature to go back upon the proceedings of two years ago; to revise not only the action of the Legislature of two years ago, but the action of the town of two years ago. Why? Does anybody claim that there has been any change in the sentiment of the people of that town? Is it claimed that the people of that town have got sick of it? Has even a majority of the voters of the town petitioned the Legislature to change its name back? No. This petition in favor of a change, which has been presented here, contains ninety-nine names, every man of whom has been pursued by this red-handed John C. Carlton. Every man, I say, of whom there was the slightest, the vaguest hope of getting his name upon the petition, has been hounded by this man, and all he could get was ninety-nine. It is not pretended by anybody, and cannot be pretended by anybody, that there is any human being in that town who desires the name of this town changed back, whose name is not on that petition. And this Mr. Carlton, in his very last testimony before your committees, as you all remember, admitted that there were more than four hundred legal voters in the town,—I think four hundred and eleven was the number—and yet only ninety-nine of them, with all the pressure that could be brought to bear upon them, with all the electioneering that could be done, with every possible lie that could be told, with every possible scandal that could be invented, with every possible prejudice that could be appealed to, were induced to sign that petition. Isn't it trifling, absolutely trifling, with your committees and with the Legislature, in view of the more than complete compliance with the requirements prescribed by the Legislature of 1878, that a two thirds vote should be necessary—to come here again at this very next session, without the slightest pretense that there has been any re-action in the sentiment of the town upon this subject, and to ask the Legislature to change the name back.

Mr. Heath's Wonderful Argument.

But we had, the other night, from my brother Heath, some very wonderful reasons given in favor of this proposition to change back the name. That is, they are very wonderful reasons to be put forth in this State of Vermont, up here in the Green Mountains, where he and myself were born and have lived all our lives. Why, he says, that although three quarters of the people of the town and three quarters of the legal voters wish to have the town bear the name of Ely instead of the name of Vershire, yet these are folk of no consequence. They did not grow out of the soil of Vershire. They are men who have been imported at some time. They are not such remarkable fellows as John C. Carlton and Moses Spear! [Laughter.] They are not the peers of these noble specimens of manhood that were born and bred on Vershire Heights. One of these splendid men, my brother Heath says, that are produced there ought to count as much as three or four of these Mac's and O's who voted on our side. Is that the theory of our government? Is that the theory of American institutions? Are men to be measured off by the acre? Is there anything anywhere in this country—any public matter—that is to be determined by the people, where one man's vote doesn't count just as much as another's? If you and I want any man to be Governor and cast our votes for him, and John C. Carlton votes for another man, no matter how poor or humble we may be, no matter if our fathers were not Vershire aristocrats, don't we count for twice as much as he? It has been the boast of this government; it has been the boast of us all in relation to the institutions of this country, that one of the fundamental principles of its polity was to furnish a home for the oppressed of other lands. The down-trodden millions of Europe may come here, and by going through the forms prescribed by the law to make themselves citizens, they may become in a legal sense the peers of the proudest in the land. My brother Heath, in talking about some of the town-meetings held in this town, says: "They have undertaken to import into this State of Vermont, up here among the Green Mountains, to implant the theories and practices of the old world; to erect the monarchical institutions of Europe." Now, who is it, in fact, that is putting forth monarchical doctrines? Who is it that is claiming here that one of these native-born Vershire aristocrats should count as much as three or four other legal citizens of the State? "Why," Mr. Heath says, "Are your Mac's and O's to be compared with the great fellows produced by the soil of Vershire Heights? Here is Moses Spear; his wings cover a thousand acres!" Suppose they do. We don't measure men in this country by the acre.

No Reason for Interference.

So, suppose there was no sort of reason why the name of this town should be changed from Vershire to Ely. Suppose it was nothing but the mere caprice and pleasure of more than two thirds of the legal voters of the town. The Legislature say, "If two thirds of you desire to change the name, you shall have the right and privilege of doing so." They did it. Suppose that this was all there was of the case; that the change was the merest fancy, the merest foolish fancy in the world, to give the name of Ely to this town. Yet, when the General Assembly once said that they would submit it to a vote of the people of that town, and they voted to change, and there is no pretense that there has been any reversal of sentiment among the people of the town, why should this Legislature step in

to oppose the wishes of the people, and with a high hand repeal their action? Can there be any reason given? Is there any to give?

The Town-Meeting Legal.

They have attacked the proceedings of the town-meeting at which the measure was carried, changing the name to Ely, and a large number of witnesses have been called in reference to what took place there. This Mr. Carlton himself, who was the principal manoeuverer at that meeting on the part of the opponents of the new name, has testified here. He went home after that meeting and wrote up an affidavit for one Elder Cross to swear to, and he did swear to it before him. That affidavit goes just as much beyond the story which either of them dared swear to here before your committees, as a story in the Arabian Nights goes beyond the prosaic realities of common life. This man, Carlton, stealthily went home and drew up an affidavit for Elder Cross to sign—whether he read it before he signed it, I don't know—which is utterly at variance with anything that either of them swear to upon the stand here. To judge from the tale recited in the affidavit, the proceedings at that meeting were of the most riotous and disorderly character. He says in that paper that he was almost in fear of his life; that he never, in any public proceeding, or in any public meeting, had seen anything like the disorder or suffered anything like the danger he did there. You would suppose by reading that affidavit that this meeting resembled the draft riots in the city of New York, or the bread riots in Paris; that the greatest tumults which have occurred in the history of the world were no worse than the lawless and outrageous proceedings in this town-meeting in Vershire; and that the troops ought to have been called out to quell the rioters. If these two worthies had not disclosed the miraculous means by which the disturbance was quelled, we should certainly have supposed that nothing less than an armed force could have done it. But they say that "Dick" Barrett shook his head and it all stopped at once. [Great laughter.] Now, isn't all this utterly ridiculous? And especially this lying affidavit that Carlton went home and wrote, and in some way procured Elder Cross to sign, when we come to this lame and impotent conclusion which they themselves give. They say that the town-clerk, Barrett—and because he is not one of the native nobility of Vershire, but is a man born in some less favored part of the land, who came there to live at some time in his life—they do not dignify him by his title of town-clerk, or even of plain Mr.; they call him "Dick" Barrett. They say that Dick Barrett shook his head, and all was calm; the tempest was stilled at once, and all was as peaceful as a summer morn!

The Quo Warranto Proceedings.

But this John C. Carlton is a man who never tires in peace or in war, in friendship or in hostility. In pursuing his enemies he is persistent even unto blood. He immediately began legal proceedings to demonstrate that this meeting was illegal. He brought a petition for a writ of *quo warranto* in the Supreme Court of Orange County, for the purpose of reversing and setting aside the proceedings of that meeting. They say that they only asked to have them set aside upon the ground that Judge Darling was not technically the proper man to act as moderator. That is true. That was the only ground upon which they asked to have the proceedings voided and set aside. But what does that prove? If Mr. Carleton, and those men who were acting with him, really believed that this meeting was so disorderly; if they knew that anybody was prevented from voting in that meeting who

was entitled to vote, or that anybody was allowed to vote who was not a legal voter of the town, wouldn't every one of these causes have been included? And very properly so, for, if proved, they would have been good grounds for adjudging the meeting illegal and the proceedings therein invalid. The very fact they inserted no other causes, that they claimed nothing else in relation to the invalidity of that meeting except that Judge Darling was not technically the proper man to preside over it, shows that they had no other ground, or cause, to give.

The Old Families Myths.

Now there have been several witnesses before your committees. These petitioners for a change back have endeavored to get all those who have lived all their lives in Vershire, especially all who were of the "early" and "historical lineage" of that town. They have endeavored to warm up their prejudices, and get them enlisted in the project, so that they might create a great hostility to the new name. All at once there is a sacred feeling which comes over the inhabitants of Vershire Heights in relation to the old traditions and the old memories of that ancient town. These old traditions and old memories have all at once become wonderfully dear. There, my brother Heath says, are the graves of their fathers and their grandfathers. They can't have the town where those dear departed rest called by a new name. When you come to examine this pretense—for pretense it is—and to listen to the testimony of Dr. Simpson, it vanishes. Dr. Simpson is a physician in the town, of long standing and of high repute, and certainly no witness has appeared before you more evidently actuated by perfect candor and honesty than he. He has not been swept into the current on either side of this question. He swore that a few years ago he was called upon to write an article upon the history of Vershire for Miss Hemmenway's Gazeteer of Vermont; that he went to everybody there was in the town who had any ancestral connection with its early history, and he was able to find only two families from which he could get the slightest tradition or the most insignificant incident in regard to its settlement or infancy. The others knew no more about it than they did about the origin of China. Two families he found, in which some stories had been preserved in regard to the early history of the town, and who were able to furnish him with some information upon the subject. The most significant fact about it all is, that one of these families was in favor of the change to Ely! As to all the rest of these "old families," Dr. Simpson says that he couldn't find in them the slightest trace of anything they knew in relation to the early history of the town, or the slightest indication that they cared anything about it. And right here I may state a fact which does not exactly appear in evidence. The former officers of Vershire, who were elected by these old stalwart mountaineers—to use the words of my brother Heath—had kicked about the old charter of the town, signed by Thomas Chittenden, from one place to another, and it was torn into fragments. At last "Dick" Barrett, this new-comer, who has no respect for the old traditions and the old memories, hunted up the pieces in various places over the town, and pasted them together, so that it is now quite a respectable looking document. It is here for your inspection, gentlemen. [The charter was handed to the gentlemen of the committees for inspection.] While you are looking at the charter, gentlemen, I will call your attention to the fact that in looking through the list of the original proprietors of the town, the only name you will find there which is still preserved among the inhabitants is Titus, the name of a gentleman who was

active in securing the change of the name from Vershire to Ely! Now, I don't want to speak in any terms of disrespect of this feeling that a people may very naturally have—the people who live in Vershire, who were born there, who have lived their lives—against the obliteration of the ancient name for any reason, or for any purpose. It is a proper and an honorable feeling on their part, and one about which I am not disposed to make the slightest unfriendly comment. But when such men as are promoting this thing are endeavoring to cry over these old memories and associations, for which they care no more than they care for a forty-years-old almanac; when they undertake to masquerade in a false character, one which they have no right to assume, and pretend to feelings which they do not have, such hypocrisy is deserving of the utmost contempt and the utmost ridicule.

Mr. Smith Ely.

Now, we have had a great variety of reasons given why the name of this town ought not to have been changed. I suppose that there can be no great fault found with Ely as a name *per se*. It is the name of several towns in the United States, and it is the name of a cathedral town in England. And in this connection, I may as well say what every one knows, what was announced in the beginning, that this particular name was adopted in consequence of its being the name of Mr. Smith Ely, the principal proprietor and the president of the Vermont Copper Mining Company. These petitioners have endeavored to show that not only was there no propriety in making this change, but that there was an actual impropriety in it; that Mr. Ely, instead of being a benefactor of the town, instead of his being entitled to favorable consideration from the people of that town,—"Why," say these petitioners, or rather Mr. John Carlton and Mr. Moses Spear, who assume to speak for them, "he has been a damage, he has been a disgrace, he has been a hindrance to the prosperity of the town." Is there any truth, or any semblance of truth, in all this? Many years ago there was a discovery of copper ore in this town. For a long time its extraction was carried on in a desultory and feeble way, and was of no advantage either to the miner, to the town, or to anybody else; until a few years ago, when Mr. Ely became interested in the property, and soon bought a majority of the stock. Perhaps none of the gentlemen upon the committees ever met Mr. Ely except the two members from Orange County. I wish you knew him as well as I do. Although he is now more than eighty years of age, a more enterprising and vigorous gentleman cannot be found in the whole country; a gentleman who takes the personal supervision of this immense business, the entire oversight of the operations. He has built up, out of what has been a failure in the hands of other men, one of the largest and most prosperous industries in the State of Vermont. There is a village near the mine, whose inhabitants—more than one thousand in number—get their entire support from it. These people buy the greater part of their sustenance from the surrounding farmers, and of course from these native born aristocrats of Vershire Heights,—their wood, their potatoes, their pork,—pretty much everything they consume in the way of provisions. You may be sure that their money is acceptable. But they say that the building up of this great enterprise in the town has nevertheless been a source of detriment and loss to it. I will ask the members of your committees who live in purely agricultural towns: wouldn't you be glad to have industries started in your towns which would build up villages of a thousand inhabitants each, to be a market where the rest of the town can dispose of the products of their farms? I think any

of you would jump at the chance. But we have heard a great deal from these witnesses in relation to the deleterious consequences of the vapor from the smelting works upon the surrounding neighborhood. The testimony of Dr. Simpson, however, shows clearly just how much reliance should be placed upon such stories. With scientific accuracy he states the source and extent of the damage. He says that by the sulphuric gas which arises from the burning out of the sulphur in the copper ore, in the immediate vicinity of the mine—the narrow valley in which the mine is situated, vegetation is destroyed to a considerable extent. But beyond that immediate vicinity no damage is done, because the specific gravity of the gas is so much greater than that of the atmosphere, that it soon sinks to the ground, and does not spread unless there is a very high wind blowing at the time it issues from the smelting works. It is very rarely, indeed, that this gas floats beyond the valley in which the mine is situated, all of which is owned by the mining company and the people who are employed by them. Even if the gas does destroy vegetation there, I don't know why it is any business, particularly, of Mr. John C. Carlton and those gentlemen who live miles away, and who are not affected by it in any manner. They read to you a long affidavit from a Mr. Johnson, who lives in the valley further down than the mine. These petitioners, it may be said, live on the hill entirely away from the mine. Some of your committee are undoubtedly well acquainted with the configuration of this country. But for the benefit of those who are not, I will say that the valley of this stream near which the mine is located, and along which this village is situated, runs down through the town of West Fairlee, towards the Connecticut river. As I have said, they produce a very long deposition from a Mr. Johnson, who owns a farm in West Fairlee. He goes on at great length, or rather Mr. John C. Carlton goes on at great length—for it is in Mr. Carlton's handwriting—to describe the various evil effects which are visited upon the timber and the vegetation of his farm in consequence of this gas, or this smoke, as he calls it. What has that to do with this case; the effect of the gas upon this man's farm in West Fairlee; even if all that he alleges be true? But I say that the evidence here does not show that the effects of this gas have been deleterious to any appreciable extent beyond the limits of this narrow valley in which are the mine and the mining village, and which the company and its employees own themselves. No question is made but what the gas has pretty much destroyed the trees and grass there. It does not lie in the mouth of John C. Carlton and Moses Spear to come in before your committees and complain of the effect of this gas. It is not even pretended that it does them any injury. But suppose that it had killed every blade of grass and every tree which grew in that town, what has that to do with the change of name? Will the name of Vershire bring the dead trees back to life? Will the destroyed vegetation again come forth? Is the restoration of the old name going to help the matter in the slightest degree? One would suppose, from the argument of my brother Heath and from the testimony of these witnesses, that if the name could only be changed back to Vershire, even this valley in which the mine is situated might flourish, and that instantaneously it would blossom like the rose. [Laughter.] There would be a new heaven and a new earth arise, if only this name could be changed back to Vershire. [Renewed laughter.] Has it anything to do with it? Has it any sort of bearing upon the question which you are called upon to determine? The argument, if there be any argument about it, goes to show, as far as it shows anything, that this mine never should have been worked. This immense treasure, locked up in the bowels of the earth, never should have been extracted, and the peace and

quiet and verdure of the heights of Vershire never should have been disturbed. The millions of tons of copper which that mine contains should have been allowed to lie there untouched until the hills should fall down and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll at the last day.

Public Improvements.

But we have damaged the town in other ways, and particularly in taxing these petitioners for a road to the railway. This town lies one tier off—there is one town between it and the railroad along the Connecticut river. In order to sell their products, their wood and potatoes, their wool and butter, its inhabitants had to go to the railroad. There was no home market. Until the establishment of this mining village there was nobody in town that wanted to buy anything that was grown within its borders. Probably they made the blacksmith and the minister take their pay in wood and potatoes; but nobody else wanted any; they had plenty of their own. Unless the people of Vershire Heights could reach the railroad with their products, there was no way in which they could get any ready money. For years and years they had endured a road hilly by nature and bad in construction. After the mining company began operations, it was thought advisable to improve the road, to level it, to make it more favorable for teams at all seasons of the year,—in other words to bring the town practically nearer the market upon the Passumpsic railroad. There is no dispute but what the mining company was active in procuring the making of these improvements. It is undoubtedly true. But what had the other inhabitants of the town to do with it? Why, it turns out that this Moses Spear, the second in command over these petitioners, the generalissimo being John C. Carlton, was active in it also. He was a witness before your committee against the mining company, and it is fair to argue from the prejudice which he showed upon the stand, that there must have been some propriety in improving this road, or he would not have been in favor of it. It could not all have been owing to the wickedness of the mining company. He testified in its behalf before the commissioners who laid the new road. He says now that he was a witness there because he was asked to go there as a witness. He probably does not wish to admit that he went before the commissioners and lied because the mining company wished him to. Yet, if he did not believe at that time that the road from the town to the Passumpsic railroad was a good thing, he is obliged to confess that he committed perjury. It is doubtless true that the building and maintaining of that road have been somewhat expensive to the town. Its taxpayers were called upon to bear a share of the original cost, and they are now called upon, it is said, to pay a portion of the repairs. But that road is not for the benefit of the mining company alone. It is for the benefit of the whole town. It is the only outlet which it has to the railroad. And in proportion to the amount of business they have to do over it, it is equally for the convenience of all the inhabitants.

My brother Heath, in his opening statement, told you that the building up of this village of one thousand people, and thus largely increasing the population of the town, simply brought in a large number of poor persons, and imposed upon the town the expense of supporting a large number of paupers. It struck me then that he would make a good deal of a point of this, because in St. Johnsbury, where I live, and where there is so much manufacturing going on, which brings in a large foreign population, there has been some increase in the cost of supporting the paupers, of whom a large proportion belong to the foreign operatives. I thought it very likely

that this was the case in Ely; and that my brother Heath had at last stumbled upon something which was tangible. But to my utter astonishment, and I believe to the astonishment of all you gentlemen, Mr. Barrett, having taken the trouble to examine the auditor's reports for several years back and ascertain the payments for the support of paupers, found that of an aggregate of between $14,000 and $15,000, the entire expense of supporting the paupers belonging in this mining village was only $500, or one twenty-eighth of the whole. Yet this village contains more than one-half of the population of the town. The reason of this remarkably small proportion of paupers among the miners was explained to you by Mr. Long, the assistant superintendent of the mine. He says that the miners have a kind of co-operative system of insurance among themselves, by the rules of which each man pays a certain amount towards a common fund, and when he is sick, or when he becomes unable to support himself, he receives an adequate sum towards his support. These contributions have amounted to a large fund, so that the town is never called upon for aid by any of the miners. This is certainly a remarkable fact, and one that speaks volumes in favor of the people whom Mr. Heath has so causelessly slurred. The loud complaints which have been made that Mr. Ely had swamped the town with paupers, and that the old inhabitants of the town were called upon to pay heavy taxes to support these foreign-born paupers are completely silenced. It strikes me that these "O's and Mac's" compare very favorably with these "lords of acres," as my brother Heath calls the petitioners.

More Groundless Complaints.

There is still another complaint which these petitioners make. They don't assert that Mr. Ely ever authorized it, or that anybody ever had any permission from him to promise it; but they say that Judge Darling, Mr. Eustace, Mr. Fitz, Mr. Barrett, and other men who went about the town two years ago, getting signers to the petition in favor of having the name changed from Vershire to Ely, said that in their opinion, if Mr. Ely was honored by having the town named for him, he would do something for its benefit. Some thought he would build a town-house; some thought he would give them a public library; some thought he would pay the town debt. Evidently none of them had any information from Mr. Ely upon the subject; but everybody knowing his kind and generous character, believed that if he should be honored by having the town named for him, he would do something handsome in return.

Who are the witnesses in support of this bugbear? First, we have this Elder Cross, who, I think, is the lineal descendant of the apostle who carried the bag. [Laughter.] Cross fifteen years since became a resident of Vermont from New Hampshire. He is now greatly impressed with the sacrilegiousness of the change of name. He considers it almost a desecration of the graves of the fathers and grandfathers, and a want of regard for the old and sacred memories terrible to contemplate. But fearful as it all is, if Mr. Ely would do any of these things before mentioned, he could get over it. It was in that view, he says, that he signed the petition. He felt that if Mr. Ely would build a new town-hall, or give a public library, or pay the town debt, that he could endure the desecration of the ancestral graves, and let the old memories die out unlamented. So he signed the petition. But like the same gentleman to whom I a few moments ago compared him, he changed his mind when the profits did not turn out to be as great as he expected. He has gone on to the other side, and there let him remain. There are two other men, I believe—appearing by affi-

davits—who say that they signed because they understood that Mr. Ely was going to do something for the benefit of the town. Now they want the name changed back because he has not. Well, there is one thing very certain about Mr. Smith Ely. I have known him a good many years. Mr. Ely never raised any false expectations in anybody on any subject. He never intimated in the slightest manner that he would do anything, and then refused to do it. If there is a man on the face of this earth who is the very soul of honor, a man who would go to the stake for his word, that man is Mr. Smith Ely. There is nothing that resembles flinch about him. Whatever he says by word or by bond; whatever he gives any man, or any community to understand, that he will fulfil, let the consequences be what they may. Suppose it to be true that Mr. Ely did authorize—although all these men say that they never had a word of conversation with him about it—and there is no doubt that Mr. Ely knew nothing whatever of these statements; they kept them entirely concealed from him. They had no authority whatever from him to make any promises in his name, and they didn't pretend to have. All the witnesses upon this subject say that when they examined those solicitors to ascertain whether Mr. Ely authorized them to make any promises of that kind, every man of them said "No; but we know Mr. Ely; we believe that Mr. Ely will feel proud, and will feel complimented by having this town named after him, and he will do something that will be beneficial to the town." But suppose—as I began to say before—that Mr. Ely was under a moral obligation to fulfil the expectations which these men were creating, what was the first thing that was done after this meeting? On the first day of February they held a town-meeting, and voted to change the name of this town. Before that time, this John C. Carlton went to Chelsea, and procured Mr. S. B. Hebard, a lawyer, to come there and attend the meeting. Mr. Hebard was there for the very purpose of taking notes, in order to get something on which to found *quo warranto* proceedings, which were subsequently had, and which the Supreme Court refused to sustain. So they proposed before the meeting was held to invalidate it if they could. This is no supposition. John Carlton admits upon the stand that he procured Mr. Hebard to attend the meeting. Well, in the course of a few months the Supreme Court passed upon the matter and decided that the meeting was legal and in course of law, and that the name of the town was duly changed. No sooner did John C. Carlton hear of this than he saddled his ass for the Legislature! [Laughter.] He immediately started upon his celebrated combination trip, in which he joined the business of clock-mending with that of getting signers for his petition, his two occupations wonderfully fitting into each other. He rode from house to house painfully making up the roll of the famous ninety and nine. [Renewed laughter.] Now, suppose that Mr. Ely was bound to make good; suppose he designed to make good all that these men said in reference to what he would do for the town, has the time come when he should be called upon to fulfill his obligations? Has the day come; when the smoke of the battle has not yet gone, when the battle itself, in fact, is not yet over? Is it to be expected that Mr. Ely will step up and pay the town-debt, or build the town-hall, or provide a public library, while John Carlton and Moses Spear are on the war-path, abusing and vilifying him? Call in your dogs if you want Mr. Ely to do any of these good things for your town.

Hot and Cold in the Same Breath.

But there has been "bulldozing" over there, these petitioners say. They

allege that at this meeting of the first of February, the votes in favor of the name of Ely were printed on red paper. Suppose they were. What of all that? After making this charge, my brother Heath in the same breath —for he can blow hot and blow cold—says that the measure was carried because this mine has brought a set of men into town who haven't any ancestral graves. He says that they have no fathers and grandfathers, or if they ever hand any, they are not buried on Vershire Heights; they would just as lief the name of the town would be Ely as anything else; they haven't any of these old memories with which to trouble their consciences; they are new men, and they are willing to make a new town of it, and have it bear a new name. If these things be true, what was the good in having red votes? Such men would vote for the change, whether the ballot was colored red, white, or blue. Is there the slightest ground for supposing that a red ballot was used on that first day of February for the purpose of improperly influencing any man's vote? Have John Carlton and his lieutenant, Spear, found anybody who voted in favor of changing the name of that day, and now wants a re-change, except Elder Cross and one Kimball? And they have raked the town as with a fine-tooth comb, and importuned the voters like so many book agents. But it is not claimed that Elder Cross, or Kimball, voted for the name of Ely in consequence of any coercion, or deceit, practiced upon them by means of the red ballots. They themselves say that they voted that way because they meant to. At that time they were willing to set aside all these sacred memories and hallowed associations, upon which they lay so much stress now, because they supposed that Mr. Ely was going to do something for the town. [Great laughter.] I think we may dismiss the subject of that meeting. There is not a particle of evidence that any man voted at that meeting who was not entitled to vote. There is not a particle of evidence that any man was deprived of the right to vote who was entitled to vote. And there is no reason shown why there wasn't a perfectly fair, dispassionate expression of the judgment of the people.

Freeman's Meeting.

We have had a good deal of evidence about the last Freeman's meeting, and about the March meeting. Everything that has been done there has been done under some terrible suspicion on the part of Carlton and Spear. It seems that they have got an old town-house situated somewhere in the centre of the town. The selectmen say that they went there and examined it just before Freeman's meeting. They knew that there would be a large crowd of people gathered in the building during the voting, and their examination convinced them that it would not be safe to hold the meeting there. They went and engaged a church close by. But it turned out that the controllers of the church were not willing that it should be used for such a purpose. They therefore made a temporary arrangement in the vestibule of the church—took out a window—so that the town officers could go in there and receive the votes from the outside. Has anything wrong been shown about this? One witness on their side says that the town-hall was perfectly safe. You heard the testimony of two of the selectmen upon the subject. They described the town-house, and they explained to you the reasons for not using it. Is there one of you gentlemen who has the slightest idea that the place of holding the meeting was changed for the purpose of getting a chance to cheat by means of that window? Does anybody pretend that there was any cheating? This Moses Spear, who is second in command under John Carlton, says that he

went to the meeting; that he was not an officer of the town; but that they invited him to come inside, and he did. Spear saw how the voting was done. He said that he had not the slightest reason to suppose that any man was deprived of his right to vote, or that every single vote was not honestly counted. The whole thing is a fiction and a fabrication. But they say that there was some red ballots there. It seems that Col. Ely-Goddard was a candidate for town representative,—the Republican candidate; and he had some red votes with his name printed upon them. They say that he received a great many more votes than Gov. Farnham received; that while the Republican and Democratic votes for governor were just equal, he received a large majority over his Democratic competitor, Mr. Norris. They, therefore, pretend that these red ballots had something to do with it. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that they did, what has that to do with the name which the town shall bear?

COLONEL ELY-GODDARD.

Will my brother Heath give his particular attention to that and say how changing the name of the town back to Vershire would cure such an evil as that, if it existed? But, the truth is, there was no "bulldozing" there and no thought of any. It doesn't need any coercion to make the miners vote for our young friend, Col. Ely-Goddard. You know something about him. He is a young man who has a great deal more money than a great many of us, and he is lavish and generous with it. If a working man is in distress in the neighborhood of Ely, he knows to whom he can appeal, and not in vain, for assistance. His bounty is extended without any fuss, and nobody but the recipient and the giver knows of the deed. Is it any wonder that such a man has hosts of friends? They are willing to do anything for him in their power, and when he felt an ambition to go to the Legislature, they stepped up to the polls and voted for him, forgetting for the time any political differences they might have. That is all there is to it. And it is not at all strange. It is human nature. They say that Col. Ely-Goddard stood there with these red ballots. Well, perhaps he had a little curiosity to see whether he had as many friends as he had been led to suppose. There is a great deal of what is called lip service in this world. Perhaps Col. Ely-Goddard is one of those who believe in friendly deeds as well as friendly words. He must have been satisfied with what he saw; and your committees are not going to blame a man because he is popular with his townsmen.

BUGBEAR UPON BUGBEAR.

Then they have trumped up a lot of instances where, as they allege, men have been discharged from the employment of the company, in consequence of the manner in which they voted. Gentlemen, I say that there is not a particle of legal evidence to that effect before you, in any shape or manner. They produced an affidavit. It seems that a fellow took some of these red votes, upon which Col. Ely-Goddard's name was printed, and pasted the name of Mr. Norris, the Democratic candidate, over it. Then he pretended to be voting for Col. Ely-Goddard, when he was in fact voting for Mr. Norris. His deceit was discovered, and came to the knowledge of Mr. Smith Ely. Gentlemen, if you knew him as I know him, you would appreciate the wrath which such an act would provoke in him. Of all things in the world trickery is the most abhorrent to his nature. Open and candid himself, he expects other men to be so with him. I can readily imagine the stinging rebuke which he administered

to the fellow: "No matter where you work, or for whom you work, you have the right to vote just exactly as you please. If you wanted to vote for the Democratic candidate, you could have done so without let or hinderence from me. But I want you to do it like a man! Don't play the sneak, and try to make people think you voted for one man, when, in fact, you voted for another. I don't want any such chaps in my employ. So you get your wages and be off. I won't have you around, for fear you will take my wallet out of my pocket." That is just the way Mr. Ely would treat such a scallawag; and who will say that he did not deserve it? If there is anything in that transaction out of which my "ethereal" brother can make a point, he is welcome to the chance. I must say for myself that I like the spirit of the old gentleman. He says: "It isn't because you voted this way, or that way. It is because you acted a lie about it. You practically said that you voted one way when you really voted the other. I have no objection to your voting just as you want to; but I do object to your dishonest practices, and I don't want such men in my employment." There is a young man named Church, who says he drove a team for the mining company at one time; and they told him that they had no more teaming for him to do. He supposes that his dismissal was in consequence of his voting in some way at some time. It is a mere surmise. The truth is entirely otherwise; and if we had chosen to go on with our testimony we could have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that he was refused employment for a different cause, and one altogether unconnected with his exercise of the franchise. But we did not deem it to be a matter of sufficient consequence to warrant our bringing witnesses so far. They have got an affidavit from a man in Corinth named Darling. You must know that there is a copper-mine in Corinth as well as in Ely. But whether they ever had an election in Corinth, in which there was any trouble, or in which the mining company took any special interest, is not disclosed to us. In fact, what earthly connection his evidence has with this subject you are considering I am unable to ascertain. Mr. Darling says that he lives in Corinth, and has for a great many years; that he drew ore for the Corinth mining company at one time, and the company bye-and-bye stopped giving him employment; that Tom Chase told him it was on account of his voting. I suppose that if Mr. Darling lives in Corinth, and has for a great many years, it was not in consequence of any vote he had cast in Ely, or Vershire, that he lost his job. It is alleged that the Eagle Hollow road, which runs from the Corinth mine to the Ely mine, was mixed up with it in some way; but there is not a particle of evidence upon the subject.

Carlton and Spear.

I want to say a few words in relation to these people who gain their living from the mine. The theory of this government is that majorities rule. One man's vote is just as good as another's. But my brother Heath stands up before you and says, "My clients are the gods of the hills. Moses Spear with his wings covers a thousand acres"—or fifteen hundred, I forget which. "Are these men to be voted down by a regiment of your Cornish miners, your Mac's and your O's? The wish of one of these men should outweigh with you the wishes of three or four of these Cornishmen." Is that the kind of doctrine that prevails in this country? But let us see if these "gods of the hills" bear out all of my brother Heath's encomiums. I inquired of some of the witnesses in regard to the amount of land that Moses Spear owned, and they said that Mr. Barrett owned a

good deal more than he did. Mr. Barrett, as you know, is classed with these Cornishmen. He is not one of the "blue bloods" who were born and bred on Vershire Heights. It is not very hard to see what ails Moses Spear. In the old days when the Democratic party, of which he is a member, had the ascendancy in town, Mr. Spear was one of its chief sachems. He was one of the "bosses" and ran things pretty much as he had a mind to. Now the sceptre has departed from Moses; he has fallen from his high estate, and the fall has made him bilious and crabbed. Things are not as they were, and he vents his disappointment in slandering and abusing the men who have displaced him. You heard his flings and sneers at Judge Darling at the very last meeting of your committees. I will spend no time in refuting them. Their falsity is only equalled by the malevolence which prompted them. Judge Darling is a man respected all over Orange County. During the past two years he has been one of the judges of the County Court, and his integrity and honor are unimpeachable. And speaking of Spear, leads me to remark that it is the fate of all of us who hold public office, to get put out after a while. I have been through the mill myself. We live our brief day as public men, and then we are ejected from the stage, just as Moses Spear was. He is no worse off than I am; but he doesn't bear his fate near as well. [Laughter and applause.] He doesn't take it as kindly. When he sees Judge Darling and these other gentlemen in the places once filled by him, he feels very much as Haman did when he saw Mordecai sitting in the king's gate. It is bitterness and gall for him to see others step in and occupy the places of authority in which he once sat himself. That's what's the matter with Spear. You saw him, gentlemen. One of these fierce men. Looks as wild as a catamount. [Laughter.] He is not a bad man. Very likely he has many good qualities. But the green-eyed monster, jealousy, has got possession of him and he has nothing but slurs for everybody. You remember his answers when I asked him if there were not a good many of the old inhabitants who were now in favor of this new name. He admitted the fact; but said it was because they had all been bought up by giving them office; Eustice and Fitts, and all of these men had been given offices. They had been bought up. So had Dr. Simpson and Judge Darling. But enough of Spear. After all he only plays a subordinate part to his commander, John C. Carlton. I cannot help thinking that Carlton must find clock-mending a congenial occupation. He is more like an old eight-day clock than any man I ever saw. He never stops going. He is a practical solution of the problem of perpetual motion, upon which scientific men have spent so much time in puzzling and trying to accomplish. There is nothing in this case that shows him to have slept or stopped for one day even, riding about the country, since the decision of the Supreme Court in the *quo warranto* case, until this hearing began. I am inclined to think that, like the "Ancient Mariner," he has been doomed to wander about from house to house through the town of Ely, and solicit signers to his petition, until the end of time! * * * I ask you to look at the bundle of affidavits which have been put into the case by my brother Heath. You will see that they are all in Carlton's handwriting, and were evidently prepared by him beforehand, and then carried round for signatures and oaths. It looks very much as if they were sworn to without much regard as to what was in them. Many of the signatures are in pencil, while the bodies of the affidavits are in ink. The truth is, all this mischief was hatched in his prolific brain, and was there nursed to maturity by his fostering care. Is such a case, so begotten,

so composed, so fathered, the kind of case to be brought before the Legislature of Vermont? Ought such affidavits and such testimony to have any weight with your committees? They should not, and, I believe they will not. John Carlton and Moses Spear are not the men to stand up here before the Legislature and make you believe that their personal grievances are of interest to the whole State of Vermont. Their motives are too transparent. As I said before, nobody has the slightest interest in this matter except those who live within the territory of the town. Nearly three quarters of the legal voters of the town desire that its name shall be Ely. These petitioners, led by John Carlton and Moses Spear, * * * ask you to say that they are men of such superior virtue, of such superior character, such superior intelligence to the rest of the town that their wishes, their votes, should outweigh three times the number of equally honest men who did not happen to be born and brought up in the poor land of Vershire Heights. And right here I will say something in regard to the claim which has been set up that these ninety-nine names represent the land-owners of the town, the men who have its real welfare at heart more than these landless Cornishmen. Judge Darling was the census enumerator in Ely. By the regulations in relation to taking the census he was required to return all the farms of more than three acres. He found that in Ely there are 244 farms, of which only 54 are owned by the ninety-nine men whose names are upon that petition! A little more than one fifth of the land-owners of the town are represented upon that petition. My brother Heath has not attempted to controvert or explain these facts away. It is fair to presume that if he could have impeached this statement of Judge Darling in the least, he would have done so, for it is very damaging indeed to his position.

In Conclusion.

Without any agency and without any knowledge, as it appears, on the part of Mr. Ely, the petitions of two years ago were circulated through the town and signed, asking for a change of its name from Vershire to Ely; and in due course of time the change was consummated in the manner prescribed by the Legislature. Mr. Ely is a man who, some ten years ago, came from the city of New York, and has invested a fortune here in building up one of the greatest industries in Vermont. By reason of his enterprise, the population of the town in which the mine is situated, has more than doubled. Under these circumstances, are your committees, is the Legislature, going to say, when three quarters of the people of the town are satisfied with its new name, that it shall be blotted out, because John C. Carlton and Moses Spear, upon the most frivilous and slimsiest pretenses, come here and ask you to? I do not believe that you will offer such an indignity to Mr. Ely, at their solicitation. It is true that he has not been here a great many years; but he has come here and put in his money to develop the mineral wealth of the State. He has caused the poor little back town of Vershire to grow from one of the smallest to be, I think, the very largest town in population in Orange County; and its prosperity has only begun. Such a man does not deserve the insult which you are now asked to offer to his name and memory. Two years ago, as I have remarked, the Legislature said: "We will not allow the name of this town to be changed unless two thirds of the legal voters wish it to be done." They did wish it. The situation remains unchanged. Three quarters, nearly, of the voters still prefer the name of Ely. Is there,

then, any occasion for the Legislature to interfere? It seems to me that there is not the slightest reason for its so doing. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for detaining you so much longer than I intended when I began.

Notwithstanding the force of the attorney's argument, the town was renamed Vershire, and Vershire it has ever since remained, having borne my uncle's cognomen for about two years, but his correspondents in the cities continued, as an act of courtesy, to address him at "Ely," Vermont, as long as he lived there; ignoring or perhaps unaware of the fact that the previous title had been resumed. The name Ely is still retained for the railroad station in the Connecticut valley some fifteen miles away, and a small cluster of houses which has sprung up about it, but there is no longer any post office so denominated in the State of Vermont.

For three or four years Uncle Smith continued to struggle against the adverse conditions by which he was confronted, never wavering in his conviction that if he could contrive to keep the company afloat until the improved machinery was installed, his difficulties would be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. He owned a hotel called the Jefferson House in Richmond, Va., and in his efforts to raise money, he persuaded my brother Ambrose to make him an occasional loan upon the security of that property, giving Ambrose a deed of it when the aggregate of the loans equalled its full market value. As my brother had no knowledge of the mining company's predicament, he supposed that the money was needed for enlarging its plant, in order to keep pace with its rapidly increasing business.

Fearing that his means would be exhausted before the new machinery was in operation, Uncle Smith at length determined to lay the situation frankly before his relatives in New York, and to urge them to revive the corporation by pouring their available cash into its treasury, with the prospect of a handsome return when, by means of the larger equipment, the mine should again be operated to its full capacity. As a basis for such appeal, he argued that the vast industry he had built up was a credit not only to himself, but to everyone who bore his name, that its failure could not but be regarded as a grave reflection upon the honor of the House of

Ely, and that every member of the family who had the requisite funds at his command should endeavor to prevent such deep and lasting disgrace. He did not realize that his kinsmen would probably view the situation in a different light; that they would not be likely to entertain a feeling of responsibility for the success of his business affairs, and could hardly be expected to become his partners in an enterprise which was on the verge of collapse, however creditable to the House of Ely such enterprise might be.

To my brothers and myself the rumor of the mining company's impending failure came like a bolt from the blue. At first we could hardly give it credence, for we had understood that the corporation was in a most flourishing condition. We had gathered from the language of Uncle Smith and of those who had dealings with him that he was the head of the greatest industry in rural Vermont; that in acquiring possession of a mine containing untold wealth, he had surpassed all his former triumphs; that he was one of the most prominent figures, socially, commercially and financially, in the State; being, in fact, so influential a citizen that the town in which he lived was going to be named in his honor—and later that it had been so named. We had every reason to believe that Uncle Smith had "gotten into a big thing," and we heartily rejoiced in his good fortune. Consequently the intimation that his business was a speculative venture, and that the bubble was about to burst, caused us a great and very painful shock.

In furtherance of my uncle's plan to replenish the company's treasury by increasing the outstanding capital stock and selling the newly issued shares to his relations, Ely Goddard went to New York to lay the proposition before the Elys of the metropolis, and ascertain if they were disposed to cooperate; and my brother Smith, who was mayor at the time, arranged a meeting of several relatives at his office in the City Hall (at which gathering he represented our immediate family), to hear and consider Goddard's statement of his grandfather's perplexities, and decide what should be done. But Ely's appeal proved unavailing, for on learning from him of the almost hopeless condition of the company, his auditors declined to subscribe at par for a large issue of new

stock, despite the assurance of big dividends when the mine should be again in full operation.

Uncle Smith's hopes in this crisis appeared to be centered in my cousin John C. Ely, who was supposed to entertain toward him a feeling of deep obligation. Having launched John upon his business career as a young clerk in Fulton Street, and afterward placed him in the path of fortune by elevating him to the board of directors of the mining company, my uncle assumed that he would be glad to repay the kindness of his benefactor by supporting Goddard's arguments, and enlarging upon the possibilities of the mine; reflecting that John's former position in the directorate of the company (which he had resigned) had given him a knowledge of its condition which would enable him to speak with authority, and would add great weight and force to his assertions. But this expectation was not realized. So far from seconding Ely's appeal at the meeting in the mayor's office, John took that gentleman severely to task for his prodigality, to which he seemed to attribute the company's plight; upbraiding him for wasting time and money in frivolous diversion, instead of devoting his undivided attention to his grandfather's interests, and exerting his influence toward the creation of a surplus to meet the contingency of losses or hard times. John's finances had presumably suffered in the decline of the business, and he was evidently a good deal irritated by the request to sink more money in the tottering concern. Ely, however, received the reproof with perfect composure, calmly observing that his manner of life had been planned and directed by his grandfather, who would not have been satisfied had he neglected the obligations of fashionable society in order to confine his energies to affairs of commerce.

Although the others present at the meeting would have rejected the proposition in any case, their determination so to do was probably strengthened by John's attitude; at any rate, Uncle Smith seemed to consider him responsible for their refusal. He referred to the subject more than once in the course of his visit to Chatham, evidently regarding John's conduct as a contributing cause of his financial ruin, and declaring it to have been an exhibition of the basest ingratitude he had ever known. He affirmed, with a depth

of feeling which was probably an indication of senile decay, that he wished his life had drawn to a close before this incident occurred to embitter his old age; that he had never found it in his heart to wish that John had died, but would have been thankful if he himself had been taken. Whether John's action could justly be termed ingratitude is open to question, depending, of course, upon the nature of the request. My uncle, in his subsequent conversations, represented that he had merely asked for a trifling and temporary accommodation which could have been granted as readily as not; but if, as I understood it at the time, the proposal was that John and a few others should contribute a substantial part of their combined resources in an attempt to resuscitate an industry which was practically defunct, his refusal should be regarded not so much an act of ingratitude as the exercise of ordinary business prudence and sagacity.

After Goddard's return from his unsuccessful mission, Uncle Smith doggedly continued the operation of the mine, though the outlook must have seemed dark indeed. Another would have abandoned the hopeless struggle, and retired from the field, but this my uncle's pride would not permit. For many years he had been regarded and deferred to as one of the richest and most influential citizens of Vermont, and he could not endure the thought of acknowledging defeat and withdrawing from the State a financial failure. It has always seemed to me inexplicable that he did not stop before he had dissipated the last hundred thousand, keeping at least that remnant of his fortune for his support in his old age; but I presume he believed his mine to contain copper in limitless quantity, which, through the agency of an adequate equipment, it would readily yield, and that fabulous wealth was almost within his grasp; consequently, with the instinct of the gambler who stakes a fortune upon the turn of a card, he determined to drain his entire resources in a last desperate effort to continue the business until the new machinery was ready to operate. Had he succeeded, all would probably have been well, but before the goal was reached his capital was exhausted, his obligations could no longer be met, and his creditors took the matter out of his hands. The improved machinery, which, with its installation, was

to represent an outlay of $50,000, was not paid for when the business ceased. The company's inability to pay the accrued wages of its employees resulted in serious disturbances, the particulars of which I was unable to learn, for on this subject both Uncle Smith and Ely Goddard seemed inclined to be reticent; but I gathered that a riot occurred at Vershire in July, 1883, about the time that my uncle left the State, which may very possibly have been the chief reason for his departure.

Uncle Smith hoped to save from the wreck of his fortune the stock of the Wakefield Rattan Company of the value of $60,000, which I have previously mentioned. It having been his intention, before his trouble arose, to present this security to his daughter, he regarded it as her property, and doubtless paid over the dividends to her; but the discovery was made at the time of his failure that the certificates had never been transferred to her name in the books of the Wakefield Company, and he was therefore advised that, as the gift to Adelaide had not been fully executed, the stock could be reached by his creditors, and would have to be surrendered to them in partial satisfaction of his debts.

My uncle's failure, with its consequent legal proceedings, occurred not long before his visit to New Jersey in the summer of 1883, and I recall that while he was at Chatham, ex-Governor Farnham of Vermont, a lawyer who, I understood, had been appointed receiver of the Vermont Copper Mining Company, called twice at our residence to discuss with him the final details of its dissolution. Ely Goddard, who was then living in New York, where he had taken lodgings at the northeast corner of Twentieth Street and Fourth Avenue (the corner room and hall room on the second floor), came to Chatham perhaps once a week, to consult his grandfather about various matters of business. On one of these visits he was accompanied by his fiancée, Mrs. Alice Sutton Whitney, a reigning society belle, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the three most beautiful women in Newport.

The collapse of the Vermont Copper Mining Company was a crushing blow to Uncle Smith, not only because it involved a far heavier loss than any he had previously sustained in the course of his long and eventful life, but because he was too old to again

undertake the accumulation of wealth. His ruin was complete, and he once remarked while at Chatham that no one who had not passed through a similar experience could fully realize the horror of having not even a single dollar with which to tip an attentive and obliging servant in the household one was visiting. He was fortunately a man of cheerful and philosophic temperament, attributing his failure to the exhaustion of the mine,—an unforeseen and unavoidable contingency,—rather than to errors of judgment, and was not overwhelmed by the calamity as many another would have been. George once asked him which he thought would have been preferable: to have won the fortune and suffered its loss, or to have always been a man of moderate means, and so have been spared this terribly bitter experience. My uncle replied that he could best answer the question in the words of the poet: "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Uncle Smith was remarkably well preserved, and although in his eighty-fourth year at the time of his visit to Chatham, he had full possession of his faculties, was alert and vigorous, and showed few signs of age. But, while his carriage had formerly been proudly erect, he had now acquired a decided stoop, as though bowed down by anxiety and sorrow; and Dr. Edward Vanderpoel, who had known him in his early manhood, but had lost sight of him for many years, said after meeting him at Chatham that he gave the impression of being almost half a head shorter than the young fellow of former days. But this loss of stature was apparent rather than real; my uncle in his prime was about an inch taller than I, while in his old age, when he no longer held himself erect, he lost this altitudinal advantage, though he was still my superior in avoirdupois.

His home having been sacrificed, Uncle Smith was quite undecided as to his future movements, and my brother Ambrose suggested, when George and Maria were preparing to winter in New York, that they invite the old gentleman to reside permanently with them; but George pointed out that my uncle could not long remain in the city without risk of trouble with his New York creditors, if, as seemed quite possible, their claims had not been barred by the legal proceedings in Vermont. The Vander-

poels accordingly took an affectionate leave of him at Ely Goddard's lodgings one morning in the autumn, and shortly afterward he returned to Vermont; spending the following winter and spring with acquaintances in West Fairlee, and depending for support upon remittances sent to him by Ambrose from time to time. He died during the ensuing summer at a hotel or boarding-house in Chiron Springs, N. H., where he had resided for about six weeks, passing away suddenly and apparently without pain in the late afternoon of July 26, 1884, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His funeral was held at the Homestead in Livingston on August 5th, with interment in the Ely Cemetery, and Ambrose caused a handsome monument to be erected above his grave. There was some talk of having the remains of his wife brought to Livingston to rest beside him, but this was not done, and Aunt Abby still sleeps in the village graveyard at Vershire.

Following the dissolution of the Vermont Copper Mining Company the mine was abandoned for many years in the belief that the copper ore it contained did not occur in sufficient quantity to justify the cost of excavation at so great a depth. I am told, however, that not long ago it passed into the possession of a company of Hebrews who thought that under judicious management it could again be made a wealth-yielding property; but whether their activities have resulted in success or failure, I have never heard.

Ely Goddard, after the death of his grandfather, continued his residence in New York, where he soon became a well-known man about town, and an outstanding figure among the celebrities of metropolitan society. His marriage to Mrs. Alice Sutton Whitney, daughter of Cornelius K. Sutton, and widow of Staunton Whitney, was performed in St. George's Episcopal Church, Stuyvesant Square, on October 4, 1885, and his good fortune enabled him to live in a style befitting his social prominence. He was a member of the Manhattan, Union and Tenderloin Clubs, of which latter he was one of the founders, an official of the Tuxedo Park Association, and the president of a business club called The Mart, at No. 237 Fifth Avenue, which was organized by him. He was long remembered as the formulator of the famous Union Club

sandwich, consisting of toasted bread and sliced chicken. His wife did not live many years after the marriage, but died at Nice in the early nineties, while touring Europe with a party of friends.

Goddard became identified with the business life of New York in 1885, when elected to the presidency of the newly organized Fifth Avenue Transportation Company, operating a line of omnibuses on Fifth Avenue, which position he probably secured through the reputation he had gained as a breeder and trainer of horses while living in Vermont. His services were of great practical value to the corporation, for he did not confine himself to presiding at the meetings of the directors, but devoted himself assiduously to the general management of the concern; spending all his time in the company's office, giving personal attention to the operation of the line, and discharging to a great extent the duties of a superintendent.

Prior to the construction of the Broadway Railroad between Union Square and South Ferry, three lines of omnibusses, or "stages," as they were always called, were maintained on Broadway from Twenty-third Street southward. Chief of these were the Madison Avenue line, owned by Murphy & Smith, which, starting originally from the Chrystal Palace at Sixth Avenue and Fortieth Street, and later from Fortieth Street and Madison Avenue, traversed Madison Avenue, Twenty-third Street and Broadway, and ran thence through John, Nassau and Wall Streets to Wall Street Ferry; and the Fifth Avenue line, of Andrews & McDonald, from Forty-second Street down Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third, and thence via Broadway and Fulton Street to Fulton Ferry; the latter stages extending their northbound trips as far as Fiftieth Street when any of the passengers desired to ride so far up town. The third line was that of Siney, McLelland & Pullis, whose route was from Ninth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, by way of Ninth Avenue, Twenty-third Street, Broadway and Whitehall, to South Ferry.

The stages of these three lines were of similar type—a heavy, lumbering vehicle with a short, box-like body hung so high upon the running-gear that a flight of three steps was needed to reach the door, and having so low a roof that passengers of ordinary

stature could not stand upright. On each side were four windows the breadth of which was slightly greater than the height; and the seats were upholstered with carpet of gay colors. A leather strap fastened to the door near the top, and passing along the ceiling, was attached to the footboard before the driver, who, by pressing his foot upon it, held the door firmly closed; and the passengers apprised him of their desire to alight by pulling upon the strap. Fares were deposited in a money-box between the front windows, the receptacle having a cover of glass through which the coins were visible to the driver, whose seat was on the roof; change being furnished by him through a small round opening in the front of the stage near the ceiling. But although these vehicles were of similar design, the various lines were distinguished by a difference of color; the Madison Avenue stages being white with red trimming, and those on Fifth Avenue, dark blue, ornamented with a paneled landscape beneath the row of windows on each side.

The stages, as I have said, ceased to run when horse-cars were installed on lower Broadway, and for a time no public omnibusses were seen in the streets. The firms which owned them were dissolved, and the vehicles offered for sale at $100 each, which price, in view of their original cost, was considered merely nominal. What became of them I have never heard. The Fifth Avenue Transportation Company, with Ely Goddard at its head, was organized in 1885, and established a line of omnibuses on Fifth Avenue between Fifty-ninth Street and Washington Square. For two or three years the company occupied the offices and stables of the former Fifth Avenue line at 21 and 23 West Forty-third Street, thereafter removing to East Eighty-eighth Street, to which point the line was extended. It was planned to introduce an omnibus of an improved type, but as the new vehicles were not ready for use when the line was established, the company bought some of the old Broadway stages, painted them dark blue, upholstered them with leather (which, by the way, was not as comfortable as the old-fashioned carpet), marked them TEMPORARY STAGE in conspicuous letters above the windows, and operated them during the interval. The new buses were considerably larger than the

old ones, having five windows on each side instead of four, were much more easy of ingress and egress, and were equipped with an outside seat for passengers behind and a little above the driver's box. Half-grown boys were employed as conductors, who rode on the steps and collected the fares; but this feature was soon abolished, and the fares deposited in boxes as formerly.

Ely Goddard served this corporation as its president for about three years, and lost the office through a change of the directorate. Elliott F. Shepard, a wealthy resident of Fifth Avenue, attempted to have the operation of stages discontinued on Sundays, and finding that the directors would not listen to his request, since Sunday was their most profitable day, he bought a majority of the stock, voted them out of office, and replaced them with directors and officers who would do his bidding. It was thus that Goddard's connection with the line was severed.

Not long afterward, Ely removed to Mexico, where he spent the remainder of his life. While there he engaged from time to time in various commercial enterprises, the most lucrative of which consisted of supplying ties to the National Railways. At infrequent intervals his business interests called him to New York, and in the course of one of these brief visits he was stricken with a sudden illness from which he failed to recover. He died in the New York Hospital October 10, 1910, and was interred beside his grandfather in the Ely Cemetery at Livingston, where a suitable monument was erected to his memory by my brother Smith.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Fall! thickly fall! thou Winter snow,
And keenly blow, thou Winter wind!
Only the barren North is yours;
The South delights a Summer mind;
So fall and blow,
Both wind and snow,
My fancy to the South does go!

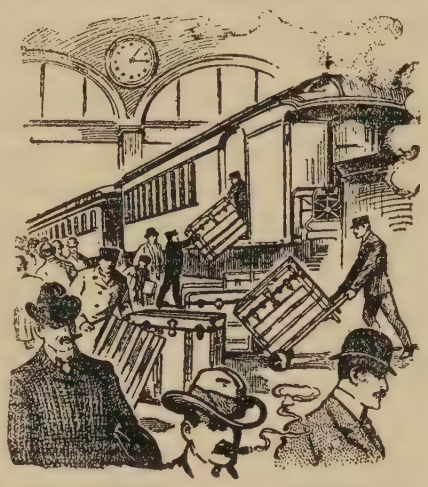
STODDARD.

A NUMBER of years ago I spent a winter in Florida, and so greatly enjoyed the change from the cold, blustering weather of New York to the soft, balmy air of the Southland that I determined to repeat the excursion as frequently as circumstances would permit. In accordance with this resolution I journeyed southward every subsequent winter, with one or two exceptions, for a period of thirty-nine years, although I seldom passed the entire season in Florida, my outings, as a rule, being limited to the month of March.

It was in 1879 that my southern trips commenced. Through the month of January of that year I was troubled with insomnia, from which I seemed unable to obtain relief, and it at length occurred to me to travel for a time, in the hope that a cure might be effected by a change of air and scene. I had then but little knowledge of the winter resorts in the South, and was somewhat undecided as to the objective point of my contemplated journey, but having learned that my cousin Eugene Ely was spending the winter at Green Cove Springs in Florida, accompanied by his wife and his daughter Marie, I decided to join him there. Green Cove, I reflected, would answer my purpose as well as any other resort, and the presence of my relatives would tend to increase the pleasure I anticipated.

The railroad journey to Florida was longer and more wearisome at that period than it is today, for the trains were so slow, and the route so devious, that I was obliged to pass two nights

and two days on the road; setting out from New York at 9 P.M. on the first of February, and reaching Jacksonville in the evening of the second day. Since that time the construction of new lines in the southern States has shortened the trip several hours, although there has been no corresponding reduction of the fare. The Atlantic Coast Line, which follows a comparatively straight course along the seaboard, had not then been opened, and although my train carried me to Jacksonville without change of cars, it passed over several different railroads in the course of the journey. My ticket was a long and formidable-looking strip of pasteboard, consisting, in fact, of a series of individual tickets or coupons, which were detached in turn by the conductors of the companies whose lines were successively traveled. The tracks of the southern railroads were wider than those constructed in the North, for the present standard gauge had not been generally adopted, and my train was delayed for about an hour at Wilmington, N. C., while a change of running-gear was made.



In the early days of steam transportation there were almost as many gauges as there were railroads. No one realized that interchange of traffic would ever become a possibility between lines in different parts of the country which were then separated by many miles of uninhabited wilderness, and each corporation built its tracks of the width which it considered most expedient. But as railroad mileage increased with the growth of population, and different lines converged and finally joined, the dissimilarity between the tracks of the several companies was found to be a serious hindrance to commerce; for the cars of one company at a junction point could not be run upon the road of the other, and freight

could only be interchanged by the slow and costly process of breaking bulk and reloading. The advantages of a uniform gauge, to which the tracks of all companies should conform, became at once apparent, but a controversy arose as to what that gauge should be, and thirty or forty years elapsed before the present standard of four feet eight and a half inches was agreed upon. The companies advocating narrow tracks of perhaps three feet six inches pointed out the obviously lower cost of construction, while those preferring a width of six feet or more urged the greater economy of operation resulting from the use of a larger fire-box for the locomotive which a track of such generous proportions would permit. The standard dimension was not established throughout the southern States until the autumn of 1888, and consequently a difference of gauge was a sourse of inconvenience and delay for a number of years after my trips to Florida began. Wilmington, which was reached at 7 or 7.30 in the first evening, was the point of demarcation; and while the passengers dined at a neighboring hotel, the cars of the train were jacked up and wider trucks substituted.

There was then no direct communication by rail between Savannah and Jacksonville. After leaving the former city, most of the forenoon was spent in traveling southwestwardly to Live Oak, Fla. (near that point I was interested to see the Suwannee River which was made famous by Foster's immortal song), and the greater part of the afternoon in running eastward to Jacksonville. Passengers who wished to avoid this long detour left the train at Savannah and proceeded by coast steamer to Jacksonville and other points on the St. Johns River.

I frequently varied the homeward journey by stopping at Savannah, and thence returning to New York by sea. In early years the best hotel in Savannah was the old Screven House, in the commercial section of the town, which was so lacking in all the requirements of a first class hostelry as to excite wonder that so large a city could not provide a better. It eventually gave place to the Hotel De Soto, which stood in a more aristocratic neighborhood, and was far superior to it in all respects.

In the course of my many visits to the South I became quite

familiar with Jacksonville, although I seldom remained there long. I formerly made the St. James Hotel my stopping-place, and after this house was destroyed by the inevitable fire, resorted to the Windsor, which was a smaller and plainer establishment, though at that time the best in town. I occasionally patronized one or another of the family hotels, which, while less pretentious than the Windsor, were fully as comfortable.

At the time of my first trip, and for a few years thereafter, there was no railroad in eastern Florida leading southward from Jacksonville; the St. Johns River was the great artery of travel, and the principal resorts were situated upon its banks. Henry M. Flagler had not yet developed the east coast, and there was little on the seaboard to attract visitors. St. Augustine was reached by steamboat on the St. Johns River from Jacksonville to Tocoi, and thence by a horse-car line eighteen miles in length, which was owned by William Astor, who made Florida his winter home. I once traveled by this route when going from Green Cove Springs to St. Augustine, and found the horse-car, or rather mule-car, to be a small and light affair running upon wooden rails. The coast region below St. Augustine was practically deserted, and south of Titusville it was an absolute wilderness into which none but hunters ever ventured. On one occasion when the clerk of Clay County set out from Green Cove upon a hunting trip to the Indian River, his excursion attracted widespread interest, being apparently regarded by his acquaintances as a daring attempt to penetrate a *terra incognita* lying entirely beyond the pale of civilization.

The village of Green Cove Springs is situated on the west side of the St. Johns River about twenty-eight miles above Jacksonville—a trip of two and a half hours by steamboat, which in later years was reduced to one hour by the construction of a railroad paralleling the stream. Thereafter I often traveled by rail from Jacksonville to the Springs, since by this route I could check my baggage directly to my destination, and so avoid the inconvenience of having it transferred at Jacksonville from train to boat. Green Cove is by no means a large town. It has grown since I first saw it, and now contains perhaps a dozen streets, but in early days

it impressed the visitor as a place of little importance, for it had a very narrow frontage on the St. Johns, its greatest length extending westward into the country. There were two parallel streets, not very far apart, leading from the river to the heart of the village, and the settlement did not extend many rods northward or southward of these highways.

About a hundred and fifty yards from the river is the main road, running approximately north and south, and the sulphur spring and bathing establishment are in the block bordered by this road and the two streets I have mentioned. The facilities for bathing at the time of which I speak consisted simply of an open-air tank about seventy feet long, of a depth varying from three feet to six, with sides of framework and a bottom of sand, and surrounded by rough frame cabins which served for dressing rooms. There was an adjacent tank for ladies, separated from the main one by a board fence, the overflow from one pool running into the other. In later years a suitable bath house was erected, and the pool, if I mistake not, is now covered with a glass roof, but at the time of my early visits this protection was lacking. The spring is very picturesque, the water gushing out from among the rocks, which are colored by the sulphur, and as its yield is about 3,000 gallons per minute, the overflow from the pool forms a good sized brook emptying into the river. The surrounding grounds were tastefully planted with shade-trees, and resembled a little park, which was protected by a picket fence, the entrance being on the main road; and in the northwest corner of the enclosure a croquet court was laid out. The water at the Cove was highly recommended for rheumatism, but I found that it did not contain sufficient sulphur to have any remedial effect, except, perhaps, in very light cases, and there was no provision for massage or other treatment, such as is usually found at watering places. This could only be had at a Turkish bath in Jacksonville.

The principal caravansary of Green Cove Springs was the Clarendon, which accommodated 200 guests, though there were one or two smaller hotels, and a few comfortable boarding-houses. The Clarendon, which stood on the west side of the main road between the parallel streets, and faced the spring, was established

in 1871 by the firm of Harris & Applegate, and remained under the same management during the entire period of its existence. Dr. Applegate, who had been a surgeon in the Union army during the Civil War, and was stationed at Magnolia Springs (the next point down the river), where his regiment occupied some earthworks commanding the St. Johns, conceived the idea at that time of founding a health resort in the vicinity when peace should be restored; and although several years elapsed before his ambition was realized, he eventually carried out his plan by erecting the Clarendon at Green Cove, with the assistance of Mr. Harris, a wealthy resident of Rhode Island, who had spent several winters in Florida, and who, though lacking experience as a hotel keeper, was willing to supply the needed capital. Harris was thus the principal owner of the Clarendon, but I think that Applegate had an interest in it, and after the death of the senior member, the partnership with Applegate was continued by his widow. They were unable to purchase the sulphur spring, since its owner, who, I believe, was not a resident of the village, valued it so highly that he could not be induced to sell at any reasonable price; but they seemed to have control of it, and sold bath tickets at the clerk's desk in the hotel.

The street on the north side of the Clarendon and the bathing establishment led to the pier at which the steamboats discharged their passengers, while the street on the south side ended at a smaller wharf used only for the shipment of freight, near which a sawmill had been erected. The former highway was the principal road from the river to the business centre of the village, and a number of houses was scattered along its length. Many years ago a horse-car line was operated in this street between the river and the railroad station—a distance of about half a mile—and I availed myself more than once of the accommodation it afforded, but lack of business eventually caused the service to be discontinued. After the construction of the railroad, a branch was built from the Green Cove station to the sawmill, to facilitate the shipping of lumber; and when the train from Jacksonville to Palatka passed up the river, if the number of passengers for the Springs warranted such proceeding, the rear car would be dropped

here, and run over this spur to the hotel, thus affording the prospective guests a very convenient way of reaching their destination.

Harris & Applegate had a two-story dwelling on the northeast corner of the main road and the road to the steamboat landing, diagonally opposite the Clarendon, of which it was designed to be an annex. It was always spoken of as "the Cottage," and was regularly occupied in the old days when visitors arrived in such numbers as to overtax the capacity of the hotel. I remember one or two seasons when I was obliged to content myself with a room in the Cottage, owing to lack of accommodation in the main building.

Dr. Applegate owned a large property on the block south of the Clarendon, on the same side of the way. His tract embraced the block front on the west side of the main road, and extended some distance westward along the cross street which led to the centre of the town. He had a cottage near the northeast corner of his plot, which he formerly rented to winter visitors, and which afterward became his permanent residence; while in the rear of this house, extending along the south side of the cross street, opposite the southern end of the hotel, he had a long, low building which was designed for a bowling alley, though I never knew it to be used as such. The last time that I saw Dr. Applegate (1918), I found him engaged in some occupation in this building, which at that time was devoted to the purposes of a wood-shed. He was then very old and feeble, and had long retired from active business.

When Henry M. Flagler planned the development of a winter resort in Florida which should surpass all other places of the kind (this being not many years after I commenced my southern tours), he selected Green Cove Springs as the scene of his contemplated activities; for in those days the region of the St. Johns was the only section of the State south of Jacksonville which was readily accessible, and the Cove was the most renowned watering place on the river. But being unable to buy the sulphur spring, the control of which, as the most important feature of the village, he felt was essential to the success of his undertaking, he turned his attention to St. Augustine; and by promoting the construction

of the railroad from Jacksonville, and erecting his palatial hotels, he attracted visitors in such numbers that the river resorts soon suffered a decline of popularity and an alarming decrease of patronage. For two or three years after I commenced my visits, Green Cove Springs was quite a lively place during the tourist season, every steamboat which stopped at the pier bringing a number of northern tourists to swell the winter population; but after the tide of travel had been deflected to the coast, the village became decidedly dull and somnolent, and had it not been for the pleasures of the swimming-pool, I should have found it insufferably uninteresting. This diversion, however, enabled me to pass the forenoons very agreeably, for although I did not bathe until eleven o'clock, I looked forward to my swim all the morning, enjoying it in anticipation as well as in reality; while my afternoons were spent in rambling about the village, delighting in the warm air and bright sunshine which afforded a grateful relief from the raw and windy weather I had endured at home. I noticed that some of the trees still retained the dry and withered leaves of the preceding summer, while on others the new foliage was already beginning to appear.

I recall with particular pleasure the evenings spent in the cozy and cheerful lounge of the Clarendon. The hotel was plain and old-fashioned, but I liked it because its guests were quiet, unassuming people, who gave the impression of affluence without pretense or ostentation. Most of them spent the winters there for many years, and became so well acquainted that the company seemed like one big family, gathering every evening in the spacious hall of the hotel, which they seemed to prefer to the parlors, and spending a few hours most enjoyably in social intercourse. The clerk's desk was on the south side of this hall, as was also the main staircase; the dining room being at the rear.

On one of my trips to Florida my cousin Ambrose Kitchell shared the pleasures of the journey, and at another time, some years later, I invited his brother-in-law, William Meeker of Florham Park, N. J., to be my companion; but I seldom traveled in company, for I soon made a number of very agreeable acquaintances at the Clarendon Hotel, and by this means avoided the feeling

of loneliness which a long sojourn at a great distance from home might be expected to cause. Mr. Harris, one of the owners of the house, was always on hand, although he took no active part in its management, and appeared like an ordinary guest. He and his wife were charming people, and I enjoyed their society. George Smith, a semi-invalid, was one of the oldest patrons of the establishment, whose annual visits antedated my own, and continued until the hotel burned down. Thereafter he wintered at St. Augustine until his death, which occurred at an advanced age at his home in Oyster Bay, or some neighboring town on Long Island. In former years his wife accompanied him to the Cove, but she died not very long after my first season. Mrs. Shipman of New York City was also at the Clarendon every year. She and her husband became winter residents of Green Cove Springs in 1867, before the hotel was built, and although her husband passed away soon after I made his acquaintance, his widow continued her annual visits during the remainder of her life. She died at Ocean Grove, N. J., in 1914, when nearly ninety years of age. She was often accompanied in Florida by her son Edward, a stationer of New York, and in her last few winters was attended by her granddaughter Miss Ely. The latter was also a granddaughter of Nathan C. Ely, an old-time citizen of New York, who was a distiller by occupation, and for several years a member of the Board of Aldermen, residing at No. 8 Third Street, near the southeast corner of the Bowery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Nye of Narragansett Pier, R. I., where Mr. Nye kept a hotel (the Imperial, I think), were accustomed to spend the winter at Green Cove for the benefit of Mrs. Nye's health; and Edward Hooley of Plainfield, N. J., a prominent broker of Wall Street, came there each year for the month of March, with his wife and daughters, to seek relief from the cares of business, for although he appeared hale and hearty, he suffered from too close application.

Louis Des Cognets (pronounced De Coney), a Kentuckian of Spanish descent, who made Green Cove his hibernaculum as long as I can remember, was a particularly fine fellow, and I became rather more intimate with him than with any of my other friends

at the Springs. In comparatively recent years he married a lady from Bridgeton, N. J., whom he met at the Clarendon, where she had spent about three successive seasons with her mother, her married sister, and her little niece. George Chapman, another of my associates, passed an occasional winter at the Springs with his daughter and granddaughter. His home was on Woodland Road in Madison, N. J., whence he removed to Morristown, where the remainder of his life was spent; his property in Madison being acquired by James A. Webb. I also recall a Mr. Sussmann of Brooklyn among the guests, but his stay was a short one, and he could not be regarded as a *habitué* of the Clarendon Hotel.

I well remember Mr. Richards of Philadelphia, a man of large means, who went south every winter, partly for his health and partly for recreation. His wife was with him during one or two seasons at the time of my early visits to the Springs, but she remained in the North thereafter, and he came to Florida alone. He was the owner of a large and handsome steam yacht in which he traveled from his home in Philadelphia, and in which he once treated me and some of the other guests of the hotel to a voyage of approximately eighteen miles up the St. Johns River, regaling us with a picnic dinner, and giving us a delightful sail. He was an enthusiastic sportsman and naturalist, devoting most of each winter to extended hunting trips in his yacht through the wilds of Florida,—wherever navigable waters could be found,—stopping at hotels when convenient, and at other times living on board; but he made the Clarendon his headquarters, and returned there after every tour, to remain a short time while planning fresh excursions. He once showed me the skin of a six-foot rattlesnake which he had shot in the Everglades—the largest specimen I had ever seen. I may here remark, parenthetically, that I never saw a snake on shore in the neighborhood of Green Cove Springs, although I often discovered them along the margin of the streams, submerged in an inch or two of water, and amused myself by dropping stones upon them. Alligators had disappeared from the St. Johns River, but were still to be seen in its tributaries.

Another guest of the Clarendon was an elderly gentleman named Houston, whose home at the time of the Civil War was in

a village lying west of Philadelphia and not far from Gettysburg, and I was much interested in his anecdotes of the exciting period of the battle. The house in which he lived was not far from the railroad, and at the time of Lee's invasion he could see from his window that the tracks were filled with cars and locomotives which had been brought from the western part of the State to prevent their use by the enemy. While the battle was in progress the inhabitants, whose anxiety and apprehension were of course aroused to the highest pitch, eagerly awaited news of its outcome, and they realized that those who lacked specific information at the close of the engagement could tell which side had won by observing the movement of the railroad trains; for if the Confederates were successful, the rolling-stock would be hastily moved still farther eastward, while if the Federals prevailed, the westbound traffic would be promptly resumed. Great was the relief of Mr. Houston and his relatives when, on looking from their windows in the early hours of the morning after the action, they saw train after train pulling out in a westerly direction.

One season there was a Mrs. Edwin Ely among the northern visitors at Green Cove Springs, and although she was not at the Clarendon, her letters were sometimes delivered by error to me—a blunder which was somewhat disconcerting to a staid and steady-going bachelor like myself, but which afforded my acquaintances in the hotel a good deal of amusement.

Of the cottagers, who passed the winters at Green Cove in houses of their own, the most eminent were three successful merchants of New York—Lee Borden of condensed milk fame, Thaddeus Davids, a well-known manufacturer of ink, and Carl Schultz, the founder of a corporation dealing in mineral waters. Mr. Borden's house stood on the west side of the main road in what was then the northern environs of the town, perhaps ten minutes' walk from the Clarendon. He also owned the property on the opposite side of the way, and in an unsuccessful effort to "boom" the village, he dedicated a large part of it—chiefly woodland—to the public for a park, which, after his death, was sadly neglected; the town apparently lacking either the means or the enterprise to maintain it in proper condition. A local golf club,

VERANDA OF THE CLARENDON HOTEL, FEBRUARY, 1891

with links in the western part of the village, owed its existence very largely to the interest of Mr. Borden in the latter part of his life. Green Cove, which was his winter home for many years, was also the place of his death, which resulted from some chronic disease of long standing.

Mr. Davids, I think, was about the first Northerner of any prominence to build a residence at Green Cove Springs, and he happened to be one of the first persons I encountered when I arrived there in 1879. As I left the steamboat, I saw him in conversation with two or three companions, sitting upon a bench in front of a storehouse, or similar building, which stood at the head of the pier on my left. His residence was erected on the east side of a street which had been laid out between the river and the main road, leading northward for a short distance and terminating in the woods; his property, which was enclosed by a picket fence, having a frontage of possibly two hundred feet.

South of the Davids residence stood a small Episcopal Church;* and south of the church a gate in the fence gave access to a celebrated foot-path leading from Green Cove to Magnolia Springs, a distance of about a mile and a half. The path ran from the road in the direction of the river, and curving northward, followed the bank of the stream to Magnolia, ending at Governor's Creek, a tributary of the St. Johns, where a bridge connected it with another footpath on the grounds of the Magnolia Springs Hotel. As it crossed Mr. Davids' property at its southern extremity, the townspeople called it, partly in fun and partly for convenience, "St. David's Path." It was a public way, the general use of which could not be prevented by the owners of the land it traversed, and when Mr. Davids fenced his property, he was warned that he must construct a gate, a turnstile, or some similar device at the mouth of the path, so that there might be no interruption in its use and enjoyment by the public.

St. David's Path was formerly a delightful promenade, wind-

*There was also a Presbyterian Church in the village, standing on the west side of the main street a short distance north of the Clarendon. During my long series of visits its pulpit was successively occupied by several pastors, of whom the last was the only one I knew. He was a northern man who preached in summer at Rhinebeck, N. Y.

ing through the woods near the shore of the river, and pleasantly shaded by the pines, live oaks and magnolias, from which the Spanish moss hung in great festoons, and it was widely advertised by the proprietors of the various hotels as one of the most charming features of Green Cove. It thus became quite famous, and tourists often disembarked from the steamboats at the Springs for the express purpose of seeing and walking upon it. When last in the vicinity, however, I found that a lumber company, which had erected a steam sawmill at the mouth of Governor's Creek, and was cutting timber in all directions, had completely destroyed the beauty of St. David's Path by converting the forest through which it formerly ran into a great expanse of unsightly stumps, which promised to remain indefinitely, since the land was of too little value to warrant the cost of their removal. The path thereafter attracted few pedestrians, for its charm was gone, and the main road, being much straighter, afforded a shorter and more convenient route between Green Cove and Magnolia Springs. The lumber company seemed to be engaged in business on a large scale. They had erected some neat cottages on the main road near Magnolia to be occupied by their employees, and had caused the railroad company to build a branch to the mill for convenience in shipping. Upon this track a number of box cars was almost always standing, and it was not unusual to find St. David's Path obstructed by one of them. They were brought from all parts of the country, and I occasionally saw one which was marked with the familiar initials of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road.

Mr. Schultz was long identified with this vicinity. He formerly spent his winters in the Magnolia Springs Hotel, but at an early date built a cottage at the Cove—perhaps the most attractive one in town, both as regards the design of the building and the beauty of the grounds in which it stood. His property lay at the northwest corner of the street running to the steamboat landing and the street in which Mr. Davids lived, his house standing near the northeast corner of the plot. He often joined me in the swimming-pool, apparently deriving as much enjoyment from the daily plunge as myself. His property at Green Cove was not

disposed of immediately after his death, but was retained by his relatives, and occupied by them for several seasons.

On the east side of the St. Johns River, about fifteen miles above Jacksonville, is Mandarin, where Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had a winter home for many years. Next door to her, and quite near by, was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Mead of Caldwell, N. J., who spent the winters here with their daughter and son-in-law, the latter being Samuel Cook, son of David, of Hanover, N. J.; and Mrs. Stowe, after the death of her husband, intrusted the care of her orange grove to them. She was the author of a book entitled "Palmetto Leaves," consisting of letters and essays descriptive of her life in the South, and in that volume a reference is found to "our neighbor, Mr. C—," by which Samuel Cook was undoubtedly intended. During the winter when William Meeker accompanied me to Green Cove, he and I visited the Meads and Cooks at Mandarin, remaining overnight. After Mr. Cook's death his widow married an Englishman, and lived for a time in an English colony in southern Florida; but in later years she went with her husband to England, and during the World War I heard that she was rendering valuable services as a volunteer nurse in some provincial hospital. She had a son who was a soldier in the British Expeditionary Force.

Life at Green Cove Springs was so devoid of incident that the arrival and departure of the steamboats was always a matter of interest. There was a boat for local traffic, the *Mary Draper,* carrying the local mails, which plied between the Cove and Jacksonville, going down in the morning, and returning in the late afternoon, by which I occasionally traveled when wishing to spend a day in the city, but the chief objects of interest were the larger boats which ran much farther up the stream. There were three or four of these, representing competing lines, two of which went to Palatka, while the other or others continued still farther up the river to Enterprise, going one day and returning the next; the latter vessels being equipped with berths, for the voyage was so long that they were obliged to run at night as well as by day. Northern tourists generally arrived at Green Cove by one of the Palatka boats which came up the river in the forenoon. The

Enterprise boats seldom put in at the Cove except on signal or to discharge passengers, and as the St. Johns at that point is four or five miles wide, they usually passed at so great a distance that their names could not be discerned.

These vessels were operated on the St. Johns only in winter, and during the summer season they served as excursion boats in the waters of New York. One of them, which was so much larger than the others as to be suitable for coast navigation, not only ran on the St. Johns River, but continued its voyage to Savannah; this being, if I mistake not, the *Great Republic,* which in summer carried passengers between New York and Long Branch, and, as far as my memory goes, was the first excursion steamer between those points to follow a course outside Sandy Hook. The boats on the St. Johns which made Green Cove a regular stopping-place were the *John Sylvester* and the *Sylvan Glen.* The former, which plied in the summer season between New York and Middletown, N. J., whence communication with Long Branch was had by rail, was one of the earliest excursion boats sent from the North to Florida for the winter traffic. It was running on the St. Johns before the commencement of my southern tours, and conveyed me up the river on my first visit to Green Cove in 1879. It had a long and varied career, and when last heard of, its name had been changed to the *Starlight,* and it was operated in the waters about Baltimore. The *Sylvan Glen* was one of the boats of the Harlem & New York Navigation Company which carried passengers on the East River between Harlem Bridge (One Hundred and Thirtieth Street) and Peck Slip. This was popularly called the "Sylvan line" in reference to the names of its boats, the *Sylvan Shore,* the *Sylvan Grove,* the *Sylvan Stream* and the *Sylvan Dell;* and for many years after its incorporation in 1856 it formed an important means of transit, although its business was impaired, and in the course of time destroyed, by the elevated railroads, which were built in

1878. Its activities ceased about 1881. Its fleet made nine daily trips on the East River, running in thirty or forty minutes a distance for which the horse-cars required over an hour and a half. I used to travel to Harlem and back on one of these boats once or twice every summer for mere recreation. The trip was most enjoyable, for the upper part of Manhattan Island consisted in those days of open country, its hills and valleys presenting a variety of scenery the natural beauty of which was augmented by the handsome homes of down-town business men, and its appearance, as seen from the river, was very picturesque. The *Sylvan Glen* was built in 1869, taken to Florida some ten years later, and run not only on the St. Johns River but in other places in the South; plying at one time between Savannah and Beaufort, S. C., and at another from Brunswick up the Satilla River. After its return to the North it was operated on various lines in New York harbor, notably between the city and Bay Ridge, until 1896, when it was bought by the Delaware River Rapid Transit Company, and used on the Philadelphia and Gloucester ferry until it was dismantled in 1915.

The great event of the day at Green Cove Springs was a spirited race between the *John Sylvester* and the *Sylvan Glen,* for there was a very keen rivalry between them, each making every effort to arrive first at our pier, and, by crowding the other away, secure the passengers and freight. The hour of their arrival was eagerly awaited by the guests of the Clarendon, and as the piazza of the hotel did not afford a very extended view up and down the river,—the prospect being obstructed by trees and buildings on the north and by the curving shore of the cove on the south,—many of them would stroll down to the pier to witness the struggle. The contestants could be discerned at a considerable distance, approaching at furious speed, and as the race was generally a close one, leaving the result in doubt until the goal was almost reached, it would arouse much excitement among the spectators, and lead some of them to wager small amounts on one or the other vessel. Our sympathies were with the *Sylvester* as a general rule, because its captain was understood to be financially interested in his boat, and this fact gave a sort of personal touch to its opera-

tion, which in the case of the *Glen,* the property of a corporation, was totally lacking.

Although Green Cove was my favorite resting-place, I occasionally went to other resorts in the South, sometimes abbreviating my stay at the Springs for this purpose, and at other times spending my entire vacation elsewhere. On two occasions I visited Rockledge for the month of March, and found there a climate which was more bland than that of the Cove, although I missed the pleasures of the bathing pool. Rockledge is situated near the mouth of the Indian River, sheltered from the sea by a large island with a wide strip of land beyond; and this island, at the time of my first visit, was owned by an Italian nobleman who had a magnificent orange grove, noted for the exceptional quality of its fruit. I have also seen Ormond and Daytona, and consider the latter the prettiest place I found in Florida—the only one which is really beautiful. I was attracted to it by the fact that James Cook of New York, whom I mentioned in an earlier chapter, was one of its permanent residents, his house standing on the principal street, in the choicest part of the town. I journeyed to Palm Beach during the first season of the Royal Poinciana Hotel, and was somewhat surprised to notice that the vegetation had been withered by cold weather, despite the assertion emphasized in the advertisements of that house that the town was below frost line.

With St. Augustine I became quite familiar, sometimes cutting short my stay at Green Cove to visit the old Spanish city, and occasionally spending my entire outing there. I visited the place with my brother William in 1906, and stopped at the Hotel Alcazar; but when alone I preferred the St. George Hotel, which was a quiet, clean, well-managed house, kept by a woman who also had a hotel at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. I came to the conclusion that St. Augustine, owing to its ease of access, and particularly to its many objects of interest and means of diversion, was, on the whole, the most satisfactory winter resort I had found. It contained the most inviting and well-appointed bathing establishment for invalids that I have ever seen (which, however, I did not have occasion to patronize), and its sulphur water is admittedly better than that of Green Cove Springs; but I did not

enjoy the swimming-pool of the Alcazar as well as the open-air bathing at the Cove, for the absence of sunlight made it rather cheerless, while the water seemed more chilly than that to which I had become accustomed. Moreover, Green Cove possesses a more genial climate, the air as a rule being soft and balmy, while that of St. Augustine is often bleak.

On two occasions my annual journey to the South did not extend as far as Florida, one of these seasons being passed at Asheville, N. C., and the other at Hot Springs in the same State. I visited the latter place because the proprietor of the hotel had previously served as clerk of the Spring House in Richfield Springs, N. Y., which I patronized in summer, and I had made his acquaintance there. Both of these resorts proved a little disappointing, and I concluded that Florida held greater attractions for the average tourist.

The destruction of the Clarendon Hotel at Green Cove Springs by a fire caused by a defective flue of the chimney was a calamity which I luckily escaped, since I happened to be in St. Augustine at the time of its occurrence. On the day of my departure for the North I bought a morning paper at Jacksonville to read in the car, and from it I learned of the fire, which took place about noon on the preceding day. It appeared that one of the guests, returning from his morning plunge in the pool, fancied that his room was uncomfortably chilly, and kindled a blaze in the grate to cause a quick rise of temperature, in which purpose he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Not long after the burning of the Clarendon, a resident of Trenton, N. J., who had spent many seasons at the Cove, and was looking about for a desirable investment, formed the plan of building a new hotel on the same site; the authorities of the town encouraging him in the undertaking by promising that the land and building should be exempt from taxation for twenty years. He accordingly purchased the property from Dr. Applegate and the heirs of Mr. Harris, and erected the Hotel Qui-Si-Sana, which was constructed of concrete, and resembled an old Spanish monastery in architectural design. He also succeeded in buying the spring and bathing pool, which he improved with an attractive bath house. I was a guest

of the new hotel during its first season, but did not like it as well as the Clarendon, for its interior impressed me as somber and gloomy, contrasting unfavorably with the bright and cheerful apartments of its predecessor; and there were few desirable bedrooms other than those on the second floor, which were intended for two occupants, and were mostly engaged by the season. My friend Carnot Meeker of Florham Park, N. J., on putting up at the Qui-Si-Sana when touring the South, was given a room on the top floor which, being designed to represent a monk's cell in conformity with the architectural type of the building, contained no window, and was lighted only by a sash in the door which gave access to the corridor. True, the corridor was open to the air on the opposite side, overlooking a central court and representing an ancient cloister; nevertheless he was not pleased with his accommodations, and remained only a single night.

In consequence of my dissatisfaction with the new building, I spent subsequent seasons at the Magnolia Springs Hotel, which was within easy walking distance. With this house I was already well acquainted, having stopped there for a short time, many years before, when accompanied by Ambrose Kitchell. There was no settlement at Magnolia Springs beyond a few negro cabins, and the site of the hotel, though commanding a pleasing view of the river, possessed no features of particular beauty or desirability which could not have been found elsewhere. The remains of the earthworks constructed during the War of the Rebellion could still be seen, on elevated ground a short distance west of the hotel, from which they were concealed by trees of comparatively recent growth.

The first step in the development of the place was taken many years ago, when some physician erected a large building for a sanitarium, but his efforts fell short of the anticipated success, and not very long after my winter outings began he embraced a favorable opportunity to dispose of the property. The purchaser was a northern man who, having amassed wealth in the hotel business at Bethlehem, N. H., decided to try his luck in Florida. He demolished the sanitarium, and erected the Magnolia Springs Hotel —a building three or four times its size—on the same spot; con-

structing two or three auxiliary cottages on a bluff overlooking the river; west of St. David's Path. The investment seemed an excellent one, for in those days the river resorts were in a most flourishing condition, his business increased from year to year, and his house at times was filled to its utmost capacity; but after the tide of travel had been deflected to the coast, a steady diminution of profits became apparent. When I decided to leave Green Cove for Magnolia, after the burning of the Clarendon, the Bethlehem man had given up in despair, and had sold out to O. D. Seavey, another northerner, who had been Flagler's right-hand man in the development of St. Augustine, and, if I am not mistaken, the first proprietor of the Ponce de Leon Hotel in that city. He purchased the Magnolia property at a great bargain: it was reported among the guests that the hotel and cottages, together with the land whereon they stood, represented an expenditure by the former owner of $100,000, and that they were bought by Seavey for a quarter of that sum; yet I doubt if the hotel yielded an adequate return on even this amount (although its scale of prices was somewhat higher than that of the Clarendon), for in recent years it was never more than half full. Its patronage continued to decrease with the growing popularity of the coast resorts, and I could not but think that the moneys received when I was last there could hardly be sufficient to cover its maintenance. The mere cost of painting so large a building was considerable, and painting was required every third season at least, for the dampness of the climate caused the woodwork, if neglected, to rapidly decay. At the time of my last visit, the business of the hotel was so dull that some of the older guests expressed doubt if it would ever again be opened, and it in fact closed that year a week earlier than usual. As I was not yet ready to return home, I went for a few days to the Qui-Si-Sana, where I had the good fortune to secure the room on the second story generally engaged for the winter by Mr. and Mrs. Des Cognets,—the choicest bedroom in the house,—which happened to be available owing to the temporary absence of its usual occupants.

The Magnolia Springs Hotel was a cheerful, spacious building, nearly three times as large as the old Clarendon, but its very size

impressed me as a detriment, for it was less homelike than the other, and its guests were not as sociable. The kitchen and similar rooms were on the ground floor, with the office, parlors and dining room on what was practically the second story, the piazza being approached at either end by a high stoop. There was a bathing pool at Magnolia, but I did not care to try it, for it was too small for swimming, and its supply seemed hardly sufficient to keep the water fresh. I therefore preferred to walk to Green Cove every morning and bathe in the accustomed place, following an example set many years before by Mr. Schultz, who, as I have said, lived for a time in the Magnolia Springs Hotel before erecting his cottage. The sulphur water at Magnolia was much the same as that of Green Cove. Seavey believed that it had a market value for medicinal purposes, and for one or two years he bottled it and sold it in New York through a wine dealer of Fulton Street.

I was interested to learn that the land on the west side of the St. Johns River extending from Green Cove to Magnolia Springs was covered in the olden time by three Spanish patents or grants which dated from the period when Florida was a colony of Spain. The first of these patents, which included Green Cove, extended down the river to a point a short distance from Mr. Davids' residence. The second, which ran from this point to Governor's Creek, passed in the course of time into the possession of an old family of Savannah named Clinch, by whom it was owned for many years. I was well acquainted with Colonel Clinch, a representative of this family, for he occasionally spent a few days at the Clarendon Hotel. He was employed in a steamship office in the city of his residence.

About a mile north of Magnolia Springs, a stream called Black Creek empties into the St. Johns, and at its mouth is the village of Hibernia, the site of a once popular hotel which was patronized by the same guests every season. If I remember aright, it stood on an island in the river, called Fleming's Island in memory of the Fleming family, its former owners, whose ancestors came from New Jersey and settled here about 1790. Several miles up Black Creek the traveler may see the remains of an abandoned town named Middleburg, which in bygone years was

the shire town of Clay County, and a flourishing community, but which gradually fell into decay after the removal of the county seat to Green Cove Springs.

CHAPTER XXIX

O, sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides,
On its clear, winding way to the sea;
And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides
Is this bright, rolling river to me.

ELLIOTT.

FOR a period of many years I had annual recourse to the sulphur baths at Richfield Springs, N. Y., to relieve the rheumatic condition of which I have made frequent mention in these pages. The water of Richfield is alleged to be more strongly impregnated with sulphur than that of any health resort in Europe, the bathing establishment is equipped with every convenience for the treatment of invalids, and I always found the baths, together with the accompanying massage, of sufficient benefit to enable me to pass the remainder of the year with very little discomfort. The relief thus obtained was far greater than that afforded by the waters of Green Cove Springs in Florida. My object in going south each winter was to escape the cold, searching winds of our rigorous northern climate rather than to seek remedial treatment, and the bathing which I enjoyed at Green Cove was little more than an amusement or pastime, for the water at that place did not contain a sufficient percentage of sulphur to cause any perceptible improvement in my condition. This percentage, in fact, is so slight that the water, if permitted to stand for a short time, seems to lose its sulphuric properties by evaporation, and can then be used as an ordinary table beverage; while at Richfield these qualities are retained indefinitely, permitting the water discharged from the spring during the winter months to be stored in tanks, without deterioration, to supply the bath house in the following summer—an expedient necessitated by the fact that the consumption during the tourist season is greater than the supply.

The village of Richfield Springs, when my annual visits com-

menced, was much more renowned and prosperous than at present. It was then regarded not merely as a health resort, but rather as a fashionable watering place, and it attracted every year a large number of visitors who were prominent in metropolitan society, most of whom spent the season in its commodious hotels, although some bought or built houses in the village for the establishment of permanent summer homes. In later years, however, its popularity waned, and it is no longer favored by the aristocracy of the cities. Its decline is attributable to the increased number of resorts which at the present time affords a much wider choice in the selection of a summer home, and to a change of taste among the members of the social set, who, nowadays, are not content to rusticate in a quiet village while recuperating from the strain of the metropolitan "season," but demand a place of residence, if for only a limited time, which affords better opportunity for amusement, excitement and display. There is no valid reason for this change of view, for Richfield Springs is far more inviting at present than it was in the days of its greatest popularity. It was then a mere straggling hamlet, possessing no features of interest or means of diversion, and aside from the natural beauty of the surrounding region, had little to commend it to visitors except the health-giving properties of the sulphur springs; but the municipal improvements which have been widely introduced in the past decade have totally altered its appearance, and have made it as attractive a place in which to spend the season as could well be found. Situated at a high altitude among the mountains, it possesses a delightful summer climate; the temperature is lower than that which prevails in the valley of the Mohawk, and the nights are always cool, even in the hottest weather. For this reason it is a favorite place with the residents of the neighboring city of Utica for week-end outings and more prolonged vacations. The summer, however, is much shorter than in the vicinity of New York City, and the winters are severe in the extreme. The hotel season, which does not commence until June is far advanced, lasts but little more than three months, for after the middle of September the resort attracts few visitors.

My attention was first drawn to Richfield Springs by my

brother Smith, who, being very fond of society, visited the place every summer in its palmy days for its social advantages, to remain a couple of weeks before going to Saratoga. Having informed myself of the nature and effect of the waters, I determined to accompany him, and try the sulphur baths. I commenced my annual journeys to the Springs in 1885 or 1886, and continued them for thirty-six years, with the exception of 1890, when absent in Europe, and 1910; becoming, in fact, one of the oldest and most regular patrons of the health resort. My last visit occurred in 1922, after which my advancing age and growing infirmities warned me that it would be imprudent to travel so far from home, and to longer pursue the somewhat strenuous course of treatment. I formerly resorted to Richfield Springs in the month of July, which was the height of the season; but finding that I could obtain better accommodations and more careful attention, both in the hotel and bath house, before the arrival of the crowd, I made it my rule to go early in June, on the day the bathing establishment opened for the summer. The treatment recommended for rheumatism such as mine, consists of twenty-one baths, necessitating a sojourn of three weeks, and this is the course which I have almost always taken; but I occasionally varied the number according to my physical condition and my other engagements. Thus when compelled by press of business to shorten my stay, I have restricted the number of baths to seventeen, while at other times, when the beneficial effect of the waters was apparent, I remained an additional week and increased the number to twenty-eight. I generally took the first bath on the afternoon of my arrival, but my favorite hour was 11 A. M.

The principal street of Richfield Springs is Main Street (the old Great Western Turnpike from Albany to Buffalo), running east and west, along which the village extends about a mile. I was told that the "king's highway" of Colonial days, which antedated the turnpike, did not traverse the territory now embraced by the corporate limits of the town, but curved southwestwardly to Schuyler Lake, and thence northwestwardly to Utica; and that when the turnpike was constructed, it was cut through dense woods in what is now the heart of the village. Spring Park, con-

taining the famous sulphur spring, lies on the north side of Main Street in the centre of the town, and the leading hotels and stores are situated on this street, opposite and near the park, with residences toward the east and west. At the west end of the park, Main Street is crossed by another thoroughfare, the second in importance, called Lake Street south of the intersection and Church Street to the northward, the latter being the road to Herkimer.

Richfield Springs was formerly reached from New York only by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, which operates a branch to this point, the route being so devious that the trip from the city was very long and tiresome; but an extensive trolley system now connects the villages of that region, and a line runs from the Springs to Herkimer (one hour's ride), where the traveler is transferred to the New York Central, thus materially shortening the journey to New York. The trolley company used to provide parlor cars, containing chairs instead of seats, to connect at Herkimer with express trains to and from the metropolis, but during the World War, when economy in railroad operation was required, the chair cars were discontinued, and at the time of my last visit, had not been restored; for the company, in recent years, became involved in financial difficulties to such extent as to necessitate the appointment of a receiver, and was obliged to restrict its service. The southern terminus of the line is at Oneonta. Its track (a single track) is laid on Lake Street in Richfield Springs, following the east side of the roadway until it approaches the heart of the town, and then taking the centre. As it was not permitted on Church Street, it was built on Main for a short distance westward from the corner, and thence northward, upon a private right of way at the west end of the trolley station, to Herkimer and intermediate points; crossing Church Street perhaps three quarters of a mile from the centre of the village. In more recent years an objection was made to the operation of cars on Main Street, and the track was accordingly removed from that highway. The line now runs directly across it, and follows a private way which joins Lake Street in the neighborhood of the railroad station.

Church Street, the chief residential avenue of the village,

forms the western boundary of the park. About half a mile to the northward it crosses a street running east and west which marks the northern boundary of the village, and the dividing line between the counties of Herkimer on the north and Otsego on the south. On a neighboring hill in Herkimer County is the handsome residence of the McCormick family, the well-known makers of harvesting machinery, the entrance to their grounds being on the north side of the street which follows the county line. Among the many benefactions of this family was the erection of a new Presbyterian Church on the east side of Church Street north of the park, which is built of brick, and is much larger and handsomer than any other house of worship in the village. It replaces an earlier structure which dated from 1823.

Beyond the McCormick property, a street of recent construction leads from the Herkimer road to the golf club and to a cottage standing on a slight elevation which serves as a club house. There was formerly a path leading diagonally across the McCormick land to the golf links, but it was closed when this new street was opened. About half a mile north of the McCormick home is an old mill property which was bought some years ago and greatly improved for a summer residence by Richard M. Montgomery, who lived at one time on the Mount Pleasant Turnpike between West Orange and Livingston, N. J. He has a beautiful estate lying on both sides of the Herkimer road, which he calls "the Garden of the Gods." The ancestral home of the late Douglas Robinson, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, is at Henderson, a point on the trolley line between Richfield Springs and Herkimer.

I have in my library a history of Richfield Springs, from which I learn that the first settler of the place was William Tunnicliff, who came from Oaksville in 1790, and built a saw- and grist-mill on or near the site of a large factory now standing on the south side of Main Street where the road crosses a creek (the former mill-stream) in the western part of the village. The factory runs by steam, the water-power being no longer used. One of his descendants, George Tunnicliff, was for many years the proprietor of the Kendallwood Hotel, situated on the south side of Main

Street on the slope of the hill the crest of which may be considered the eastern limit of the town. This hotel was the favorite stopping-place of U. S. Commissioner John A. Shields, in bygone days a prominent member of the summer colony. About forty-five years ago a club of horsemen was organized in the village, and Mr. Tunnicliff was for a long time the sole surviving member of it. He also belonged to a fishing club consisting of a little coterie of intimate friends, the other members being Commissioner Shields, Robert W. Tailor and Kip Lewis, the latter the proprietor of the Lake House, in which hotel they held a private banquet every year. The Misses Tunnicliff, also descendants of the first settler, used to keep a boarding-house on the south side of Main Street west of Lake, but this building, about 1914, was destroyed by a fire which also consumed the largest and oldest tree in the village, a conspicuous landmark in the dooryard. The Misses Tunnicliff had an annex opposite, which, though not a lofty structure, had a very long frontage on the street, but it was demolished about the time of the fire, and its site occupied in part by a garage, and in part by the trolley station, the former at the east, and the latter at the west end of the lot. My cousin, Mrs. W. W. Watson, with her daughters, was accustomed to stop at the Tunnicliff Annex when at the Springs, and during her stay, her sons-in-law, who were engaged in business in New York, spent the week-ends there.

Lake Street is so called because it leads to Lake Canadarago or Schuyler Lake. The Lackawanna station is on this street about a quarter of a mile from the park, the track commencing there and running in a northwesterly direction. On the west side of Lake Street, near the shore of the lake and not far from its northern extremity, is the Lake House, which was formerly a popular picnic place with the young people of Richfield Springs, and I can remember when omnibusses ran at frequent intervals between this hotel and the centre of the town, a distance of about a mile; but its business was practically destroyed by the erection of a superior hostelry by the trolley company farther along the road. The last Indian in this region was buried on the slope of a hill east of Lake Street and opposite the Lake House, the skeleton, which measured six feet four inches in length, being discovered by work-

men who periodically dug into the bank for gravel to be used in repairing the road. The bones were placed in a box and kept for a time in the Lake House, but were finally reinterred on the grounds of the hotel near the boat landing. In former days my favorite walk in and about Richfield Springs was along Lake Street to Schuyler Lake, where I could spend a short time very agreeably in resting on the piazza of the Lake House; but in later years I deemed it prudent to take exercise in other parts of the village, for the foot-path bordering the highway on the west side, which I was accustomed to follow, was obliterated by the recent improving and widening of the roadbed, and I felt that the increased traffic resulting from the introduction of motor vehicles was a decided menace to pedestrians.

On the north side of Main Street, extending some distance eastward from the creek, is a large field which probably formed part of an old farm, and near the eastern end of this property stands the Richfield House, the earliest hotel in the village, which was erected in 1820, but has been rebuilt in recent years on the original frame. A short distance east of this structure is the Majestic Hotel, the second in point of age, kept by a man named Tunnicliff, a cousin of George above mentioned. These hotels, offering cheap accommodations, were largely patronized by farmers and commercial travelers, but their career was virtually terminated by national prohibition, and they are now mere boarding- or rooming-houses.

The Spring House, in its day the principal caravansary of Richfield Springs, stood upon the west end of the present park, at the corner of Main and Church Streets; having a frontage of over three hundred feet on Main Street and two hundred on Church, with accommodation for five hundred guests. At the time of my early visits this was by far the best hotel in the place, and was a popular resort of metropolitan wealth and fashion. Its owner and manager was Thomas R. Proctor, a prominent citizen of Utica, who amassed a fortune in the hotel business in that city, and was an outstanding figure in the summer colony of Richfield Springs. He owned not only the Spring House, but also the Butterfield House in Utica, and the Baggs Hotel Farm in East

Utica. I was informed that he had sold the Baggs Hotel, opposite the Utica railroad station, of which he was once the proprietor, and built the Butterfield, retaining the Baggs Hotel Farm. His hostelry at the Springs was always crowded, and I never succeeded in securing a single-bedded room except on the top (fourth) floor, although Smith, owing to his political renown, fared better. I recollect three summers when I could not be accommodated there at all: on my first trip to Richfield, although Smith had a room in the Spring House, I was obliged to go to the New American Hotel near by, and there were two subsequent visits when I lodged in an old mansion called the Annex (now part of the Berkeley-Waiontha Hotel), on the opposite side of Main Street. The Spring House was a ramshackle building, which had been repeatedly enlarged without much regard for architectural convention, containing narrow staircases and gloomy corridors like those of an old farmhouse; and as many of the guests were permitted to obstruct the passages with their trunks, the house, in my opinion, was a veritable fire-trap. In fact it finally met the too common fate of country hotels, being totally destroyed by fire in 1898. I left for home on Saturday, July 2nd, of that year, and on the following Saturday the hotel burned down. This calamity, by great good fortune, occurred in the daytime, the flames breaking out in the kitchen at the west end, and as the wind was easterly, the building burned for two hours before it was entirely consumed, allowing ample time for the removal of its contents. After this occurrence, the ground covered by the hotel and its outbuildings—quite a large tract—was added to the park, which was thus extended to Church Street. Although the popularity of the resort had begun to decline before the fire, and Mr. Proctor subsequently admitted to me that the business of his hotel had diminished prior to that event, I am inclined, nevertheless, to attribute the passing of Richfield's era of prosperity to the loss of the Spring House; for many wealthy and influential patrons of the hotel, who set the fashions for less prominent members of New York society, ceased their annual visits to the Springs after this disaster, finding that the proprietor, being a man of ample means, preferred to retire from business in the village rather than rebuild the structure.

Mr. Proctor retained his interest in the growth and welfare of the town notwithstanding his withdrawal from business, and he continued to make the place his summer home, putting up at the Bloomfield House after his own hotel was destroyed. He died on July 4, 1920. He was in failing health, and was taking treatment at the baths in Richfield Springs while I was there in June, but left during my stay to serve as a delegate to the Republican convention which nominated Harding and Coolidge, and was thought to have overtaxed his vitality in so doing. He passed away soon after his return to his home in Utica (while I was still at Richfield), during the day before that on which he was expected to come to the Springs for the remainder of the summer. His widow was still living when I last visited the resort. He and his brother married sisters, the daughters of a wealthy manufacturer of Utica.

Of the many employees of the Spring House I remember only two. One was "Fred," the porter, a Utica man, who was sent each day to the station to attend the arrival and departure of the guests; and the other was the carriage agent who rented the equipages in the hotel stable to visitors desiring to drive. I regarded the latter as an interesting character, for he was the last driver of the old-time stage-coaches which in earlier years plied between Richfield Springs and Herkimer. His real name, I believe, was Amos Goodale, but everyone called him "Beecher" because of his striking resemblance to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the eminent clergyman of Brooklyn.

Among the guests from New York, I recollect the family of Richard Croker, then the Democratic "boss" of the city and State; former Mayor Strong and his family; Edward Knox, the celebrated hatter, and his wife, through whose influence, if I mistake not, Smith was first attracted to this resort; Henry L. Clinton, a successful lawyer, and author of two interesting volumes, "Celebrated Cases" and "Extraordinary Trials," both of which I have in my library (subsequent to his decease his widow continued her annual visits, going to the Kendallwood after the Spring House burned); W. C. Stewart with his wife and daughters; Edmund Penfold, who afterward hired a house on the south side of Main

Street east of the Kendallwood, and became a member of the "cottage contingent"; and the Bonner family, owners and publishers of the *New York Ledger*. There were several other acquaintances of my brother whose names I cannot recall. Mrs. Bainbridge Clarke, now deceased, was, I think, the last of the old-time friends whom he used to meet from year to year at Richfield Springs.

Ward McAllister, popularly known as "the prime minister of New York society," was also a guest of the Spring House, but I do not think that Smith was intimately acquainted with him. One day he entered the parlor, outside the open window of which I was seated on the piazza, and I overheard him telling his wife of the marvellous effect of the sulphur baths, one of which he had just taken; affirming that while it was his custom to drink a single cocktail every morning, he found the waters so invigorating that on this occasion he had been able to dispose of two.

On going to Richfield Springs the year after the fire (1899), I decided to try the Tuller House, of which I had previously formed a high opinion, being influenced in my decision by learning that Fred, the former porter of the Spring House, whom I found as usual awaiting the arrival of my train, was employed there. I first went to the Tuller on June 15, 1899, and made that hotel my stopping-place when visiting the Springs thereafter. Whenever I arrived so early in the season that the house was not yet prepared for the reception of guests (for the bathing establishment sometimes opened a few days before), and I was therefore obliged to take a room elsewhere, I always moved into the Tuller as soon as the desired accommodations could be had. In 1914 I stayed at the Cary Cottage, a popular boarding-house, until the Tuller was ready, and in 1915 at the Kendallwood Hotel, which stood on the south side of Main Street east of the Tuller, and opposite the Methodist Church. John Cary had two cottages, distinguished as the "old" and the "new"; the first standing on the north side of Main Street at the east end of the park, only a few steps from the Tuller, and the other at the rear of the property, reached by a private driveway. The latter building was nearly opposite the hotel, though at a distance from it, being north of the park, which

extended between the cottage and the street. The old house was poorly appointed, having low ceilings and other uninviting features, but the new one was more modern and comfortable, although its lack of a dining room compelled its occupants to go to the old cottage for their meals. I roomed in the new house at the time I mention, and found it decidedly solitary, not only on account of its somewhat isolated situation, but because the season had not fully opened, and there were only two other guests (Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin of Glen Ridge, N. J.) in the building. At the Kendallwood Hotel, the following year, I had a better room than the one I was accustomed to engage in the Tuller, though at the same price, but I moved nevertheless when the latter was ready for occupancy, finding the old place more homelike and more conveniently situated.

The Tuller House, the original part of which was erected seventy-five or eighty years ago, stands on the south side of Main Street opposite the park. It was formerly owned by a man named Tuller, and was inherited by his daughter Caroline, wife of Niles D. Jewell, who, with her husband, ran it for thirty-five years. Not long after the death of the latter, which occurred in 1914, Mrs. Jewell sold the property to her brother Melvin Tuller, who then kept the principal store in the village, situated at the southwest corner of Main and Lake Streets, in which business he was followed by his son Charles. Mr. Tuller presented the hotel to his son Harry, who died a little later, leaving a widow and a child, Harry, Jr. His widow married Allen Bloomfield, whose father once owned the factory mentioned above, and a few years later she also passed away. Bloomfield was educated for the bar, graduating from Columbia Law School, but his attention was directed to the hotel business by his marriage, and he has become the principal representative of that industry in Richfield Springs. He has been repeatedly elected to the Legislature, at first to the House of Assembly, and later to the Senate. He operates the hotel as trustee for his step-son, Harry Tuller, who inherited it from his mother, but as the senator is also the proprietor of the Bloomfield House, which claims most of his attention, the management of the Tuller when I was one of its guests was turned

EAST MAIN STREET, RICHFIELD SPRINGS. THE TULLER HOUSE AT THE RIGHT.

over to William Kelly, who served for several years as its clerk.

In the course of my numerous visits, I have had various bedrooms in the Tuller House, but my favorite one, which I occupied several years in succession, was No. 31, on the second floor front, beneath the roof of the piazza, a little east of the main entrance. Once or twice I had No. 30, a larger room adjoining. Finding that my apartment in the Tuller was more desirable than the various rooms I had had in the Spring House, and that the hotel itself was more satisfactory, since it was not uncomfortably crowded, I resorted to Richfield Springs twice in the same season (1899); taking my usual course of baths in the early summer, and spending the first two weeks of September there for recreation and rest. The later visit, however, was less enjoyable, and I never repeated it, save in 1911, when my treatment in June was interrupted by my brother's death. The constant departure of the summer residents, hastened by the approach of cold weather, gave the town an air of loneliness and desolation; and as the autumn sets in much earlier in that latitude than in the vicinity of my home, the effect of the second visit was to make my summer unpleasantly short.

The late Edwin Hawley and his family were among the last of the old patrons of the Tuller House whom I was accustomed to meet there every year. My impression is that Mr. Hawley was not engaged in business, for his health was delicate, and he was the possessor of a large fortune, having, as I was told, inherited considerable property from a relative who was instrumental in making a financial success of the Norfolk & Western Railroad. He was usually accompanied at the Tuller by his niece, who married a New York physician, by her mother, and by four or five other relatives. They were on terms of intimate friendship with a man named Schmidt, now deceased, who was identified with the German consulate in New York, and was connected by marriage with a good family of the metropolis. I met Schmidt at the Tuller every season from the time of my first arrival until his death. He made a hobby of recording the temperature from day to day,—I often saw him consulting the thermometer, and entering the figures in his note-book,—and he thus became an authority upon the subject, who

was always prepared to answer questions respecting the temperature of any given day in previous years.

The Bloomfield House, now the largest caravansary of Richfield Springs, stands on the south side of Main Street west of the Tuller, with a small park belonging to the two hotels between them. There is a cottage in the park, some distance from the street and partly concealed by the shade-trees, which is a sort of annex of the hotels, and is occupied by visitors every summer. The Bloomfield House was originally the New American, to which I have already referred, and when so denominated was kept by Uriah Welsh. Some physician of New York, a celebrated lung specialist, persuaded Mr. Welsh to assume the management of a hotel in Georgia, which the doctor, who was a stockholder of the company owning the building, hoped to make a popular resort for invalids suffering from pulmonary diseases; and Welsh, on his departure from Richfield Springs, sold the New American to Ferdinand P. Earle, who was then keeping a hotel at No. 239 Canal Street, New York. The latter enlarged the New American, changing its name to the Earlington, and made very extensive improvements, chief of which was his purchase and demolition of the neighboring Davenport House (an old-fashioned country tavern owned by James Davenport, a prominent lawyer and politician, who, in those days, was the leading citizen of the village), and the conversion of its site into the little park I have mentioned, whose bare and somewhat unattractive aspect was relieved by the planting of shade-trees which have now attained a considerable size. The object of these changes was to revive the waning popularity of Richfield as a health resort, but Earle's efforts in this direction were but partially successful, and resulted, I believe, in financial loss. The last member of the Earle family who managed the Earlington was not Ferdinand, but Eugene, his son or other relative, who also had a house of the same name at No. 55 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York. In the course of time the Earlington at the Springs proved a failure, and was bought by a number of leading citizens of Richfield, headed by Thomas R. Proctor, who realized that the finances of the town would suffer were the principal hostelry permitted to close its doors. I was informed

that the property was covered by a mortgage of $60,000, and I doubt if it sold for more than half that amount. The new owners intrusted its management to Senator Bloomfield, in whose honor it was renamed the Bloomfield House, and he has operated it since 1914. His winter residence is a cottage called "The Elms," which stands on the south side of Main Street between the Tuller and the Kendallwood, and is rented to visitors during the summer season.

The Bathing Establishment in Spring Park is owned by a stock company organized by Thomas R. Proctor. At the time of my early visits to Richfield, treatment was administered in an old, inadequate and poorly heated building, the construction of which was so faulty that in stormy weather the rain entered beneath the door and flowed along the passage; although, despite its many deficiencies, it was preferable to the bath houses I found in Europe. The present structure was erected by Mr. Proctor in 1890, and was so far superior to the old one that it was thought a great wonder. The cashier of the establishment for many years was Miss Andress, living in Church Street opposite the park, who, at one time, was the housekeeper of the Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine. I remember a masseur named Singlewald, a resident of New York, who worked here two or three summers, and then bought the Darrow House on the east side of Lake Street, one of the few hotels of Richfield which were open all the year. He was very desirous that I should furnish the financial backing which he required for its purchase, but I did not care to make an investment so far from home. This hotel, I imagine, was very profitable, until its business was impaired by the enactment of the prohibition laws; after which its proprietor sold the property and returned to New York. The water of the sulphur spring was first introduced as a remedial agent about the year 1820 by Dr. Manley, who lived on the south side of Main Street east of the present site of the Tuller House. In some cases this water is recommended as a beverage, and is furnished for that purpose in the bath house at a nominal price; but it may be had without charge at the public drinking fountain, which stands in a lane leading eastward from Church Street along the north side of the park. To increase the

pleasures of the resort, daily concerts were given in the park during the summer season by subscription among the cottagers, of whom Robert W. Tailor, whose yearly donation sometimes amounted to several hundred dollars, was probably the most generous contributor.

Among the various attractions of Richfield Springs is a race course on the east side of Lake Street. When the resort was at the height of its glory, some of the summer visitors from New York, who owned fast horses used to bring the animals to the Springs each year and enter them in the contests held on this track; about half of the handicaps being trotting matches, and the rest running races. Prominent among these horse people were Lawrence Kip and Ambrose Clark, members of wealthy families from New York, the latter a leading summer resident of Cooperstown. The spectators at the races were much amused one day to see the horse which Clark was riding in one of the contests take the bit in his teeth and bolt toward the stable, while his rider tugged frantically at the reins, vainly trying to bring the animal back to the track. The horsemen used to hold tournaments at the Spring House perhaps once a week; one of their favorite feats being to start in front of the hotel, ride at full gallop eastward along Main Street to the top of a hill in front of the Bloomfield House, and there, without slackening speed, try to lance rings suspended from a rope stretched across the highway. The hill referred to exists no longer, for in recent years the street has been graded to a level. This form of diversion, however, has long been abandoned, for the horse owners, since the burning of the Spring House, have spent their summers elsewhere. In recent years no contests were held on the race course while I was at the Springs, the property being used as a baseball field; but I was told that an agricultural fair was held there every autumn, and I presume that on such occasions some use is still made of the track.

Prior to the construction of the trolley line, a steamboat was regularly operated during the summer months between Cooperstown and the north end of Otsego Lake, where it connected with a tally-ho running to and from Richfield Springs. I often took the coach from Richfield to the lake and back (twelve miles round

trip) merely for the pleasure of the ride, and was sorry when the introduction of trolley cars caused this service to be discontinued. There is still a stage route to Cherry Valley, the vehicle starting in the centre of Richfield Springs and traveling eastward on Main Street past the Tuller House. It was formerly an old-fashioned country wagon, with a rack at the rear for baggage and merchandise, making only one round trip per day; but this was superseded in recent years by a motor bus which makes two daily journeys.

The Soldiers' Monument and Public Library of Richfield Springs were presented to the town by Thomas R. Proctor. The monument, which stands on rising ground in a small park—also the gift of Mr. Proctor—at a fork of the road (Main Street), may be considered to mark the western extremity of the village, for the houses beyond it are widely scattered. The library is on the south side of Main Street opposite the field in which the Richfield House stands, the site having been presented by Mr. Montgomery, while Mr. Proctor donated $10,000 toward the cost of the building. The Episcopal Church, which is situated a short distance west of the library, is a large and handsome structure, but its congregation, though wealthy, is not numerous. The decline of Richfield Springs as a fashionable summer resort has compelled the Baptist and Unitarian societies to discontnue their services; the property of the Baptists having been converted into business, while the Unitarian edifice (nearly opposite the Presbyterian, in Church Street), though still standing when I was last in the village, was no longer used for religious meetings.

Richard Croker, the former Democratic leader of New York, had a stock farm of over three hundred acres, which lay about a mile west of the village, and was reached by Main Street. He spent more than $300,000 in buying and improving the property, meaning to devote his attention to the breeding of race horses; but after his death the farm was sold at auction to William T. Weldon, at that time the postmaster of Richfield Springs, for the merely nominal sum of $9,000.

The local newspaper is printed in a street, the name of which has escaped me, running parallel with Lake Street and a couple of blocks farther west. The paper, which is called the *Mercury,*

is published weekly all the year, but its editor issues a daily edition during the summer season.

Perhaps the wealthiest member of the summer colony during my long acquaintance with Richfield Springs was Robert W. Tailor, of No. 16 East Seventy-second Street, New York, who died in 1916. His interest in the town dated from 1865 or thereabout, when he first visited the place with his father, coming from Herkimer by stage (then the only public conveyance), and stopping at the Majestic Hotel. Deciding to make the village his summer home, he built or bought a dwelling on the south side of Main Street just east of the old Canadarago Inn, a hotel which was patronized exclusively by Hebrews, standing east of Lake Street and about opposite the parlor (the east end) of the Spring House. On the north side of Main Street, in the eastern part of the village, a spacious brick mansion—the finest dwelling in the town—had been previously built by Westcott of the Westcott Express Company, who was killed in an accident while driving up a neighboring mountain, from the summit of which a view of seven counties can be obtained; and Tailor bought this house of the Westcott estate, making it his permanent summer residence. Having every reason to believe that the prosperity and growth of the village would continue, he purchased the Canadarago, which at that time had been closed for several seasons, enlarged his former dwelling, which stood beside the hotel, and joined the two buildings together to form the present Berkeley-Waiontha House, the proprietor of which, in recent years, was Mr. Marcotte, who also managed a hotel in New York. Hebrews, being no longer accommodated, ceased coming to Richfield Springs. Mr. Tailor subsequently purchased a block of stores between the Berkeley and the Lake Street corner, and for many years he had the post office in the rear of this plot, facing Lake Street; but recently Mr. Shaul, who kept a clothing store near the Berkeley, and owned a moving-picture theatre in Lake Street, succeeded in having the post office moved into the theatre building. Mr. Tailor's properties were inherited by his son, the late J. Lee Tailor, whom I remember in former years as an enthusiastic horseman and a crony of Ambrose Clark, but during my last few visits he was incapacitated

by illness, although he continued to spend his summers at the Springs until the time of his death. He married a daughter of Admiral Spaulding, U. S. N., retired, having made her acquaintance at the Spring House, where she and her father spent several successive seasons.

On the south side of Main Street, surmounting the hill at the eastern extremity of the village, is a large reservoir, fed by springs, which supplies the town with water. On the opposite side stood in former days the home of the Misses St. John, permanent residents of the village, who were aunts of the late William St. John of New York, the so-called "martyred bank president," who voluntarily sacrificed a promising career as a banker in the metropolis to espouse the cause of William Jennings Bryan when the latter ran for President of the United States on a "free silver" platform in 1896. Mr. St. John's sister, who married a resident of Pittsburg, had a farm in the immediate neighborhood which she made her summer home. When last in Richfield I was informed that one of the St. John sisters had passed away, and that the survivor, having left her former residence, was living on the north side of Main Street about half way down the hill toward the village, between the Cary cottage and the Tailor mansion. Samuel Styles and Alexander Cash, the well-known stationers of New York, were also members of the summer colony. Mr. Styles bought a choice property on the south side of Main Street opposite the Tailor home, and built a house upon it, facing west, which commanded a beautiful view of the lake; while Mr. Cash purchased a dwelling already built, also on the south side of the street, but farther eastward, up the hill, toward the reservoir. The latter building, however, has passed into other hands, its owner having died about 1906. Mr. Styles was stricken with illness one Saturday afternoon while traveling on a New York Central train from New York to the Springs, was carried from the car at one of the stations along the Hudson River, and breathed his last in a neighboring hotel. I was at Richfield at the time, and I recall the afternoon when the tragic news was received.

Richfield is particularly favored in the extent and beauty of its public parks. North of the Tailor place is a large grove which

has been presented to the town for a recreation ground, and on Prospect Hill, some distance toward the west, is another common called Cary Park, which, though named in honor of the owner of the Cary Cottages, was presented to the village, as I was informed, by Mr. Proctor. It is reached by a path leading northward from Main Street nearly opposite the Public Library.

Owing to my taste for the study of history, particularly that of the American Revolution, I was much interested to see at Richfield Springs the grave of George Robert Hughes, one of the last survivors of the Boston Tea Party, who died here in 1843 at the age of one hundred and one, and was buried in the yard of the Presbyterian Church. A short account of his life, mentioning his old age home in Richfield, is contained in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution." When I was a guest at the Spring House, occupying a back room on the fourth floor, the Hughes monument —a large, white marble slab bearing a long inscription—was in view from my window, as I looked across the lawn tennis court and the garden of the hotel to the churchyard; but at a later date the veteran's remains and those of his wife were removed to the New Cemetery, which has been laid out on a hill on the north side of a road running eastward from Lake Street, and is a full half mile from the centre of the village. Prior to the dedication of the cemetery, this hill was a favorite place for exhibitions of fire-works on the Fourth of July, but for some years past such displays have been prohibited by local ordinance. I made a point every summer while at the Springs of taking a walk to the cemetery to see the grave of George Robert Hughes, which is at the rear of the enclosure, not far from the northwest corner; and at the time of my last trip I was pained to find that the tombstone had been broken about six inches from its base, and was leaning against the fence. This neglect of the resting place of so interesting a local character seemed very deplorable, and I felt that some patriotic society should see that the needed repairs were made. There is a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Richfield Springs, the president of which, at that time, was Mrs. James McKee, wife of the cashier of the First National Bank, in whose house the meetings of the association were occasionally held; but

as I was not acquainted with any of its members, I brought the matter to the attention of Edwin Johnson, a New York lawyer who was spending the summer at the Springs (his early home), and requested him to lay it before the organization. This he readily consented to do, and I have since learned that through the interest of the society the necessary repairs have been carefully made.

In the western part of the New Cemetery, near the front, is the grave of my old friend Dr. Charles C. Ransom who in former years was the medical director of the Bathing Establishment, and who prescribed for me the appropriate course of treatment. He practised in New York during the winter months, having an office at No. 152 West Forty-eighth Street, but he was a member of a Richfield family, and resided on Main Street directly opposite the Tailor place. His boyhood's home was a mansion on Church Street facing the Presbyterian parsonage which had passed out of the family, and the doctor hoped to lay by sufficient means to repurchase it. This ambition was not realized, however; while apparently in perfect health, he was obliged to submit to an operation in a hospital in Utica, and failed to recover from the shock. Since his death there have been various other physicians at the bath house, but I never had occasion to consult them, for I simply continued, from year to year, the treatment which Dr. Ransom had advised.

Few noteworthy events occurred at Richfield Springs during my long series of visits, but I mention an incident which aroused much interest on the part of the townspeople, and made a lasting impression on my memory—the appearance of Theodore Roosevelt one morning during his term of office as governor of the State. His presence, however, was merely casual, for he was passing through the village, and remained only a few minutes. When going from the Tuller to the Lackawanna station to take the train for New York, I saw Roosevelt on the piazza of the Bloomfield House delivering a speech to an enthusiastic crowd on the sidewalk; and soon after I had taken my seat in the train, he arrived at the depot, escorted by a host of admiring citizens, of whom he took leave, heartily and boisterously, from the rear platform of the last car. The train moved off amid the wild

cheers of the populace, with the governor bowing and waving his hat as long as the station remained in view; then entering the car, he seated himself on the side opposite my own, placed his feet comfortably upon the chair before him, and was soon absorbed in a popular novel.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER XXX

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

THACKERAY.

IN the foregoing chapters I have described the principal scenes and incidents which marked the years of my pilgrimage, and will outline the events remaining to be recorded in comparatively few words.

The passage of time has wrought sad changes in our household, I having been spared while my brothers and sister passed one by one to the great beyond. Ambrose, the eldest of the family, attained the age of eighty-four, in the possession of exceptional health and strength, and although a diminution of his physical power became apparent in the closing months of his life, he was able to continue his attention to the daily routine of his business with uninterrupted regularity until stricken with paralysis at his desk in Gold Street on January 14, 1907. He died at 6 A. M. on the 6th of February, and his funeral was conducted at his home, No. 47 West Fifty-seventh Street, by Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

Smith, who passed away at the Homestead in Livingston at 1 A. M., July 1, 1911, in his eighty-seventh year, died of no specific disease, his vital organs simply ceasing to function, owing to his age. His funeral, which, at my suggestion, was held in Hanover Church, and was conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. H. M. Augustine, assisted by Rev. Alfred T. Plue of the Baptist Church of Livingston, was largely attended by my brother's relatives and friends from New York; and as a further token of respect, the

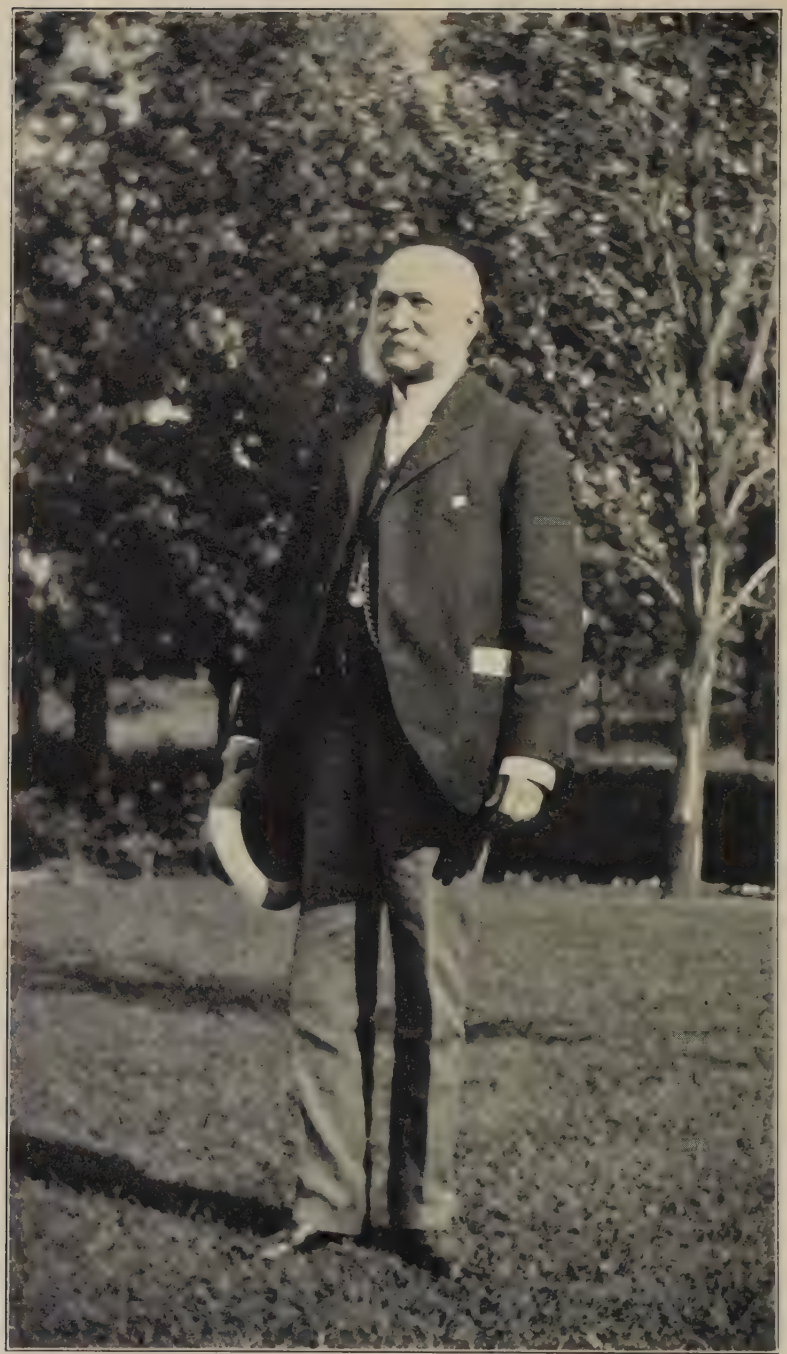
flags on the City Hall were displayed at half mast in memory of his service as mayor of the metropolis many years before.

My brother William was incapacitated for about six months by a stroke of apoplexy caused by over-fatigue, and his death, at his home in Fifty-seventh Street, on October 16, 1913, at the age of eighty-four, was due to a recurrence of the same malady. His funeral, like that of Ambrose, was held at his residence, with Dr. Parkhurst officiating. His widow entered into rest on November 2, 1924, when eighty-seven years of age.

My sister, Maria Louise, departed this life about 4 A. M. on March 28, 1922, at the comparatively early age of seventy-seven. Her last illness, which covered a period of eighteen months, resulted from a cerebral hemorrhage induced by an anxious and agitated state of mind acting upon a system naturally frail and delicate; she having inherited from her mother the unfortunate propensity to worry about matters of trifling moment. The funeral service was held at her residence, No. 12 West Seventy-second Street, New York, with interment in the Ely Cemetery at Livingston, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Dr. John Macnaughtan, pastor emeritus of the Presbyterian Church of Chatham, N. J.

The loss of my sister was a bereavement of which it is hard to speak. Maria was no ordinary woman: another character so affectionate, kind-hearted and self-sacrificing I have never known. Her happiness was chiefly found in bringing happiness to others; the wish to add to the comfort and pleasure of her relatives and friends was never absent from her mind; and she played the part of a veritable fairy godmother to all with whom she came in contact. Her nature was in fact so benevolent that at times even the members of her immediate family could not follow her to the lofty planes of her philanthropic projects and desires. She often spent sleepless hours in devising means to overcome the difficulties of someone in adversity, yet her energies were not confined to the relief of suffering or misfortune, but—what is much less common —were constantly devoted to little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness calculated to give joy and pleasure to those about her. Always ready to dismiss the thought of her own troubles to sympathize with the vexations or disappointments of her relations, and

AMBROSE K. ELY



WILLIAM H. ELY

to try to ease the burden of their care, she was their counselor in perplexity, their comforter in distress; and to her each member of the family invariably turned in such emergencies for guidance, encouragement and help.

That her unfailing kindness was never fully appreciated, and that her friends sometimes took advantage of her benevolence to exploit her generosity and to play upon her sympathies, had no discouraging or disheartening effect. She knew no weariness in well-doing, and neither sought nor expected praise, appreciation, or reward; for to her the giving of pleasure and assistance was its own reward, as was the consciousness of duty well performed.

One of her most estimable traits was her never-ending patience. Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven, was she willing to pardon those who had offended her. None can realize this more fully than myself, for she bore my failings so quietly and forgivingly, discovering virtues in my character which no one else could find. She not only held her brothers in perfect affection, but regarded them with boundless admiration, and was never more delighted than when others spoke of them in her presence in terms of commendation, respect, or esteem. Her entire life was dedicated to Christian service, and at her death she was mourned by a host of grateful friends, who bore witness to her long and devoted ministry of loving helpfulness.

George Vanderpoel, my brother-in-law, died in Chatham at 6.30 A. M., on October 16, 1925, the anniversary of William's death; this being the second instance in our immediate family, within my lifetime, when two persons passed away on the same day of the month, though in years which were separated by a considerable interval. George had a long, but not a painful illness, having suffered a paralytic stroke on January 11, 1923, and another on March 19, 1924.

Our occupancy of the dwelling No. 47 West Fifty-seventh Street continued for about twenty-nine years, and was terminated by the conversion of the street into a business thoroughfare, which again necessitated a change of domicile. For several years the neighboring residents successfully resisted the invasion of commerce, but the influx of trade, when once commenced, was very

rapid, and at the time of our departure only three or four of the dwellings on our block remained unaltered; the others, among which were some of the most beautiful mansions in the city, having been remodeled for business, or replaced with new structures designed for various commercial purposes. Fifty-seventh Street having thus lost its residential character, we deemed another move essential, and in 1921 leased our dwelling to a real estate operator, who altered it, together with the Tomlinson house adjoining, into a large and handsome edifice containing offices and salesrooms. Since then I have resided at No. 18 East Ninety-fourth Street, the home of William's daughter Alice, who set apart an attractive suite of rooms on the third story for my occupation.

In this cozy and comfortable retreat I quietly celebrated my eighty-ninth birthday on the fifteenth of last June (1925), gratified by the assurance of my relatives who gathered to felicitate me that I carry my years remarkably well. Aside from an impairment of my vision, which compels me to abbreviate the time I like to devote each day to the perusal of my books, I have few infirmities, and am well able, when occasion requires, to travel down town in the Madison Avenue cars to the office in Gold Street. I have little nowadays to to call me to my desk, having intrusted my business affairs to my enployees, and consequently I do not visit the office with the regularity of former years; but I still resort thither from time to time, for the habit of half a century is too strong to be broken altogether. These visits are rather depressing, for the office, since the death of my brothers, is inexpressibly lonely, and as our contemporaries among the neighboring merchants have also passed away, the Swamp has lost the charm and interest which it possessed for me in days of yore. I derive much greater pleasure from an occasional trip to the lower East Side, there to revive the memories of childhood by a walk through the streets with which, in former years, I was so thoroughly familiar. The Bowery (aside from the elevated railroad), and a few of the thoroughfares leading eastward from it, impress me as having changed as little since my childhood, or at any rate since my early manhood, as any of the streets of New York; and I always enjoy a ride up or down the Bowery, so strongly am I

GEORGE B. VANDERPOEL

MARIA LOUISE VANDERPOEL

reminded of my youthful days by the older buildings and by the general appearance of the avenue itself.

When the evening of life is reached, one lives in the past rather than in the present, and I find great enjoyment in recalling incidents of bygone days and describing them to the younger members of the family, whose interest in my reminiscences has led to the writing of this volume. The hope that the book may prove a source of pleasure to my relatives and friends, and may serve to keep my memory green when I am no longer with them, has been a strong incentive in committing to paper these cherished memories of a long and happy life.

APPENDIX

POEMS OF SMITH ELY, JR.

Dust

The Races of the Past,
The fading Now and veiled To Come,
Flow from the common source, and rest
Within the common tomb.

O man! within whose heart
Quick thoughts and eager passions burn,
Ever remember, that from dust thou art,
To dust thou wilt return.

Dust! like that upborne
By this autumnal breeze on high;
Veiling the glories of the blushing morn,
And clouding the pure sky.

A cloud of dust! wherein
Shades from forgotten graves arise!
Forms from oblivion's shore, obscure and dim,
Glide past my tranced eyes.

Within this cloud, I see
Death's pauseless drama move, untired,
From Cain's portentous prologue—to the tree
Whereon the Lord expired.

And on, age after age,
Time's crowding hosts with noiseless tread
Melt into gloom, until before the gaze
Appear our household dead.

The army of Today,
That with us shares the vital breath,
Swells the o'erflowing flood, whose waves obey
Thy stern commands, O Death!

Onward the cloud still flies,
And flashing thwart the prophet eye,
Earth's future countless myriads rise,
Exist, endure and die.

The heaving, throbbing tide
Of life, in Death's embrace is hushed;
And on the tomb of human power and pride,
God's hand has written, Dust!

But O, thou earnest soul,
Who immortality would earn,
Fear not—thy hopes shall reach their goal,
Though dust to dust return.

Death cannot grasp the mind;
Freed from its prison, it will roam,
And speed its onward course, free, unconfined,
To its eternal home.

And see, from that bright clime,
The dust-formed worlds in darkness die;
And Nature, weary with the flight of time,
Vanish beneath God's eye.

From *The Flag of Our Union.*

Augusta

We met as strangers oft have met,
    We parted, as friends often part,
A smile, a gay good-night, but yet
    Her face is mirrored on my heart.

'Twas one sweet eve in bright July,
    When first her image charmed my sight;
And the pale moon from out the sky,
    Shed round her form its gentle light.

Another's voice fell on my ear,
    Another's hand was on my arm,
Yet I could only feel and hear
    The touch and voice that wrought me harm.

That wrought me harm! Yes, I till then
    Had moved along the common way;
Had travelled on with thoughtless men,
    Nor cared to hail a better day.

I was contented, nor did ask,
    For any happier lot than mine;
But life is now a weary task,
    While that I crave is most divine.

And what, I ask my throbbing heart,
    Of this to me will be the gain?
And when and how can it depart,
    Nor leave behind a sense of pain?

That I have risen from the clod;
    That I have gazed upon the sun,
And seen the "trailing robes of God,"
    Foreshadowed in my life begun.

SMITH ELY, JR.

Is not enough for me to give
The peace that crowned my former years;
I ask for something else to live
Than merely for false hopes and fears.

Vain wish! by hidden grief consumed,
Still must I live to peace unknown;
By fate's relentless mandate doomed,
To tread the path of life alone.

Augusta! idol of my heart,
Still let thy face be mirrored there;
Although from life's best joys I part,
And curse the earnest love I bear.

Madison, N. J., February, 1853.

The hero of the following doggerel, "The First Baby," was John Lewis, infant son of Smith and Margaret Lewis of Ridgedale Avenue, Madison, N. J. The lines were written for *The Jerseyman* of Morristown, and appeared with the accompanying editorial comment.

The First Baby

We advise the author of the following effusion to leave town immediately; for, if discovered, he will certainly be lynched by a mob of young mothers, and drowned in a butt of paregoric.—Editor.

I have been to see the baby,
And its face was very red,
And the down was very scanty,
On its funny little head.

It had a little turn up nose,
And eyes, and ears, and paws;
These latter looked, for all the world,
Just like a chicken's claws.

The parents showed the object up,
With seeming pride and pleasure;
No doubt, they prize the little imp,
Above all earthly treasure.

I surveyed it at a distance,
Asked them what its name might be—
Fearful, lest they might have named it
Seth—in compliment to me.

"Isn't it a pretty baby?"
"Yes, indeed," was my reply:—
Wasn't it a dreadful pity
To have to tell them such a lie.

Soon the thing became uneasy,
Squirmed and squalled as if in pain;
So I bade my friends good-morning,
Promising to call again.

Dreaming, that same night I fancied
That the baby was my son;
I awoke, with terror trembling,
Felt—and found I was alone.

Then awhile I lay there musing
On my bliss and others' woe,
Till I found the placid slumber
Only bachelors can know.

And ever since, when I reflect
On such a scene as that,
I thank my stars, I ne'er was blest
With wife or little brat.

Ixion

Permitted with the feasting gods to sit,
The bright, sun-clad, inflaming scene,
Within his blood the fires of passion lit;
He dared to love Jove's queen.

Smitten with thunder: hurled from heaven's height
Headlong to hell—him, Hermes bound
Upon the wheel which thro' eternal night,
Circles its restless round.

A myth symbolic, living from the old;
Voicing through time, the well-earned fate
Of him, who scorning charms of mortal mould,
Would with a goddess mate.

Written for *The Leader;* republished in *The Mirror,* June 14, 1854.

The Summons

Methinks I hear
Funeral bells my requiem toll!
Swells on my ear
The knell which summons my reluctant soul.
And must I die?
Thou spectral shadow with uplifted dart,
O pass me by!
Earth's glowing charms well satisfy my heart.
Take me not yet,
While round my path upspring the gentle flowers,
Whose leaves are wet
With sparkling pearls, scatter'd by vernal showers.
Let me live on,
Till winter's breath has blanch'd my head with snow;
When youth has flown—
And hope departs—O then I'll gladly go!

In vain I pray!
Death's icy hand is feeling for my heart:
Fading away—
The flashing visions of the earth depart.

I come, O grave!
To wander blindly through thy murky gloom:
A guide I crave—
A light, to cheer the darkness of the tomb.

Trembling I trust
That He who thro' the Vale of Death has gone,
When life is hush'd,
Will guide me onward to a brighter home.

—*The National Magazine,* July, 1854.

The following poem, an encomium upon Smith's favorite fishing resort, has been considered his best effort. It was written for *The Flag of our Union,* a periodical of Boston, from which it was copied by *The Jerseyman* of Morristown, N. J., on December 6, 1855; and it was occasionally republished by various Morris County papers at long and irregular intervals, particularly during the later years of Smith's life. Its title is a misnomer, the sheet of water in question being called Green Pond.

GREEN LAKE,

MORRIS COUNTY, N. J.

Above the plain—upon the mountain's crest—
Far from the ways of men, thy waters rest.
Pure as the cloudless sky, we find no trace,
In the calm beauty of thy placid face,
Of those wild tempest-bursts whose rage was spent
On these storm-twisted oaks, and rude rocks lightning-rent.

Enchanted lake! each nook and tiny cave
That stud the blooming banks thy waters lave,
Are fairy haunts—and quickened eyes may see
Their legions joined in elfin revelry:
While o'er the scene the smiling day-king nods,
As Mother Earth uplifts this chalice to the gods.

Thou gem of wondrous beauty! what to thee
Are all the jewelled toys of majesty?
When thy clear sun-lit depths, and wavelets bright,
Flash on our gaze their overwhelming light,
We deem thou art a mighty emerald, set
By the great Artist's hand, in Nature's coronet.

The Fete at the Tuilleries

High carnival of mirth—
Mirth by imperial edict, care and fear
No entrance find; yet round the scene appear
Dim shadows, not of earth.

Hovering o'er dance and feast,
Gaunt, ghastly ghosts in thick battalions throng;
Scarred spectres, honored in the drunken song—
The army of the East.

A ghastlier vision starts—
Red cinctured Revolution, gross with age,
Treading a wine-press, crushing in hot rage
Clusters of human hearts.

A regal feast and dance!
Round tables spread with "funeral baked meat,"
O'er greedy graves that gape 'neath gliding feet,
Huzza for merry France!

—From *The Flag of Our Union.*

The Crooked Nose

I saw to-day, coming my way,
A bonnet, with a face below it.
Thinks I, sweet miss, I'll beg a kiss,
(Not doubting she would quick bestow it),
But getting close, I saw her nose
Was crooked, and I couldn't go it.

A crooked nose! a crooked nose!
Why should a charming lady wear it?
But I suppose that all she knows
Is that it grows, and so she'll bear it;
And fume and fret, when she might get
The nearest surgeon to repair it.

Lavater shows, that woman's nose,
An index true, the heart discloses,
And that each hook, and twist, and crook,
Some secret mental trait exposes:
And when her beak is thus oblique,
Her mind is crooked as her nose is.

"The Crooked Nose" first appeared in *Gleason's Pictorial* in 1854. During Smith's term of office as mayor of New York, one H. C. Dodge discovered the verses, and sent a copy to the *New York Sun* of August 21, 1878, in a communication which read: "In looking over *Gleason's Boston Pictorial* of Oct. 14, 1854, I came across the following verses written by our honored Mayor. For the encouragement of young poets who aspire to become Mayors, I send them to *The Sun*. There is no question about this being beautiful poetry, but was that the kind of young man Mr. Ely was in 1854?" A reporter of the *Sun* was thereupon dispatched to the mayor's office to investigate the matter, and his interview with Smith, as published the next day, read in part as follows:

Mayor Smith Ely, Jr., was in the city yesterday for the first time since the publication of his poem entitled "The Crooked Nose." When a reporter entered his office the Mayor was sitting at his desk considering a proposition of the Comptroller to call in over $7,000,000 of assessment bonds and refund that amount of debt at a lower rate of interest.

"Did you write that?" the reporter asked hesitatingly, unwrapping from his finger a newspaper clipping containing the poem, and laying it down on the Mayor's desk beside the Comptroller's figures.

The Mayor glanced at it, and then put the finger tips of his left hand to his forehead, shading his face from the reporter's gaze.

"Yes, I did," he said with a long pause, and then with sudden energy he added: "Twenty-five years ago, when I was a young man, I composed it and sent it to an editor. I had forgotten all about it. The paper that published it is dead; yet now, after a quarter of a century, it returns to plague me."

"It has been called a beautiful poem, Mayor."

"Well, if Commissioner Allan Campbell or Comptroller John Kelly had ever written any poetry, it might not have been any worse than that."

"Have you ever written any other poetry, Mayor?"

"There, there, now. I don't intend to make any confessions."

"Do you ever expect to write any more?"

"No, I do not."

"Would you recommend any other young man to write poetry?"

"No; I certainly would not."

"Do you fear that the fact that your having written poetry will be used against you by your political opponents?"

"Who is Mr. H. C. Dodge, who resurrected the poem and sent it to *The Sun*?" the Mayor asked in reply to the last question. "He purports to write the letter from 10 Worth Street. He appears to be good-natured about it, and it is a very clever turn where he asks, 'Was that the kind of a young man Mr. Ely was in 1854?'"

The Mayor said, touching this point, that it was not the first time that the sentiments expressed in a poem had wrongly been supposed to be the personal sentiments of the writer. He was emphatically not that kind of a young man in 1854.

"What was the price paid for poetry at that time, Mayor?" the reporter continued.

"I don't know. My dealings with the editor did not enable me to discover the state of the market."

"Have you had offers from any publishers since the reproduction of your poem?"

The Mayor said he had not, and if he should have, he would not entertain them.

A reporter of the *Evening Post* wrote a long and humorous account of his attempt to verify the authorship of the poem, which attempt, in the first instance, was unsuccessful; for he failed to find Mayor Ely in his office, and could obtain no definite information on the subject from other officials of the city government. His article concludes:

Finally, the reporter—warming with his subject, and determined to

get the truth at any cost—went straight to the office of Mayor Ely's brother, Mr. Ambrose K. Ely, of the firm of Ely, Vanderpoel & Kitchell, leather merchants at Gold and Frankfort Streets. When shown the printed slip Mr. Ambrose Ely began to read it carefully. As he read, he smiled.

"Did the Mayor write that?"

"Yes." The reporter's heart leaped for joy.

"Has he written other poems?"

"In earlier years several. He used to contribute to the magazines, but never for pay, I believe. He was only an amateur, you know."

"Did he ever write for the newspapers?"

"Yes, for the New York *Times*. I remember that when he was a member of the Board of Supervisors he wrote for that paper a lampooning article on the marble contractors for the new Court House. Mr. Raymond said to me that it was the best argument against the Ring he ever saw."

"Did it appear as a communication?"

"No, as an editorial."

"Did the Mayor write any other editorials?"

"Yes, a good many. They were all of them against the Ring."

"And appeared in the *Times* as editorials?"

"Yes." Here then was the Mayor in the new character of the original and true "smasher" of the Ring.

"I remember," continued Mr. Ambrose Ely, "that he once wrote a funny paper on Green Pond, a fishing resort in New Jersey. Mr. Fletcher Harper once asked me about it. He wanted to have one like it for *Harper's Magazine*."

"And your name is——?"

"Ambrose," responded Mr. Ely after some hesitation. "But I am not anxious to have my name quoted; there is enough of the family in the newspapers already."

Lines

Suggested by a View at Dosoris, L. I.,
Painted by Charles A. Thompson, Esq.

A snowy shroud the wintry street conceals:
We turn from casements where the breath congeals,
To gaze where Art a brighter scene reveals.

Here golden Summer, sandal'd, robed and crowned,
Mirrors her form on sky, and bay, and ground,
Reflecting glorious beauty all around.

The slumb'ring waves refresh their wearied powers,
The length'ning shadows mark the golden hours,
And blushing Nature waits, bedecked with flowers.

On such a scene the eye would ever dwell,
Chained to the canvas by some magic spell,
While visions fair from its far depths outswell.

Oh, mystic Art! at thy benign command,
Shades from the vanished past before us stand,
Clothed with new beauty by the artist's hand.

He always Summer has; within his heart
Blossoms of vernal joy unfading start:
His pictured scenes are of himself a part.

No wintry night his fervent mind will know,
Beneath the frosts of Time warm blood shall glow,
Like Hecla's fire beneath its sheet of snow.

Art's holy hand the narrow path will smooth;
It feeds in torpid breasts the flames of youth;
And lifts o'er prostrate Death, the torch of Truth.

New York, February 1, 1855.

—From *The Empire City.*

Opium

In sorrow's night, my prostrate heart
Besought thee, called thee friend, and felt thy power.
In memories of that transforming hour,
I know thee, what thou art.
A potent spirit, in whose presence bright,
All nature blooms with garments of delight—
The shadows flee, the pulse revives, the nerveless sight
Resumes its pristine lustre—the glad soul
So long despairing, gains the sunlit goal—
Dilates into a god—yet owns thy might,
Thou angel! robed with light.

But glowing visions, and expanding views,
The lustrous radiance of heavenly hues,
The star-crowned seraphs with angelic mien,
The golden atmosphere which bathes the scene,
Are all a pictured curtain, shutting out
The spectre-haunted gloom that reigns without.
  Down from supernal heights,
From dying cadences, and fading charms,
Plunged into depths profound, where shapeless forms
  Practise infernal rites.
Here workest thou, O demon! mystic, dread,
'Mid hungry hosts of thine own ghastly dead,
Whose eyes still turn to thee their frozen sight,
  Thou spectre! black as night:
  Akin to death—that pale
And grisly janitor, at whose dark door
The trembling exiles from Time's stormy shore,
Suspensive wait, while ghostly hands unveil
Heaven's gates immortal, or hades' portal!

—From *Ballou's Pictorial.*

Lines

To * * * *

As breaks the blessed morn of Faith
  On souls long clasped in night's embrace,
So fell upon my unstarred path
  The glory of thy angel face.

Rayed round with love, as suns with light,
  That face illumed my after way;
Pressed mine through all the silent night;
  Rose with me with returning day:

Beamed round me in the busy street,
  Bent o'er me in the crowded mart;
Smiled down those waves of dark deceit
  That wreck the ventures of the heart.

So may it still, when I shall bow
  My soul before Fate's final blow,
Bend soothing o'er my burning brow,
  And light me on the path I go!

Madison, N. J., 1857.

—From *The New Yorker.*

Lines to a Very Young Lady

E. L. Y.

E arth's flowers are fair, and Heaven's stars are bright,
D ewdrops and rainbows gleam with liquid light;
I n ocean's caves rich gems and jewels rare
T he depths illume—but, still, beyond compare,
H er little angel form is brighter and more fair.

H er smile was lit on high—her sparkling eyes
E mit the lambent light of Paradise.
L et bards and artists strive in vain to trace
E ach faultless feature of her cherub face,
N othing that art portrays can match her wondrous grace.

M ysterious stranger! does your mother's song
O n earth recall the music of the throng
S o lately heard in Heaven? Sweet child, we pray,
E ternal cadences may cheer your way,
R epeating seraph strains through life's unclouded day.

Saratoga Springs, August 29, 1874.

Kelly's Mayoralty Charade

(A supposed inspiration of Smith Ely, Jr.)

My *first* issues instant from lips of a maid
To her sweetheart when of footsteps they both are afraid
While quiet companionship lends love its aid.
My *second* is marked on an old Flemish measure,
And as spoken by Cockney can never yield pleasure.
My *whole* is an object most fatal in war;
But in peace, at one's ear whispers ocean's deep roar,
And is found by the thousand on old Ocean's shore.

The Three Missionaries

By the Hon. Smith Ely,
one time Mayor of this old town.

He sees the Christian teacher come
With holy Book, that tells
Him how to reach the better home,
Where their dear Father dwells.

Next comes the Christian trader's load
Of tempting merchandise:
Rum, guns and dice, to cheer the road
To mansions in the skies.

Then comes the soldiers' battle cry,
And bannered cross unfurled;
The heathen finds his home on high,
The Christian gains the world.

—From *The New York Evening Sun,* November 24, 1905.

Incompatibility

They had been mates for months, and he was very tired
Of daily magpie tongue and disapproving eyes;
And then, of course, he sees a bright, alluring bird
With glossy plumage floating round the perfumed skies.

Unhappy man thus doubly doomed, to whom so much
Of both Prometheus and Tantalus is given;
The vulture tears his heart while just beyond his clutch
Hovers the sweet-voiced glad-eyed mocking bird of Heaven.

—From *The New York Evening Sun,* August 29, 1906.

Homeless

Wearied with one of Gotham's princely halls
And winter's tiresome task of making calls,
They seek their sunny Southern cottage, where
Bird songs and breath of blossoms feed the air.

Summer approaches telling them to go
For a brief season to their fine chateau
Whose marble face looks down with stately pride
On the fair Hudson's quick and sparkling tide.

Their Northern forest camp now takes its turn,
Wild woods and placid lakes and mountains stern;
Then to their villa on the ocean's shore
Where the winds whistle and the breakers roar.

A lodge at Lakewood claims the closing year,
Where they review their wand'rings far and near,
Convinced that wheresoever one may roam
"The lord of many mansions has no home."

Like roving Arabs ever on the go—
Unsettled nomads moving to and fro—
Who plant their tents each night with weary hands
On some new stretch of Asia's drifting sands.

—From *The New York Evening Sun,* April 21, 1908.